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McMaster University.

THE
McMaster University Monthly
OCTOBER, 1906

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, EARLY DAYS.

THE founding of the Canadian Literary Institute dates from the 18th of March, 1857, when the first Board of Trustees was organized, the corner stone of the first building being laid on the 23rd day of June of the same year. At that time there was a combination of conditions that might be regarded as extremely favorable to the opening of the Institute. The need of a Baptist educational centre was very strongly felt throughout the body, and there were devoted friends endeavoring to establish such a centre with a persistent self-sacrifice that was in itself an assurance of ultimate success. The status of public education was far below what has been attained in more recent years, and in this fact was offered a sort of guarantee of support to a school of superior grade. While these conditions were favorable, there were at the same time others that might have discouraged the bravest. The Baptists were a disunited body, having factions, jealous and distrustful of each other, and apparently incapable of uniting heartily in support of any project. Twice already had attempts been made to found a Baptist College in Canada, and the double failure had dampened the ardor of many, and proved perhaps the most serious obstacle confronting the new scheme.

The early life of the Institute, and the life of its founder, Dr. Fyfe, were so intimately connected that the history of the one is practically the history of the other. He was a man specially endowed, and fitted to be the leader of our educational work under conditions such as existed at the time the school

was planned, and the still more trying conditions that developed after the school was organized. A man of keen intelligence, clear cut convictions, and indomitable courage in defending his convictions, a persistence that never drew back in carrying out his purposes, possessing a genial manner and a dignified and commanding presence, he was a man that at any period and in any country would have been pre-eminent; he seemed specially born to lead in the work to which he gave his life. In 1855 he published in the denominational organ a letter embodying his views of what our educational work should be. In reading this letter one is struck with the fact that his conception of education was so far in advance of his times, and with this fact also, that the subsequent development of the school that he founded was practically but the working out of the principles which he enunciated at first. Former attempts had aimed at opening a theological school. Dr. Fyfe organized a literary school for young men and women with a theological department in addition. It was planned that the school should be in the western peninsula of Ontario, and Woodstock, because of its promise of a site and $16,000 for buildings, was chosen as the location. The Institute building was not ready for occupation till 1860. The work was carried on in the face of the greatest difficulties. Subscriptions to the building fund had been received during a time of commercial prosperity; the years of building—'57 to '59—were years of unusual depression. It looked at times as if the work must cease. This was the time when Archibald Burtch, one of the trustees, mortgaged his own property that money might be provided to tide over a crisis. Doubtless the school obtained a warm place in the hearts of the people because its very existence at that time called for such unusual sacrifices. In July of 1860, while the building was still incomplete, the first session of the Canadian Literary Institute was opened with Dr. Fyfe as Principal, and with an enrollment of 40 students. The interest of the denomination in the work grew greatly, money was more generously given, the attendance increased in a few months to 80, and the prospects for the future were most encouraging. But on the 8th of January following, the building was totally destroyed by fire, and the labor of years apparently blotted out. The results

R A Fyfe

following this calamity, however, showed the character of the man at the head of the institution, and the faith of the people who were supporting him. Two failures and a fire were not able to alter the conviction that the Baptists should have a school of their own; it seemed only to spur to greater energy and effort. The Institute was burned on the morning of the opening day of the term; within four days classes were reciting in the old Woodstock Hotel, rented for school purposes and in fourteen weeks $22,000 were pledged for a new building. This rose on the ashes of the old, but more commodious and better in every way than the first structure. The Institute could be said to be in an eminent degree successful from its commencement, and yet every year of its earlier existence was beset with tremendous difficulties, and the burdens and anxieties that had to be borne in connection with it were sufficient to crush the strongest leader. The training that was given in its halls had a mighty influence in moulding the character of its students, and through them, the churches and homes to which they returned. The fact that the school was so perfectly adapted to the wants of the people, and that its growth and expansion were seemingly the natural evolution of the original plan, testify to the clear insight and profound judgment of its founder. But the difficulties from lack of funds to meet the ever-growing needs were most distressing, and expansion that seemed imperative called for far more money than even the generous support of friends afforded. The burden and responsibility in all things fell principally on Dr. Fyfe. His was a strenuous life, such as few at this day know. He had to visit the churches and personally solicit the money that was needed. His correspondence was voluminous, he had incessant calls to preach, to which he responded generously, and besides this the work he did as a teacher was extraordinary. For eight years he carried the work of the Theological Department alone. The following reference by himself to the work he was doing was not written in any boastful spirit, but was simply an explanation for some delay in his correspondence. It is quoted from a private letter. After expressing regret for the delay, he says: "The truth is, I suppose, my work is very hard this term. To say nothing of the general care of

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

all matters pertaining to the Institute and the very great amount of correspondence which the receipt of money throws upon me, I have work enough for a much abler man than I am. I lecture on theology three times a week, on church history three times a week. I have a class in Romans twice a week, a class in Natural Theology three times a week, Mental Philosophy three times a week, a class in Moral Science twice a week, and a Senior Reading Class twice a week. I have a Bible Class on Sundays, besides preaching as I find opportunity." And all who were ever under his teaching know that he did his work thoroughly. May I here be pardoned if I indulge in a personal reference. I entered the Institute as a student in '70. At that time Dr. Fyfe was in the very prime of his magnificent manhood. A student was not likely to forget his first interview with him, and the impression he received then was deepened every day he sat under him. I have never seen a more commanding figure than his as he faced the school from the old chapel desk at the opening services. Dignity and kindliness, with an invincible determination, were seen in every feature and felt in every word, and as we sat before him we seemed to share his own spirit and felt an inspiration to the best of which we were capable. As a preacher, too, he carried the same personal force. Though he read his sermons this did not seem to detract from their weight, but I have seen him in the middle of a discourse, when a new thought struck him, forsake the desk and his manuscript and the effect of the few minutes that followed was electrifying.

Such was the man who stamped his spirit on the old Institute life, and under God's Providence made it what it was. But no human frame could endure the strain of labor such as his, combined with the anxiety that the Principalship of the school entailed. From the year '68 Dr. Crawford shared with Dr. Fyfe the work of the Theological School, and in spite of all difficulties the Faculty of the Literary Department was increased to meet the growing demands. We cannot speak too highly of the character of the work done during these years. The very crises that sometimes threatened the existence of the school endeared it to the people's hearts and earnest prayer went with the money that was given at a sacrifice. A spiritual

atmosphere pervaded the school everywhere, and influenced in a very marked degree the lives of those who were educated there. As these went out, some to be pastors and leaders in church work, others to carry the spirit of Christ into the business pursuits of life, the spirit of the school impressed itself on the denomination at large, and to no small extent drew Baptists as a body nearer together, and gave them an increasing influence in the religious life of Canada. The Institute was in some respects an educational pioneer. It provided facilities for the education of women in advance of what was available in Canada at that time. It prepared the first lady candi-

Ironwork Department, Manual Training Building

date for examinations in Toronto University, and it was largely through the persistent efforts of Dr. Fyfe that the way was prepared for the later opening of that Institution to the free admission of women. Into this and many other religious and educational struggles Dr. Fyfe threw himself with an energy that was rarely approached and with a resolute purpose that usually conquered all opposition, and it is hard to realize at the present day how bitter was the opposition he encountered in advocating what are now regarded as natural and commonplace principles. It was largely due to the fact that the lines on

which the college was founded and conducted were in advance of the times and were maintained with such force of conviction that the school continued to exercise such an influence both on the Baptist body, and on the educational life of the province at large—an influence that was quite disproportionate either to its financial standing or to the number of its students. The briefest reference to the members of the teaching staff, who during the earlier history of the college, faithfully supported Dr. Fyfe, would extend this sketch beyond its prescribed limit. It was one of his many remarkable traits, that he was able to gather round him men thoroughly qualified for the work, and his own spirit was an inspiration to the noblest endeavor on the part of every one he associated with himself.

With the growth and increased efficiency of the high schools of the province continued extension of the college course became necessary. This meant increased financial burdens and accumulating debts. Dr. Fyfe's health gave way under the strain and his physician peremptorily ordered rest. With reluctance he laid down his charge and went on a voyage to Europe. But rest to him was impossible. There is a pathetic interest in following his correspondence during this sojourn in Europe. The object for which he went was sacrificed every day to what he felt was duty and the need of profiting by the opportunity that travel afforded him. He had his physician's assurance that by ridding himself of care and giving attention to his health he might prolong his life. But it is characteristic of the man that he cut short his European tour and returned to the field of his labors and to the burdens that others could not bear. The college was now doing its best work in spite of the continued handicap of lack of means and there was much to encourage extension. Affiliation had been completed with Toronto University and the Education Board was induced to attempt to cover a considerable portion of the University course. The teaching staff was increased and also the current expense to a large extent. Then came misfortune and a period of commercial depression. The school became deeply involved in debt, and, to crown all, in the summer of '78 Dr. Fyfe died and the Institute was deprived of the head that had for 20 years directed its policy. Retrenchment was,

under the circumstances, felt to be imperative. The teaching staff was reduced and university work for the time given up. The period that now followed was one of arduous toil with limited resources. On the death of Dr. Fyfe, Prof. Torrance was appointed Principal of the Theological Department and Prof. Wells Principal of the Literary Department. This arrangement continued for about three years, during which time plans for further development were being matured. In 1881 the Theological Department was removed to Toronto, where ample provision was made for it through the liberality of Senator McMaster. The Literary Department, thereafter known as Woodstock College, was continued in Woodstock under the principalship of Rev. N. Wolverton, and an endowment of $50,000 was subscribed for its support. It was during the year immediately following that the question of college federation was actively discussed. The ultimate result of this discussion was the stimulating of the Baptists to desire the establishment of an independent university. The steps that led to the complete attainment of this end, however, form another chapter in the history of our educational growth. No one can look back over the history of our college without seeing clearly the hand of Providence that shaped its destiny. The raising up of the man for the hour, the turning of seeming calamities into blessings, and the wonderful results that uninterruptedly flowed from the college were evidences of the Divine Spirit, ever present and ever guiding, and it is little wonder that the school is enshrined so sacredly in the affections of a people who sacrificed for its upbuilding and who have been blessed by its influences.

D. K. Clarke.

JOHN HARVARD CASTLE, D.D.
President Toronto Baptist College, 1881-1887.
Ob. 1887.

DANIEL ARTHUR MCGREGOR, B.A.
Principal of Toronto Baptist College, 1887.
Ob. 1887.

TORONTO BAPTIST COLLEGE.

OCT., 1881—APRIL, 1890.

FOR twenty years preceding the establishment of Toronto Baptist College, the Baptists of Ontario had carried on theological education at Woodstock in connection with the Canadian Literary Institute. And though it was difficult for those who took responsible part in the conduct of both literary and theological education to meet the necessities of the situation from time to time, in these days of larger and better things it is well to remember that the efforts along theological lines at Woodstock were by no means in vain. Indeed, we may go so far as to say that, notwithstanding the exigencies that arose that caused a change in location and a great and desirable enlargement of scope respecting theological education, the results of the endeavors of those few but able and faithful men who labored in conjunction with the Canadian Literary Insti-

tute were, comparatively speaking, as large and beneficial as any that have accrued since the year 1881. For during those early years of struggle and lack of adequate financial support of the work, no less than seventy-four men were graduated from the Theological Department,—men who, for devotion and efficiency have not been eclipsed in these latter days; or, as Prof. Torrance remarked in his last report to the Board of Trustees, "seventy-four men, of whom, taking them as a whole, any denomination might justly feel proud." And during those same years, and largely because of the number and quality of the men who received their theological education at Woodstock, our Baptist churches increased from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty, and the membership of the churches rose from twelve thousand five hundred to twenty-seven thousand. But we must forbear in this connection and turn our thoughts and words to those days and causes that had to do with Toronto Baptist College in its inception and development, our references to Woodstock days of theological education being more or less necessary as indicating cause and effect.

Because of some circumstances, a knowledge of which is not with us, and because of other circumstances that need not be discussed in this brief article, the theological education that was prosecuted at Woodstock and that did yeoman and never-to-be-forgotten service for the denomination, began to wane, until in the spring of 1879 a crisis was reached that made it necessary for something new to be undertaken, if there was to be an upward turn given to the important work of preparing men for the Baptist ministry in our midst. The Canadian Baptist of April 24th, 1879, in reporting the interesting exercises and meetings in connection with the closing of the Canadian Literary Institute, has the following to say regarding the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of that institution: "The chief feature of general interest that came before the Board was a letter from its chairman, Hon. Wm. McMaster, suggesting the consideration of certain changes in the relation of the two departments of the Institute, and the future location and management of the Theological School. This letter, together with other reports bearing on the internal work of the Insti-

tute, was referred to a Special Committee of Investigation, who will look into all matters affecting the cost and working of both departments and report to a general meeting of subscribers, trustees and professors to be held in Guelph next July."

Between April and July 17th of 1879 some discussion of the question, *Should the Theological Department be separated from the Literary and removed to Toronto?* took place in the columns of the Canadian Baptist, "a question," one writer says, "that has been long kept in the background, but that has suddenly come to the front and must shortly be squarely met and fairly and dispassionately considered." And the question was soon "squarely" and "fairly" faced. In accordance with the action taken at Woodstock in April, 1879, over the signature of the Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Canadian Literary Institute, an "Educational Mass Meeting" was called to meet in Guelph on July 17th of the same year, to receive the report of the Special Committee of Investigation mentioned above. We learn that the meeting of the Board of Trustees was unusually large; and that the mass meeting held in the evening of the same day, Wednesday, July 17th, 1879, was "a gathering equalling in numbers our convention meetings," and that there was very evident among the pastors and laymen of the meeting a general and grave sense of responsibility. The Special Committee to report was composed of Charles Raymond, Esq.; Hon. Wm. McMaster, W. J. Copp, Esq.; Henry Moyle, Esq.; Rev. Dr. T. L. Davidson; Rev. J. Dempsey and Dr. A. McLay, all but two of whom have crossed the river. The report of the Special Committee is of great interest, marking as it does the beginning of the new regime in theological education among us. Here it is: "Resolved, That under existing circumstances in the opinion of this Committee the interests of the Theological School would be promoted by its removal to Toronto, and we would recommend that it be so removed as soon as the friends in Toronto provide the necessary land and buildings to accommodate the same, and that, in the meantime, the denomination be urged to sustain the Theological School in Woodstock, and after its removal, until an adequate endow-

ment be secured from the denomination." This was passed unanimously and with no small degree of enthusiasm, according to some of those who participated in the meeting. At this time, and in order doubtless to make the way possible, as well as because he was genuinely and deeply interested in the welfare of the denomination, the Hon. Wm. McMaster intimated that he was ready to give generous and practical assistance. Of that intimation Dr. Castle wrote to the press "Pending the removal of the Theological Department to Toronto, the Hon. Wm. McMaster promised and bound himself to pay $2,000 per annum *for three years* towards the salary of the President of the College."

Between the time of the Educational Mass Meeting, held at Guelph, July, 1879, and the time of the Annual Convention, held at St. Catharines, October, 1879, plans were forming and much thought and consideration were occupying the minds of leading brethren, the majority of whom had no doubt as to the propriety and benefit of the proposed removal of the Theological Department to Toronto, though some strong men among the number were not quite sure that the best would result for Baptist educational work in general. During the consideration of the question at the St. Catharines Convention there were those who expressed themselves as regarding it as premature and even rash to commit themselves to removal to Toronto prior to an attempt being made to secure an adequate endowment for the Literary Department at Woodstock. But assurance was given that the Literary Institute was to be improved, not impaired, and a practically unanimous endorsation was given to what had been done at the meeting in Guelph the previous July. Mr. McMaster's adherence to the new departure contributed not a little to the confirmation of the resolution that had previously been enacted, as well it might, since at every step he was increasing his promise of support. In this connection it is interesting to read an item that was written shortly after the Convention: "The Hon. Wm. McMaster changed his original intention, but rejoiced the hearts of all the brethren by the assurance that instead of abandoning his resolution in reference to theological education for our denomination, he was more determined than ever that an insti-

tution for this purpose should be established in Toronto under an independent management and with the *President's chair fully endowed.* At the same time he intimated that the Institute at Woodstock must be sustained by the denomination, and most earnestly he urged the brethren to rally to its support and make provision for its endowment."

For several months following the Convention at St. Catharines attention was given by the Toronto brethren to the completing of arrangements whereby the will of the denomination was to be put into execution. Of course Mr. McMaster was the leading spirit in the matter, though there were others who, deeply interested in theological education, gave time and thought to the preparations that were deemed necessary. The consequence was that in the early spring of 1880 it was duly announced that a site had been secured from the University of Toronto, located on Bloor St. and measuring 250 feet square, a location near the University of Toronto being deemed essential. On this site, for which he paid ten thousand dollars, Mr. McMaster, it was also announced, purposed erecting, at his own expense, a building for a Theological School. Following this was begun the necessary planning for the building, Dr. Castle, who was Mr. McMaster's pastor, and the architect visiting different cities in the United States where were situated Theological Seminaries.

The first meeting of the Trustees of Toronto Baptist College was convened on April 12th, 1881. Those present were Hon. Wm. McMaster, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Rev. J. H. Castle, D.D.; Rev. A. H. Munro, T. J. Claxton, Esq.; A. A. Ayer, Esq.; John Turnbull, Esq.; Wm. Craig, Esq.; John Dryden, Esq., M.P.P.; James Mills, Esq.; T. S. Shenston, Esq.; Wm. Buck, Esq.; Charles Raymond, Esq.; Henry Moyle, Esq.; J. A. Boyd, Esq., Q.C.; J. B. McArthur, Esq.; D. E. Thomson, Esq., and Dr. H. E. Buchan.

This was rightly announced as a "most important meeting," since, "no event for many years to come will have a more important bearing on the welfare of our denomination than the first meeting of the Trustees of our new College to be held on Tuesday of next week." The importance of the meeting was then emphasized on account of the fact that at

that meeting was to take place the election of the Faculty about to begin to give instruction in Theology. Two were chosen, Dr. Castle and Prof. John Torrance. At a later meeting, Prof. A. H. Newman was appointed. And still later, owing to the death of Prof. Torrance, Rev. Malcolm McVicar, LL.D., was added to the staff.

The dedication of the new building, McMaster Hall, took place on Tuesday, October 18th, 1881. Naturally it was a time of rejoicing and satisfaction, for it meant a new era to the Baptist work of Toronto and of Ontario and Quebec. In addition to the splendid building which was now at the disposal of the denomination, the Library equipment had been begun by the removal of 1,000 volumes from Woodstock to Toronto, by the gift of $2,000 from Mr. McMaster for the purchase of books, and by the handsome donation of many volumes of standard works on English Literature, the gift of Mr. Thomas Lailey. At those dedication services Prof. Newman and Prof. McVicar were introduced. Dr. Castle, already known and beloved, needed no special introduction.

The day following the dedication services, at the meeting of the Baptist Union then convened in Toronto, Dr. Castle, President of Toronto Baptist College, read a statement in behalf of the Board of Trustees in which he succinctly gave an account of the affairs of the College. In that statement is furnished the exact financial position of the College:—"We have our grounds, building and furniture absolutely free from debt. The founder of the College has himself assured the salary of the President, and will ultimately endow that office. Dr. McVicar's salary for the next three years is very nearly provided, by pledges, within the Board of Trustees. There remain for the denomination to provide, Prof. Newman's salary, $2,000,—and the fuel, light, water rates, insurance, and repairs of McMaster Hall, which, together, will cost not less than $1,500. Besides, there should be a fund of fully $1,000 per annum, to aid Ministerial Students, whether at Woodstock or Toronto, who cannot possibly continue their studies without a small amount of assistance. That is, we ask the denomination at large for the sum of $4,500 per annum."

With a material equipment such as few Baptists of the

day dreamed of ever possessing, and with the members of a Faculty which was larger and stronger in some respects than had been known to the denomination,—for in addition to Dr. Castle, Dr. McVicar and Prof. Newman, whose time and talents were to be altogether devoted to theological education, the College was so related to the University of Toronto as to command the efficient services of J. M. Hirschfelder, Professor of the Hebrew Language and Literature in University College —the work was begun. During the winter months much inspiration was received from the visits and lectures of several able ministers who addressed the students on special subjects of interest to them and bearing more or less directly on the work of the ministry. Among these were Prof. John A. Broadus, LL.D., Louisville, Kentucky; Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Rev. E. T. Winkler, D.D., Marion, Alabama; Rev. Warren Randolph, D.D., Newport, R.I.; and Rev. W. N. Clarke, D.D., Montreal.

Including those who were still pursuing literary subjects in Toronto University, there was an enrolment of twenty-seven students in this opening year of Toronto Baptist College, being nearly three times as many as were in attendance in Theology at Woodstock during the last year of the presence of the Theological Department in connection with The Canadian Literary Institute. Of this number there were the Senior class and graduates of the spring of 1882, having of course done the work of the previous years required of them at Woodstock and accepted by Toronto Baptist College. The First Annual Report of the Board of Trustees has among its closing words these optimistic sentences:—"We have been highly favored by the Lord, and the opportunities within our reach are grand. As was said of our College, in the Boston Watchman, by Rev. Dr. Warren Randolph, who recently visited Toronto, and than whom few have had more extensive opportunities for observation—"Perhaps no Theological Seminary in the United States has had as great a number of students in its first year. None among us now has so fine a house. It is doubtful if any of them began by doing any better work than is being done this year by the Toronto College."

The following year, 1883, was a notable one in the annals of Toronto Baptist College, in that its constituency was so enlarged as to embrace the whole of the Dominion of Canada, and its Faculty was enlarged and strengthened by the addition of two Professors, Rev. D. M. Welton, D.D., and Rev. W. N. Clarke, D.D. Referring to the enlarged constituency, under the caption *Aim and Scope* in the Calendar of 1883-4 we read:—"By the action of the Manitoba Baptist Convention, in June, 1883, Prairie College was closed, and students in Theology were recommended to pursue their studies in Toronto." .....The Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces unanimously resolved in August to transfer the work of the Theological Department of Acadia College to Toronto."

In 1884 it was deemed advisable and necessary to add still further to the professoriate, and the action was made possible by the growing generosity of the founder of the College. Consequently the names of Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., and Joseph W. A. Stewart, B.A., appear among the Faculty. And just here we should like to mention the names of the men composing the Faculty:—John H. Castle, D.D., President, Professor of Systematic Theology and Pastoral Theology; Malcolm McVicar, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Bibical Interpretation (English), and Relation of Science and Religion; Albert H. Newman, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Church History and Comparative Religion; William N. Clarke, D.D., Professor of New Testament Interpretation (Greek), and Bibical Introduction; Daniel M. Welton, Ph.D, D.D., Professor of Old Testament Interpretation (Hebrew and Aramaic); Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., Professor of Apologetics, Christian Ethics, and Didactics, and Joseph W. A. Stewart, B.A., Lecturer in Homiletics. Mr. Stewart retired from the lectureship after one year's service, and he was succeeded by Rev. D. A. McGregor, B.A., who was made Professor of Homiletics.

With such a Faculty and with such courses of study as were provided by them it would be strange if the results were not gratifying. Could we take more space it would not be difficult to show, from many examples of the graduates and their work, that Toronto Baptist College in manifold ways justified her existence.

During the history of the College as a separate institution —October, 1881, to April, 1887,—Toronto Baptist College graduated six classes comprising in all forty-one men; or extending the time to 1890, in the fall of which year Arts work was begun, ten classes were graduated, in which were sixty-three men. Among these graduates are some who have become prominent in Christian work in Canada and the United States, and all of them, so far as we are aware, have done credit to their *Alma Mater*.

W. J. McKay.

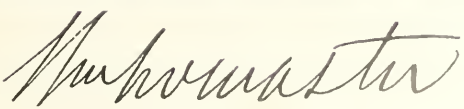
McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

1887-1906.

McMASTER University is young, and its work new. The men who have begun to make its history are either still in the flesh, or have but recently passed from the stage of action. The time to write the history of even its beginnings is not yet. The most that may be attempted at this period of its development is to give an outline of facts and dates, and some indication of its equipment and of the place in the educational world which it is striving to fill.

The story of Toronto Baptist College does not fall within the scope of this paper, but some reference to it and incidentally to the older work at Woodstock seems necessary by way of introduction. Toronto Baptist College professed to do theological work only. Its policy was to induce all applicants for admission to its classes to graduate first from Woodstock, and where practicable to follow this with a partial or full Arts Course, preferably at Toronto University. Arrangements were from time to time made with that Institution in the interest of several Schools of Theology for certain modifications in some of its courses, as well as for the recognition of certain work in theology, as options.

Nothwithstanding this Toronto Baptist College always found in its classes a considerable number who could not



properly avail themselves of the regular courses by reason of deficiencies in their preparatory training. To meet this condition the staff was several times increased, and subjects added which belonged rather to an Arts than a Theological course.

Early in 1884 a movement for the federation af all degree conferring Colleges of the Province with Toronto University assumed definite form. Negotiations had made some progress of a kind satisfactory to the Baptist representatives, by the time of the meeting of the Baptist Union in Brantford in May of that year. The expectation at that time appears to have been that in connection with the Theological School a Literary College might be established where those parts of an Arts course which should be under the control of the denomination could be taught, the students taking the balance of their subjects in the classes of University College and presumably submitting to the examinations of Toronto University on their whole course and taking their degrees in Arts from that Institution.

After discussion, the Union passed a resolution favoring the scheme outlined "provided such federation can be secured on such terms as shall adequately recognize the paramount importance of the Christian element in education and satisfactorily secure to us the control thereof so far as our own denomination is concerned."

At this time the Churches as such had no legal control of any part of our educational work. Woodstock College was under the control of the subscribers, and Toronto Baptist College of its Board of Trustees, a self-perpetuating close corporation. All action taken at denominational meetings, including the meeting of the Union at Brantford above alluded to, was merely advisory. It was beginning to be felt, however, that the Churches, through their general organization, which was being gradually improved and simplified, ought to have a more direct voice in shaping our educational policy. Yielding to this sentiment, the charter of Toronto Baptist College was in 1885 amended by providing for a Senate to control the educational side of the work, leaving the Trustees in charge of the property and finances. The Senate was composed in part of College representatives and in part of representatives elected

ALEXANDER CHARLES McKAY, B.A., LL.D.

Chancellor of McMaster University

by the Conventions—West, East and Manitoba. Woodstock College continued under the control of the subscribers until application for University powers in 1887.

Meantime the negotiations for federation involving as they did so many diverse interests continued to drag. It became increasingly evident to the Baptist representatives, however, that the federation, if effected, was scarcely likely, at any rate in the division of subjects between University College and the other schools, to prove ideal from a denominational standpoint. The delay, too, was thought injurious to every department of our educational work, more especially to the work at Woodstock, as it was found impossible under conditions of suspense to secure general support for the advance movement necessary to bring the school up to modern requirements.

After many anxious consultations of the friends of Woodstock College, T. H. Rand, D.C.L., was asked to accept the principalship. Dr. Rand had, in 1885, been appointed to the Chair of Apologetics and Ethics in Toronto Baptist College. He had rendered distinguished services in connection with the Public School Systems of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and his views and experiences had not inclined him to look favorably upon such a scheme as that in contemplation for federating denominational colleges with a state institution. He finally offered to accept the principalship of Woodstock provided the policy were adopted and declared of developing the college as rapidly as means and circumstances would permit until it should reach the status of a University.

After full discussion of the issue thus raised it was decided to accept Dr. Rand's terms and the Baptist representatives withdrew from the negotiations with Toronto University.

It was soon after determined to unite Toronto Baptist College and Woodstock College under one Board to be appointed by the denomination through its Conventions. This took the form of an application to the Ontario Legislature at the Session of 1887 for a full University Charter. Strong opposition in the interest of federation developed, but as the discussion proceeded discordant notes within the denomination gradually died out, and Senator McMaster on his part became each day more determined that the denomination should not

Malcolm MacVicar, Ph.D., LL.D.
Chancellor, 1887-1890.
Ob. 1904

Calvin Goodspeed, M.A., D.D., LL.D.
Chairman Theological Faculty,
1890-1892

Theodore Harding Rand, M.A., D.C.L.
Chancellor, 1892-1895
Ob. 1900

O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., D.D., LL.D.
Chancellor, 1895-1905

by means of external coercion be deprived of the opportunity to develop its educational work in its own way. Finally the opposition collapsed, and the two Colleges were united under the name of McMaster University with full University powers.

Mr. McMaster did not long survive the granting of the Charter. He was called away on the 19th September, 1887, having by his will more than implemented what he had led his brethren to expect he would do for the work which was henceforth to perpetuate his name. The Convention, which met in Toronto two weeks later, accepted the proffered trust with its accompanying responsibilities, and suitably expressed its appreciation of the donor's munificence.

It was decided to call a special meeting to determine on the policy of the Institution. Guelph, where a former important educational Convention had been held, was the place chosen. The meeting was convened on the 27th March, 1888, and was attended by over 600 delegates of the Baptist Churches of Ontario and Quebec. After a full and vigorous discussion resolutions were passed in favor of organizing and developing the institution as a permanently independent School of Christian learning and of establishing the Arts College in Toronto.

The office of Chancellor provided for by the Charter was filled in 1888 by the appointment of Dr. Malcolm MacVicar, who had served many years on the staff of Toronto Baptist College. Dr. MacVicar remained in office until 1890, when he resigned to accept the position of Superintendent of Education under the American Baptist Home Mission Society. After his resignation and in the Fall of 1890, the Arts College was opened, but the Office of Chancellor remained vacant for two years, during which Dr. Rand was Chairman of the Arts Faculty and Dr. Goodspeed of the Theological. In 1892 the two Faculties were merged into one University Faculty and Dr. Rand became Chancellor and Principal ex-officio. He in turn resigned in 1895 and was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, who carried on the work and discharged the onerous duties of the position for ten years. On his resignation in 1905 he was succeeded by the present incumbent, Prof. A. C. McKay, LL.D., who has been identified with the University since the beginning of the Arts work.

McMaster modestly takes its place in the ranks of the great sisterhood of institutions of higher learning, and seeks to bear its share in the common search for truth, and in the common effort to develop mental power and build up worthy character. But it has distinctive characteristics which may be summarized under the following heads:—

1. *It is Christian.* In the earnest pursuit of scholarship and practical efficiency, it is not forgotten that Christian character is the chief attainment. Christian ideals of public and private duty are constantly enforced. Such principles as personal responsibility, liberty of conscience and uni-

New Science Building—Nearing Completion.

versal brotherhood underlie and color everything in the college life. The institution aims at sending out into the world men and women of personal integrity, lovers of social justice and peace, ambitious to do good to all men as they may have opportunity.

2. *It is independent.* The denomination in the past lent powerful aid in the struggle to remove all sectarian tests from what is now the state university, and later to uproot the system of government aid to denominational colleges so long prevalent. Our people are unalterably opposed to

church and state connection. This throws the responsibility for the support of the institution wholly upon the good old Baptist principle of voluntaryism, which involves as its correlative, independence of outside control.

3. *It is a residential institution.* It seeks to repeat in a new land the glories of Oxford and Cambridge in this respect, believing that the residential feature makes for the highest sort of manly culture.

4. *It stands for a strong, general course as against early specialization.* It has always insisted that a well rounded, general course furnished at once the most symmetrical culture, and the best basis for later specialization. This feature has won for the institution the warm appreciation of leading educationists.

The success so far of the Arts College has exceeded all expectations. The first class graduated in 1894. Now there are 320 graduates scattered over many lands and engaged in many callings. Over thirty have pursued post-graduate studies in other institutions, taking a standing which has reflected the highest credit on their alma mater. Eight have attained the Ph.D. degree and twelve have been called to College Professorships.

In Theology the graduates number 200, and already form the controlling factor in the work of our churches. Many of them are scattered over the great mission fields of the West. They constitute a majority of our missionaries in India and have founded the mission in Bolivia.

The sphere of influence and service of the institution has just been enlarged by the action of the conference of the Christian Church of Canada and the United States, which has decided to advise all its students from Canada as well as from the Eastern and some of the other States, to take their courses in McMaster.

With this short, but brilliant record, with a staff of twenty teachers and instructors, with a fairly good dormitory, and class room building, an excellent library and chapel, a fine campus, a new modern Science Building nearing completion; and above all with a host of friends, the institution surely has a bright future before it.

D. E. Thomson.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

WHEN Moulton College opened her doors this September to receive the students who came to her from far and near, there commenced what in future will be known as the nineteenth year of her history. The first years of any institution are often unavoidably full of changes, and Moulton, during her short life has been subjected to a full measure of them. Since the founding of the college there have been five different principals, and this means five radical changes in the life and discipline of the school, leaving such a short time for each leader to conduct affairs that the complete development of any policy of government was made impossible. The comparatively small attendance during much of the time is believed to be due to this cause. The Governing Body, and all Moulton's friends look forward to more permanency in the future, as the result of the appointment in the spring of 1906 of a man principal, who, it is hoped, with the co-operation of our denomination, will be able to give to the college many years of successful service.

The generous gift of Mrs. William McMaster of her home on Bloor Street, made it possible to have our girls' school removed from Woodstock to Toronto. Elizabeth Cutting Cooley was the first principal. Her assistants were three residential teachers, and a preparatory teacher residing out of the school. The names of these first teachers may be given, since to them came the privilege and responsibility of directing Moulton College in the early days, and of determining in a large measure what her character should be. Miss Fair, afterward Modern Language teacher in Woodstock Collegiate, conducted the departments of Modern Languages and Mathematics. English and History were taught by Miss Haigh (Mrs. Charles J. Holman), and the Classics by Miss Andrews (Mrs. Everett Hale of Rochester.)

On September 18th, 1888, this small staff of workers looked forward to the opening of the college, with an attendance

Susan M. McMaster

of twelve pupils. It had been thought that with much planning twenty-eight boarders could be accommodated. Imagine the surprise, and, we of this later day would think, the dismay when eighty-seven pupils presented themselves, and forty-eight of them boarders. No addition had at that time been made to the original residence, and this had to provide for all residential and class-room purposes. In each room it was necessary to have six girls. Practice pianos were in every class-room, and two stood in the halls outside of bed-room doors. The great difficulty of enforcing study periods, and general order can well be imagined, and if comparatively little had been accomplished under such conditions, one could not be surprised. All the more, then, is great credit due to those who conducted the college in that first year, for in spite of the disadvantage of lack of room and facilities with which to work, very much was accomplished. Good work was done in the class-room, and Moulton commenced then to gain the reputation which she has held to the present day, of standing for a strong course of study, and requiring each student to exert herself to meet the requirements of that course.

Owing to the discomforts of the first year the Board of Governors decided that an addition to the building must be made during the summer holidays. The opening of school had to be postponed until October 15th, and even then, on account of wet plaster, it was several weeks before some rooms could be occupied. The crowding and inconvenience caused by this delay were of short duration, and very soon all the comfortable arrangements of to-day were present to aid in the college life. The new music practice rooms, additional class-rooms and the possibility of the girls having rooms to themselves, all tended to make the accomplishment of good work in every department more easily realized.

At the beginning of the second year, there were no changes in the staff excepting the addition of a resident music teacher. Miss Mary Smart occupied this position and was followed by Miss Lyon, who remained two years, but since then there has been no music teacher in residence.

A students' Sunday Bible Class and prayer meeting were organized during the first year. The former was conducted

by the Principal, and the latter by Christian students, a custom still maintained. Each week a leader is chosen from amongst the girls (the teachers also each conduct one meeting or more during the year) and she takes full charge of the prayer service. This, for many, is a first public appearance, but all are sympathetic and the timid ones soon become accustomed to taking an active part in this kind of Christian service. A change was made in the Bible class arrangement the second year. The residential school was divided into four classes, each of the heads of departments having charge of a class. This brought teachers and students in more vital contact, and gave opportunity for effective personal work, and the result was a complete change in the spirit of the school. The year was marked by spiritual blessings and there were several conversions.

A Y.W.C.A. and Mission Circle were organized and continued for a number of years, but these have of late been merged in the weekly prayer meeting. The multiplicity of meetings and scarcity of workers seemed to make the complete success of any one society impossible, and the plan of having the one organization is giving better results. This period of Moulton's history marks the beginning of the vigorous life of the school's ideal—the development of Christian character along with intellectual strength. During the eighteen years which have followed, there has always been a seeking after the higher life, and it has become a habit at Moulton to watch for and expect in each Christian student a growth in spiritual attainment. Scarcely a year has passed without several conversions, and the keenest disappointment is felt when the year closes with one or two still unwilling to acknowledge Christ as Saviour.

In June, 1890, the end of the second year, the Principal and all the original teachers, save one, resigned. Adelaide L. Smiley was the next Principal, and commenced her work with an enlarged staff of teachers. Miss Smiley remained three years, being compelled to resign in June, 1893, on account of ill-health. During her third year the College registered its largest attendance of residential pupils. Her aim was to make the school self-governing, and, with her strong and sweet personality, she was in a fair way to realizing this ideal.

Front View

Chapel

Side View

when overtaken by ill-health and compelled to give up her task. Those who worked under Miss Smiley, or lived under her influence, pay her high tribute as a woman of rare character.

Alice M. D. Fitch (Mrs. Donald Grant), the first Principal of Canadian birth, came to us in the fall of 1893, from Acadia College, Nova Scotia. Mrs. Grant was the youngest of Moulton's Principals. Her course as a student had been a brilliant one and her ability as a speaker was exceptional, winning for her many friends and admirers in denominational circles. The coming of a new leader has always brought new methods of government, and the first year must necessarily be more or less unsettled as old students adjust themselves to new rules and new ways. Unfortunately, Mrs. Grant remained only two years, and this was not time for any distinctive policy to be developed. She was a woman of extreme refinement, and in her own life exhibited the possession of the most conscientious Christian ideals.

Again, Moulton was without a head, and her friends were almost in despair of ever being able to accomplish anything with such frequent changes.

The next college opening brought a small attendance of boarders, an ordinary number of day-students, a full staff of teachers and a new Principal, Adelaide L. Dicklow, who came from Ottawa College, Ottawa, Kansas. This was the beginning of the longest principalship the school has known, lasting until June, 1901, and during these six years, advancement was made along many lines. Gradually the attendance increased, until in the fifth year the number of day students was higher than ever before, and the number of boarders almost up to the highest point, and McMaster students residing at Moulton were asked to leave to make room without crowding for regular College residents.

Great improvements were made in the building itself. Until this time little had been done since the College opened, and there was much need of renovation. All the rooms were repapered and painted, old carpets were replaced by new ones, the hall floors covered with oak matting, and the entrance to the dining-room changed from the old dark passage, which led

past laundry rooms and kitchen, to a beautiful open stairway leading from the first floor. Miss Dicklow possessed unbounded energy and had the faculty of imparting enthusiasm to the leading spirits amongst the students, and this last improvement was brought about by inducing the girls to earn money and begin to collect a sum for the construction of the new stairway. The Board supplemented the efforts of the girls and the improved dining-room entrance became a reality. A gymnasium fund was commenced in the same way and this sum is

Archibald J. MacNeill, B.A.,
Principal of Woodstock College.

Edwin A. Hardy, B.A.
Principal of Moulton College.

now over one thousand dollars. Those who began the work are gone, and the few who remain and who helped to raise this money, have become weary of the task and discouraged since no stronger assistance from outside has come. The need of a gymnasium at Moulton is very great and soon we hope the long looked for building will be erected.

Striking characteristics of Miss Dicklow's leadership were the introducing and enforcing of a rigid system of discipline and the development of a very high standard of educational requirement, which began to go beyond our departmental

standard for matriculation diploma. Promptness, exactness in detail, the accomplishing of the task undertaken, the straining of the intellectual powers to attain general proficiency, these are foremost amongst the characteristics which would naturally be produced in those who lent themselves to the influences of this time, and they showed themselves in many girls in the form of a strong self-reliance and executive ability.

In June, 1901, Miss Dicklow resigned, and almost immediately Mrs. Wells (Mrs. O. C. S. Wallace) who was then conducting her own school, Harding Hall, in London, Ontario, received the appointment of Principal. During the four years of her stay at Moulton some changes in discipline naturally came, though the general method of government remained the same. The taking of the daily walks in line was introduced. Until this time the pupils had been allowed to take their walks alone. A primary department was opened and courses in domestic science commenced. A new course was arranged, by which those who did not want matriculation work could have some definite line of study to pursue, and yet be able to devote time to Music, Art or Domestic Science. The adoption of this course has resulted in lessening the number of special students and so increasing the general earnestness of the student body.

Perhaps the distinguishing feature of Mrs. Wallace's Principalship was the encouragement of a spirit of homelikeness and general happiness in college life. A friendliness and good-fellowship existed amongst members of the staff, and between pupils and teachers.

Fortunately for Moulton, when Mrs. Wallace resigned in June, 1905, there was one who could take the management of the college life to be found on the teaching staff. Miss Thrall had been associated with the school for eight or nine years as teacher of English and History, and was peculiarly fitted to carry on the work without the usual disturbance in the life of the school, caused by bringing in a new leader from outside. Miss Thrall is a woman of sterling character and her influence has always been of the very highest type. She wins the admiration and respect of pupils as well as their love, and is thus in a position to control in the best way those who are placed under her care. During 1905-06 Miss Thrall held the position of acting-Principal and the year was satisfactory in every way.

During the time that Miss Thrall was in charge the Board was considering plans for the future, and it seemed advisable to them to appoint a man to the principalship, his office to include a little teaching, but more particularly the business of the school and the systematic attention to the matter of attendance, which has never yet been all that the efficiency of the school would guarantee. The appointment was given to Edwin A. Hardy, B.A., and Miss Thrall was made Vice-Principal. If the hearty applause which greeted the announcement of this new order of things means anything, Mr. Hardy and Miss Thrall, as they undertake their work this year, will receive the genuine sympathy and enthusiastic co-operation of the denomination and of the many friends of Moulton who, though not Baptists, have always supported the college.

We will close this review of the past with a word regarding the work in general that Moulton has wrought. All over our land there are women who to-day look back upon the days spent in this college home, as the real beginning of their conscious Christian life. Many had been Christians before entering, but the religious life had been more of a form, than it became when not a day passed but there was some reference made to the conscientious relating of the teachings of Christ to the personal life. The keeping of rules and regulations necessary to school life became more bearable, when the idea was conceived of doing them in the cheerful spirit as an act of Christian service, and when the irksome routine of real life came, the same principle, taught constantly at Moulton, came again as an inspiration and help. In very many of our towns and in small country communities, our churches are the better for some Moulton girl who is taking an active part in the work. She has been made efficient for these duties by her training in our denominational school. If our ministers have received help and inspiration at Woodstock and McMaster, very many of our ministers' wives have been similarly helped at Moulton, and in this direct way the college has contributed to our own work. All these years there has been passing out from our school a stream of life which has been uplifted and inspired by the constant upholding of the highest ideals.

The future is now before us and in this department of our educational work there is every hope that the best things are yet in store.

JESSIE E. ZAVITZ, '00.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

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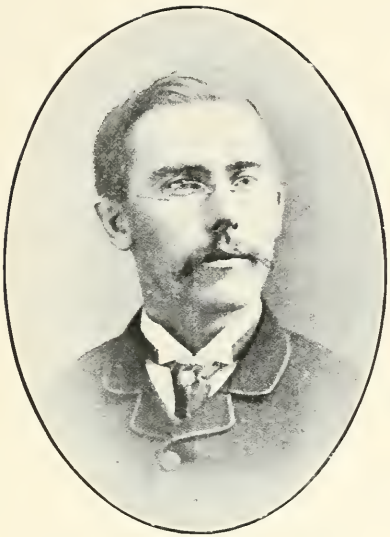
VOL. XVI. OCTOBER, 1906. No. 1

Editorial Notes.

With this number THE MONTHLY begins its sixteenth volume. In honour of the completion of the fifteenth year of its existence, we publish this month a special number dealing with the origin and development, not only of THE MONTHLY but also of the various institutions that led up to, or now constitute, McMaster University. The record of effort and achievement—from the founding of the Canadian Literary Institute forty-nine years ago to the present—is one of which we Baptists may feel proud, and from which we ought to take inspiration to make the future worthy of the past. We regret that, in spite of a considerable increase in size, we were compelled to omit articles on the Literary Society and the Athletic Association. These will appear later. We are grateful to those who have prepared articles for this number and feel certain that every reader of THE MONTHLY will appreciate their kindness in giving so succinct and interesting an account of the various phases of our educational history. We take advantage of the present opportunity to appeal to graduates for a larger measure of support than THE MONTHLY has hitherto enjoyed. To make our college magazine worthy of *Alma Mater* we need the financial support of the sons and daughters of McMaster.



William Henry Huston, M.A.,
Managing Editor of *Woodstock College Monthly.*
Ob. 1892

Albert H. Newman, D.D., LL.D.,
Editor of *McMaster Monthly*, 1891-1893.

THE MONTHLY, I.

1890-1896.

HOWEVER convenient a thing a memory may be to the man seeking at a critical moment the fire-escape he had but casually noticed the preceding day; or to the student whiling away an amicable three hours in Examination Hall; or to the public speaker who, after a graceful and seemingly unpremeditated introduction, puts his hand surreptitiously into his breast-pocket, only to discover that he has left his notes at home; it does not follow that the reputed possession of a reasonably good memory may not, *per contra*, have certain very marked disadvantages. I am supposed, for instance, to know a good deal about the early history of The Monthly, and on the strength of this supposition have been asked to "stand and deliver." This morning's mail brought a rather peremptory reminder, not, of course, from any gentle-minded, himself-procrastinating editor, but representing rather the hard, practical, concrete expectations of the business manager.

Now I have known many business managers, and I think I understand the tribe fairly well. Certainly, I have found them to be one in point of sheer insistence and up-and-doingness. And so I am writing this account, not only with a virtuous sense of dutifulness, but also with the pleasant feeling that someone beside myself is being propitiated thereby. It would be a difficult matter enough to cover my part of the history in the allotted space; no doubt the best that can be done is to attempt a running summary of genesis and growth.

It is interesting and natural to note that precisely as Woodstock College gave birth to McMaster University, so later in 1891, *The Woodstock College Monthly*, a slight but promising figure in the world of college journalism, found its surest fruition in THE MCMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY. The first issue of *The Woodstock College Monthly* appeared in March, 1890. Among the names most worthily to be associated with the record of that enterprise are those of the late Principal W. H. Huston, a true man and wise educator, as Editor, and Rev. A. R. Gregory, now Principal of Westminster College, Toronto, as Manager. Upon the latter fell the chief burden of responsibility, a burden he accepted and carried with fine loyalty for five difficult months of issue. Only those who know by experience the small worries and vexations of financially restricted publications, particularly in a time of beginnings, can fairly appreciate the foundational service rendered by Mr. Gregory. When he left the College in the autumn of 1890 *The Monthly* justly said:

"Upon him fell the weight of the work of the organization of *The Monthly*. It was he that secured the support of our advertisers. He, more than any of the rest of us, took the paper to his heart. When the forms were running through the press, it was he that watched them safely through. Many a time his place in the dining-hall has been vacant, and his cup of tea has turned cold while he has been watching that the printer or the binder has done his work well. He was, or rather is, the father of *The Monthly*. He has had more worry and perhaps more joy, than has any person else connected with the work."

The Woodstock College Monthly was published by the Philomathic Society of the College, and the members of the

Board were elected by that Society. In size it varied from twenty-two to twenty-eight pages, and its mechanical appearance was attractive. It sought and secured contributions not only from those within the college community, but—since it existed for the students' advantage as both writers and *readers*—from outside men and women of note as well, some of them graduates of the school, and nearly all of them generously interested observers of the success of this literary experiment. Among them must be mentioned the names of five in particular, the service of whose exceptionally able pens was freely given to *The Monthly*: Theodore Harding Rand, Jones H. Farmer, J. A. Stewart, Mrs. M. A. Maitland, and Mrs. J. C. Yule. The students who contributed most frequently were O. G. Langford, C. E. Dedrick, B. W. N. Grigg, and the writer. The editorial department—indeed, the entire journal—showed always the deft touch of Principal Huston's hand and the influence of his manly spirit.

With its eleventh issue—March, 1891—*The Woodstock College Monthly* closed its career and became merged in the larger and fuller publication, The McMaster University Monthly. This step was taken after frank consultation between the Woodstock men and a group headed by Dr. Rand, representing the literary and journalistic spirit of the University as a whole. It was clearly seen that the time had come for the Woodstock journal to make a sacrifice of its identity and for The McMaster University Monthly to enter upon a ready heritage of power and opportunity. The transfer was made the easier by the sure vision of Principal Huston as coinciding with that of Dr. Rand, and by the fact that several of the students closely connected wth the Woodstock journal were now about to enter McMaster, and were ready to do what they might toward developing the fortunes of the larger enterprise. Of these students Mr. O. G. Langford took earliest and steadiest hold, and proved himself an energetic lieutenant to Dr. Rand, the prime inspirer of the change, and to Dr. Albert Henry Newman, who was selected by the Faculty as Managing Editor, with a supporting Board of ten members, representing respectively the Faculty and students of McMaster in both Arts and Theology, and the Faculties and students also of Woodstock and Moulton Colleges. Dr. Newman's two years of editorial

service assured the magazine of worth and prestige, while for the same two years the association of Messrs O. G. Langford and C. J. Cameron as business managers laid well and truly the wider foundations of the new Monthly.

The history of THE MONTHLY during the years that followed was a history of steady growth and achievement. There has been in its policy no element of the little and sensational. On the contrary, it has been, perhaps, so rigidly honourable and dignified in its general make-up and its characteristic contents as to run the risk of lapsing at times into dullness. In this respect I cannot but feel that it has erred on the safe side. Certainly, it has earned a reputation at home and in the United States as a collegiate magazine of settled character and worth, whose poetry in particular and whose prose contributions in general have been and are decidedly above a mediocre average. It has made no loud pretences. It has lived its life, true hitherto to the thoughtful and catholic spirit of those who conceived it, and constantly recognizing not merely the charm, but also the potency, of style. That Dr. Rand—himself a notable literary artist—was so jealous a fosterer of its spirit and its style, was for *The Monthly* a peculiar piece of good fortune. In considering its early history we are continually brought face to face with evidences of his untiring zeal and interest in behalf of its welfare. Its initial leading article—"Limae Labor," an admirable study in the craftsmanship of Tennyson—was written by his hand, and beside other prose articles and editorials, he generously contributed several of his finest poems—now much more widely known by their publication in book form—such as "The Dragonfly," "The Hepatica," "The Ghost-Flower," and "The Vast, Eternal!" Miss Blanche Bishop's "In the Bay" is also a noble poem, and several of the early products in verse of McMaster students are not without justifying merit. Probably the most valuable articles appearing during these first five years, aside from those named and aside from the biographical sketches, are "In the British House of Commons" and "At a German University," by W. S. W. McLay; "The Reformation," by Albert H. Newman; "In the National Gallery, London," by Emeline A. Rand; "Student Life in Edinburgh and Berlin," by Joseph L. Gilmour; "George Eliott," by Mary S. Daniels; and Rudolph Koenig.

the Acoustician," by Alexander C. McKay. In addition to these, excellent papers were contributed by such men and women as J. E. Wells, E. W. Dadson, Jones H. Farmer, M. S. Clark, P. K. Dayfoot, Mrs. M. A. Maitland, Daniel M. Welton and George Cross. The students whose names appeared oftenest are L. A. Therrien, O. G. Langford, B. W. N. Grigg, Walter Daniel, W. J. Thorold, Stambury R. Tarr, H. H. Newman, W. P. Cohoe, G. H. Clarke, Miss E. P. Wells, Miss Jennie McLaurin and Miss Ethel M. Botterill.

The biographical articles noted above began to constitute during this time a series of peculiar historical value. In almost every instance they dealt with the life and deeds of some distinguished Canadian Baptist, and were accompanied with excellent photogravures. What a collection of varied and intensely human material is provided in this series! It embraces accounts of the publicists, Alexander Mackenzie and John Dryden; the educators, John Henry Castle, W. H. Huston, R. A. Fyfe, John A. Broadus, O. C. S. Wallace, John Stuart Blackie, George B. Foster, D. A. McGregor, Thomas Trotter, Newton Wolverton; the missionaries, John McLaurin, A. V. Timpany, John Craig; the preachers, B. D. Thomas, John Crawford, A. J. Gordon; the philanthropists, William McMaster and Susan Moulton McMaster; and the writers, Theodore H. Rand and J. E. Wells.

Dr. Newman, after two years of patient and thorough editorial supervision, resigned his position, and was succeeded by Professor M. S. Clark, who piloted the magazine until the fifth volume was completed. These gentlemen presided over their respective Publication Boards in a directly co-operative, Nelson-like manner, and their reigns were marked by a spirit of service on the part of every Monthly man. The work of the departments was carried on with vigor. "College News" vied with "Students' Quarter," and "Subscriptions" with "Advertising." Promising material was added to the editorial force from time to time, and kept from "going stale" by transference from one post to another. The men who did the hard work as business managers were Langford and Cameron, mentioned above, and J. B. Paterson, who succeeded them. The magazine gave good measure—forty-eight pages of "pure reading-matter," as the legend goes in newspaper offices; the

subscription list grew steadily: the advertising patronage increased: and THE MONTHLY began to feel itself an entity indeed. The writer can testify very clearly to the earnest enthusiasm with which the members of the Board addressed themselves to their several tasks and to the discussion of policy and programme in the brisk atmosphere of Board meetings, where man rivalled man in suggestion and criticism looking toward the improvement in well-doing of "our own li'l chile." That the exchanges of those early years were willing to encourage us and did so freely, that the Faculty and students took a lively interest in MONTHLY affairs, and that the magazine was soon taking hold—all these facts cheered us immensely and helped us to develop a self-reliance and even a pride in relation to our work that must have re-acted for good, I think, upon the entire situation. Our boyishness, indeed, sometimes got the better of us, in point of both official importance and individual contribution, but we were kept reasonably steady by the wise oversight of our seniors from the Faculty, who smiled gently—even approvingly now and then—at the freedom of our movements in "Students' Quarter" and "College News," but who held nevertheless a firm rein upon the general tone and policy of the magazine. They were also generous enough to allow some of us to read their share of the proofs, when they were too busy, but perhaps this was merely a device to constrain an acquaintance with the solid portion of the Monthly, and to instil into our minds a slow sense of the kind of writing that should really count. However that may be, we became, before we knew it, writers of a sort and devoted apostles of college journalism, and also, I think I may say, harder workers in the college proper because of the very responsibilities attaching to us as copy-collectors, scribblers, printers' devils, and what-not. Those old days shine now with a strangely glamorous sunlight—their shadows one recollects only with effort. Something was being done that, we felt, was worth while, and we were stumbling along—we *thought* we were stepping high—seized always of the creative idea. And THE MONTHLY waxed fat and prospered.

But I must desist. My "first five years" have floated by me in a gorgeously clouded panorama, and of what I have seen in retrospect I have tried to give but a few suggestions. *This* "Clerkes Tale" is told, and now another chronicler must seize the quill!

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, '95.

Malcolm Sinclair Clark, M.A.,
Editor of *McMaster Monthly*, 1893-1896.

Walter S. W. McLay, M.A.,
Editor of *McMaster Monthly*, 1896-1906.

THE MONTHLY, II.

1896-1906.

AND right clerkly hath the tale been told thus far! But I fear me our "Clerkes quill" is of too fine and delicate a point for this dull-seeming chronicler to seize and use. Fit was it that in those early Monthly days friend Herbert—he of the poet's bent—used a nib yclept Spencerian, while his prosing co-scribe wrote College News and dunned delinquent subscribers with a sputtering stub.

So 'twill be a J-pen—apt modern successor to goose-quill—with which this writer will strive to complete the chronicle.

Vividly have there come back to mind those early years "long gone beyond recall," when the *cacoethes scribendi* of him with the Spencerian pen-point infected virulently the user of the prosaic stub as well. But not with the events "intimate" of that earlier time is this history to deal. Rather must it concern itself with the years that have since elapsed, a decade

that of necessity must be scanned from the viewpoint of the outside though always interested observer.

With volume VI of The McMaster University Monthly began the managing editorship of Professor W. S. W. McLay, to whose discriminating skill and indefatigable effort the magazine's later and growing success is most largely due. With him was associated a representative and able Publishing Committee, while financial interests were entrusted to Mr. I. G. Matthews as Business Manager. Throughout the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth volumes are still found many of the names that gave interest to The Monthly's earlier pages, prominent among them being those of Theodore H. Rand, J. H. Farmer, W. P. Cohoe, A. H. Newman, B. W. N Grigg, O. G. Langford, L. A. Therrien, G. H. Clarke, D. M. Welton, Mrs. P. S. V. Yule (ob. March 6th, 1897), Miss E. P. Wells, Mrs. M. A. Maitland, Miss Blanche Bishop and Mrs. E. M. Patterson (nee Botterill). New names begin to appear, among them those of George L. Sprague, George J. Menge, Wm. Dale, O. C. S. Wallace, S. E. Grigg, A. B. Cohoe, Miss Ernestine R. Whiteside, L. Brown, W. H. B. Teakles, A. M. Overholt, Henry Proctor, A. C. Watson, G. H. Campbell and W. Sherwood Fox.

It is in volume IX that an editorial announcement occurs as to The Monthly being taken over by the Literary Society, so far as the students' share in its management was concerned. From the very first Professor McLay's aim as editor was to secure a consistent development of a magazine that should more and more reflect student thought and life.

A distinct step in The Monthly's evolution dates from this volume. A student, Mr. D. B. Harkness, was appointed as Assistant Managing Editor. Financially, too, there came the beginning of better things. Strenuously and well though Business Managers, I. G. Matthews, C. L. Brown, and W. E. Robertson labored in turn, there was still a deficit. A helpful start was made under Mr. Robertson's management, when the students agreed to pay full subscription rates instead of the reduced price that had been allowed them for some time. During the eleventh year Mr. T. E. Meldrum was the untiring Business Manager, and growingly successful warfare against

the deficit was waged. A contribution of $20 from the Literary Society gave both practical and moral support in the good work that progressed until finally Mr. Meldrum was able to clear off the accumulated deficits and show a surplus.

One opens volume X. with a reminiscent sadness—its frontispiece is a black-bordered portrait of Dr. Theodore H. Rand, the October issue being largely a Rand memorial number. A biographical sketch from his oldtime associate, Dr. E. M. Saunders, of Halifax, is accompanied by other articles from Dr. Thos. Trotter, Dr. O. C. S. Wallace and R. C. Matthews. "In Memoriam" verse is contributed by Miss Blanche Bishop, Rev. W. H. Porter and others. None save those who had oft-times heard

> "The sound of his low tones, as while he told
> Of blest Avilion"

could know the heart-sinking which was ours when we realized that the voice of our "teacher and poet" would thrill our souls no more.

With volume XI we enter the five-year period that has just closed. Again we find welcome recurrence of many of the names that appeared in the early and middle ages of the magazine's first and second quinqueniums. New names appear abundantly—some of them being those of Miss Lillie M. Senior, J. H. Cranston, T. McC. Dadson, A. S. Woodburne, George R. M. Wells, R. G. Hartley, Miss Bertha Jean Thompson, F. S. Beddow, E. Edmund Wells and Miss M. B. Edy.

A new and particularly interesting department was begun in the eleventh year—that of Our Graduates. The news features also were much strengthened by the appointing of a reportorial staff to assist the editor of Around the Hall.

During the year The Monthly laid aside its rather sober dress and put on its present more attractive cover. This was designed by Mr. E. J. Bengough, '03, who also made the clay model from a photograph of which the photo-engraving was made which is still in use.

Volume XII also has a new department—that of Athletics—called for by the increased interest taken in that phase of student activity.

Volume XIII outdoes even its two immediate predecessors in the way of innovation—the new move being the publishing of a number of short stories submitted for two prize competitions, one open to graduates, the other to undergraduates. Not a little additional interest has since accrued to THE MONTHLY from the element of fiction that has been obtained by holding similar competitions each year.

The business interests of the magazine during the thirteenth and fourteenth years were successfully looked after by Mr. Huson V. Wright, his able successor during the fifteenth year being Mr. W. L. McKinnon. In Volume XV still another important addition is to be noted—the beginning of a most interesting Women's Department under the editorship of Miss M. Blanche Edy.

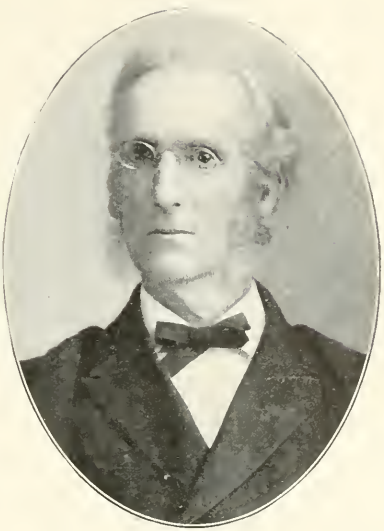
With volume XV closes Prof. McLay's ten-year managing editorship. As has been stated already his aim throughout was to develop a magazine which, without being deprived of the experience of the Faculty, would more and more pass under the direct guidance of the students. With volume XVI. now beginning his ideal takes more definite shape than ever before. Mr. A. S. Woodburne was last spring elected Managing Editor by the Literary Society. His departure as a missionary to India left vacant the position, to which Mr. John B. McLaurin has been appointed. Even those who do not know the ability—plus imperturbability—and "pawky" Scotch wit of the said John himself, will know that his father's son cannot fail to make worth while whatever he undertakes to do. Associated with him as Business Manager is Mr. J. M. Telford, whose qualities of business force and sagacity will assure *bon voyage* for this year's journalistic venture.

And permit an "old tar," who half-wistful visits ever and anon the College docks, to wave a hearty God-speed to the "right tight craft" and its worthy crew.

STANBURY R. TARR, '95.

NOTE.—The first ten volumes of THE MONTHLY were printed by Messrs. Dudley & Burns, [illegible] members of which firm were whole-hearted supporters of our Baptist educational enterprises. The last two have been issued by our present publishers, Messrs. Main & Bingham. We are [illegible] obligations to Mr. R. G. Jones, who in the service of both of these firms has had [illegible] of THE MONTHLY, and to whose care much of its mechanical excellence is due—[illegible]

JONES H. FARMER, B.A., LL.D.
President Fyfe Missionary Society, 1893-1896
1902-1904



DANIEL M. WELTON, PH.D., D.D.
President Fyfe Missionary Society, 1900-190
Ob. 1904

THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

UNDER the heading "*Students' Societies,*" in the Calendar of Toronto Baptist College for 1882-3 occurs the following paragraph:

"The students of the College have organized two societies, viz:—

"'The R. A. Fyfe Missionary Society,' whose aim is, by collecting information about missions at home and abroad, to develop the missionary spirit among its members, and which engages actively in mission work as opportunities may offer, and 'The McMaster Theological Society,' which seeks to improve its members by the discussion of current theological and philosophical questions."

Time was when Missionary Societies were unknown in Theological Schools or anywhere else; in our better days such a school without one would be an anomaly. Carey the Cobbler has revolutionized the world by listening direct to the Master and daring to obey.

It was natural that our new College in Toronto should organize such a society and doubly natural because so many of the students had been members of the Judson Missionary Society, in what was then called the Canadian Literary Institute. The Judson was "composed of students and teachers of both sexes and held each month an evening meeting at which lectures were delivered, essays bearing on missions presented, and a paper read."

It was a fitting thing also in the transplanted Theological Department that the Missionary Society should bear the name of the founder of our educational work, especially as he was at the same time, perhaps, the chief among the brethren who led Ontario and Quebec Baptists to embark in the work of Foreign Missions. It would seem from the above extract that Dr. Fyfe's full name was first used in the name of the Society. If that be true it must soon have been dropped, for in the first Annual Report it appears with his surname only as it does to-day. The report, however, was published in 1883, and one may conjecture therefore that the change was made early in the second session.

From that report we may gather some interesting facts in addition to those in the quotation already given. The Society was composed of ordinary and honorary members. Christian students in connection with McMaster Hall, and such other Christians as the Society should from time to time elect, formed the ordinary members. Honorary members consisted of the Faculty and such others as the Society elected. Honorary members were eligible for office and had all the privileges of ordinary members.

The officers were a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer. To these were added two others to form the Executive Committee. The same pamphlet shows only one member of the Faculty on the Executive, viz., the Treasurer, Professor MacVicar.

The practical work of the Society found its sphere during the College term in "the destitute and weak places in Toronto and vicinity," and during the summer in the neglected places not already provided for by the Home Missionary Convention. Two missionaries were sent out during the first summer, R.

G. Boville, M.A., to Portage la Prairie, Man., and A. E. de St. Dalmas to Bailliehoro, Ont. The results were extremely gratifying in each case.

Along the line of Foreign Missions nothing was done beyond the gathering of information and stirring of interest in the Missionary Prayer-Meeting. The total receipts for the first year amounted to $629.80, of which $440 was contributed by the two summer fields, $87.65 received in collections at the two public meetings, and the rest from a few friends outside the College.

Along these lines the Society continued its work until the season of 1885-6. The feeling seems to have arisen that the Home Mission Board and the Society should work together rather than independently. There was a fear that the appeals for the Society might interfere with the contributions and that the wisest choice of fields might not always be made. So early in that year we find Alexander Grant and D. A. McGregor, Superintendent and Secretary respectively of Home Missions, confering with the Faculty and the Society with a view to reaching some more satisfactory arrangement. Let me quote from Rev. W. C. Weir, B.A., who was then a member of the Fyfe, to whom I am indebted for the Annual Report already referred to. "It seemed difficult for us to reach a satisfactory basis of agreement and when we seemed at our wits' end Dr. Rand looked in upon us and in an amazingly short time had the whole tangle smoothed out so nicely that we could only sit in silence and admire the organizing genius of the man. That was my first glimpse into the ability of Dr. Rand. From that time forward he remained in my mind *facile princeps* as an organizer.

What the plan was and what the Faculty thought of it may be gathered from the following extract of the Faculty's Fifth Annual Report to the Senate and Board of Trustees:

"Believing that our churches need men whose hearts are in fullest sympathy with the saving power of the gospel, whose minds are stored with its truths and who have tact and power for organization and for actual contact with men, the Faculty resolved upon the observance of one day each month for the consideration by the entire College of missionary intelligence

from the Home and Foreign field, the comparison of experience in actual work, the discussion of difficulties and the methods of obviating them, and most of all, for united prayer in behalf of the world's conversion and for personal fitness for whatever sphere the Lord may choose to assign us. The interest felt in these days, when the ordinary work is abandoned for conference on the great practical themes of a living ministry, surpasses our expectations. Simultaneously with the appointment of the 'Monthly Missionary Day,' the constitution of the Fyfe Society was changed, so as to embrace every professor and student, and became the organ through which the College discharges its great practical missionary functions. The President of the College is President of the Society, at least three professors must always be on its Executive Committee, as also the Secretaries and Superintendents of all our Missionary Boards, both Home and Foreign. Thus the students are brought into direct contact with the forces by which our aggressive work is done. We commend to the Senators and Trustees, as well as to all who hold official relations to the various Missionary Boards, a careful study of the constitution of the Fyfe Society as now organized."

It will be noticed that the three new features are the close relation established with the Mission Boards, the much larger place occupied by the Faculty, and the importance and opportunity accorded it by the establishment of the Monthly Missionary Day. A year previous to this the Faculty had inaugurated a scheme by which students were enabled to support themselves. For five months' summer work, they were guaranteed $165; and for seven Sundays in the course of the winter, $35. For the next three years that plan was operated through the Fyfe Society, for the calendars state that "The Society superintends the preaching and missionary work of the students." But a change seems to have been made when the Arts Department was opened, a change that practically meant the reversion of that superintendence into the exclusive control of the Faculty, and one quite natural under the altered conditions.

The character of the Missionary Day during its first year may be judged in part by the following programme:—

"*October*: 'The Baptist Home Mission Work of Canada.' Paper by Rev. A. Cohoon, M.A. Report of Student Missionary Labor.

"*November*: 'China; Burns and His Work.' J. L. Gilmour, B.A., and R. Garside, B.A.

"*December*: 'The Relation of the Pastor to Missions.' Prof. D. M. Welton, D.D.

"*January*: 'The Congo Valley and its Missions.' G. E. Morphy, B.A., and W. T. Graham.

"*February*: 'The Development of Church Life in Heathen Countries.' Prof. A. H. Newman, D.D.

"*March*: 'The Religious Condition of the Indian Tribes of Canada.' W. W. Weeks and I. J. Metcalf."

It will be seen that the strictly missionary thought dominated the programme and that the standpoint occupied was that of the student for the ministry or the pastor. It was natural, when the Arts Department was opened, that the idea should be broadened and that a new emphasis should be placed on the relation of others than pastors to the work of world evangelization as well as on the care of the Christian life, and how it should find expression through men and women in various callings.

About the same time—for the statement appears for the first time in the same calendar—the Society committed itself to some definite Foreign work by undertaking to support two native preachers in India, one under the Maritime Board and one under the Board for Ontario and Quebec. Until last year the constitution then framed remained practically unchanged except in a few details. The President of Toronto Baptist College gave place to the Principal of the Faculty of Theology when the new charter came into operation. Later the Chancellor of the University became Honorary President and one of the Professors was elected President. The Vice-President was chosen from among the students. The Executive was enlarged so as to consist of four chosen from the Faculties and seven from the students. All the members of the Theological and Arts Faculties and all the Christian students of the University were *de facto* members of the Society. Two objects were constantly kept in mind on the Monthly Missionary Days

—the culture of the spiritual life and the consideration of Missions at home and abroad. Until two or three years ago the Society had one or more missions in the city wholly under its own control. During the winter these were conducted by students appointed by the Society. In the summer they were usually handed over to a neighboring church, but for several years the Society supported one of its members as its missionary. Most of the work was voluntary and this was placed under the direction of the Voluntary Work Committee, of which a member of the Faculty, Dr. Goodspeed, was permanent chairman. But the Society paid the leader of each mission the same amount as he would have received for the regular preaching under the Faculty's direction. The expenditure for ten or fifteen years averaged from three to four hundred dollars, three-fourths of which was contributed by its own members and the rest by a few friends outside. It was not always easy to raise the funds. Partly owing to this and partly to the fact that the union with the Maritime Provinces had become nothing but a name, the support of a native preacher under their Board was discontinued in the middle nineties. Some five years later the second was also dropped.

For several years a feeling had been growing that the Society was assuming responsibilities in city missions that belonged elsewhere, and that under the new conditions the University was hardly justified in suspending lectures for a full day each month, especially since a large number of the students did not avail themselves of the opportunities of the Day. This feeling finally found expression and within the past year two important changes were made. The number of Missionary Days was cut down to three, October, January and March, and the student control was increased. The President is now elected from among the students and the Faculty representation stands at three instead of five on the Executive Committee. At the same time once each month the Society takes charge of the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting and seeks to make it a season of prayer and conference for the whole University, teachers and students alike. It will be seen that the new arrangement is a practical combination of the first and second stages of the Society's history. For it takes

the early Monthly Missionary Prayer-meeting and combines with it half the Monthly Missionary Days, and the Faculty representation is also midway between what it was at first and latterly. Since this was done quite undesignedly and without knowledge of the facts here given, it may be an indication that the change is in keeping with the changed situation and its logical result. The key of the situation is found in the fact that the arrangement and superintendence of student work rests to-day with the Faculty and not with the Society. This in turn is the natural result of the fact that the Society includes in its membership not ministerial students alone, but all the Christians in the institution, both ladies and gentlemen.

It is to be hoped that the work of the Society may prove no less effective under the new order than it was under the old. It has been a factor of untold good in our history. Those of us who have lived with it through the years feel that deeply and gratefully. Testimonies are constantly forthcoming from former students as to the blessing it has proved to their lives. Perhaps this somewhat lengthy article cannot be closed in any better way than by quoting the testimonies of the last three Chancellors. Dr. Rand was an enthusiast about it and again and again gave expression to his conviction in the most emphatic manner. In January, 1895, the last year of his Chancellorship, he said in an address before the Society, "It was a remarkable fact that the history of Baptist institutions showed that not one had been founded without having for its chief end the promotion of the cause of Jesus Christ, yet it was sad to notice that, with but few exceptions, institutions founded with such noble thought were fast becoming secularized." (Annual Report, 1895.) He went on to remind the Society that its chief function was to guard against such decline and to steadily saturate the whole life of the University with the sense of Christ's Lordship and of our duty to be not conformed to common world type, but to be transformed by the renewing of the mind unto the full knowledge of the good and acceptable and perfect will of God. Hence the wisdom and the vindication of the Monthly Missionary Day. The same report gives the testimony of Chancellor Wallace during the

first year of his Chancellorship. "Occasionally during the past few years," he said, "it has been my privilege to meet with you at Chapel service. It was always a matter of surprise to note the deep spirituality that seemed to pervade these services. I wondered if it were characteristic of University life. I did not think it could be. Since coming among you I have changed my opinion. I find this deep spiritual life pervading every department of our work, and I believe we have the secret of it in these Monthly Missionary Days." That Dr. Wallace's conviction deepened as the days went by is well known to those who were in touch with his thought.

Chancellor McKay has been in close touch with the Society since the Arts Department was opened in 1890. His testimony is:

"When called upon to justify the existence of McMaster University, a University founded and sustained by a Christian people, I have always felt that a statement of the life and activity centred in the Fyfe Missionary Society was sufficient.

"This Society, which had its beginning when all the students at Toronto Baptist College were preparing for the University, has continued, and in some respects has found a more vigorous life, since it has included in its active membership all Christian students of the University. Students who enter McMaster University are soon brought face to face with the fact that 'In Christ all things stand together.'"

God grant that the Society may be endowed afresh with heavenly vision and glowing zeal, and that it may do its part with steadily growing effectiveness toward enabling McMaster to actualize in all her works and ways the ideal set by her founders and expressed in her motto.

J. H. Farmer.

THE
McMaster University Monthly
NOVEMBER, 1906

THE STORY OF THE McMASTER "LIT."

THE fifteenth of October, 1881, shall ever be memorable as the birthday of the McMaster "Lit," the grand-daddy of all of the University's numerous societies. On the morning of that day the students of Toronto Baptist College to the number of twenty gathered in one of the lecture rooms, and after putting J. J. Baker, Th. '84, in the chair, and appointing R. G. Boville, Th. '85, as secretary, proceeded to constitute themselves into the "McMaster Hall Literary and Theological Society" on motion of A. E. St. Dalmas, Th. '83, and W. C. Weir, Th. '86.

In the constitution adopted a week later the object of the society is set forth as "the improvement of its members in the investigation and discussion of literary and theological subjects." The officers were few in number as compared with the formidable array of these latter days. The first executive elected was composed of J. J. Baker, president; W. H. Cline, Th. '85, vice-president; W. M. Walker, Th. '86, critic, and R. G. Boville, secretary-treasurer. The charter members of the society, who became such by the simple signing of the constitution at the first meeting, were Messrs. A. E. St. Dalmas, D .D. McArthur, J. H. Doolittle, G. Sale, J. W. Henser, O. C. Carey, S. W. Phelps, J. Stafford, A. Collins, P. A. Tinkham, J. McEwen, A. B. Hudson, W. C. Weir, J. A. Collins, L. Iler, D. J. McGillicuddy, D. Dack, W. Scott, and the officers named above. Others were added at subsequent meetings and the faculty were made honorary members.

The society's sun went under a cloud at the end of the first year, for in the fall of 1882 the literary work seems to have been dropped by the students in favor of a purely theological organization. A few enthusiasts formed the "Cos Ingeniorum" society, which kept the altar fire burning. In the beginning of the year of '85-'86, the old name was readopted, W. M. Walker, president of the Theological Society, being continued as the chief executive. The "Cos." however, continued to meet for several years, resisting all proposals looking towards amalgamation.

Evidently the public enjoyed long meetings in the olden time for the minutes tell us that at the first open meeting held on March 26, 1886, J. B. Kennedy spoke eloquently for thirty-five minutes on "A man's a man for a' that," after which followed a spirited debate on the detrimental effect of modern culture on the progress of Christianity, in which C. H. Phillimore, W. M. Walker, C. E. Lee and W. W. Weeks took part, to say nothing of a paper by J. L. Gilmour and other numbers. 'Twas a feast, indeed!

On March 16, 1891, so the minutes record, the society met "to consider the advisability of taking on the responsibility of publishing a monthly in conjunction with Woodstock and Moulton Colleges," with the result that the plans of the committee were adopted and THE MCMASTER MONTHLY started on its eventful career in June of that year.

In '91 and '92 the questions of a college "yell" and "colors" took up the attention of the "Lit." "Boom on Mac!" was adopted as the slogan, and the McMaster plaid taken as the colors, L. A. Therrien being chairman of the "yell" committee, and C. J. Cameron the head of the color committee. For the first time in history an Arts student was elected president in the fall of '92, B. W. N. Grigg being unanimously chosen. An interesting minute of October 7, '92, is to the effect that the late Dr. Rand, the Chancellor, had been present and expressed the sympathy and approval of the faculty with the object and work of the society, and had stated that the faculty had appointed visitors from among their numbers to attend the meetings.

"The Student," that erstwhile decidedly personal and highly entertaining organ of the society, made its initial appearance on the evening of November 25, 1892, when Editor B. W. Merrill read it to the audience. The minute of the occurrence says that the editor "commented on the appropriateness of the name, presented greetings to Chancellor Rand, Prof. Foster, Lecturers Wilmott and Keys, and to the Freshman class, objected to the number of lectures prescribed by the faculty and to the system of dining room fees, and hoped for the co-operation of all in amending these matters. The paper was very interesting, full of humor, and gave much paternal advice to freshmen."

There were humorists in the society in '93, as witness the following extract from the minutes: "The president in entering upon the programme asked Mr. Kennedy to act as critic. Mr. K. excused himself on the plea that he was going out to see his girl. This was ruled out, and as a favor to Mr. K. Mr. C. J. Cameron was appointed in his place," presumably to see the young lady.

The first hint of the Literary and Theological Society's existence to appear in The Monthly is in November of '91, when we are informed that "the students are fond of the long sonorous nomen of the society." At one meeting, says the scribe "the question of annexation was enthusiastically discussed, and, as you will have seen by the dailies, our tie vote was regarded as very ominous. Selections from Shakespeare filled still another evening. We felt much flattered when our grave student critic arose and described our declamations as 'just a little too theatrical perhaps.'"

One of the most amusing records of Volume I of The Monthly is the story of the election of T. Murduck to the presidency. "Mr. Murduck's platform was constructed of solid planks," says the writer. The principal of these was a stand in favor of coeducation. "The ladies should be seen in the society meetings," he said, "for they were noble ladies, not to be equalled on any continent. The society needed the ladies, and above all the ladies needed the society, and he promised to do his utmost to bring these things to pass if

elected. Such a triumph of oratory has seldom been heard," says THE MONTHLY. "It was enough to make the dust of Demosthenes dance with delight. As he sat down there was but one feeling that predominated every mind—Mr. Murduck must be president."

Schism is writ large over the year of 1893-4. First the "theologs" formed a society of their own with George Cross, B.A., '94, as president, thus paving the way for the "Lit" to drop the "Theological" out of its name. The freshmen and sophomores also felt the need of a society of their own where they could get a better chance to develop their innate genius. For a while an organization known as the "Rathnelly Society" held meetings, but its exclusive nature met with disapproval on the part of the faculty, and the "First and Second Year Literary Society," later rechristened the "Tennysonian Society," was formed with J. C. Seymour, '96, as president. The birth of the new organization, like its death in 1900, was not accomplished without a struggle. "In a louder and ever-swelling chorus the solid body of freshmen and sophomores demanded the concession of secession every alternate night of meeting to attend their own society that is to be," says a report in the Globe. The presidents of the Tennysonian from this time until its re-absorption into the senior organization were: 1894, Spring term, A. N. Marshall, '96; 1894-5, J. F. Vickert, '97; 1895-6, V. A. King, '98; A. W. Vining, '98; 1896-7, C. L. Brown, '99; D. Bovington, '99; 1897-8, E. E. Wood, '00; T. H. Cornish, '00; 1898-9, A. T. McNeil, '01; A. B. Mann, '01; 1899-00, T. E. Meldrum, '02; A. L. Huddleston, '02. The official organ of the society was "The Argosy," a written magazine conducted along the same lines as "The Student."

The advent of the ladies with the Arts classes stirred up a desire that they would attend the meetings of the society. It was not until the fall of '94, however, that definite overtures were made to the fair ones. They were at first reluctant, but a minute dated November 2nd reads to this effect: "At this juncture, W. S. McAlpine, '95, was hastily appointed to usher in the ladies, who appeared in full force. Hearty ap-

plause showed the feelings of the gentlemen part of the audience toward this new feature in our meetings. Their presence must truly have been inspiring, for President S. R. Tarr, made several very brilliant sallies under their benign influence. Briefly and to the point, the ladies were welcomed to our meetings, and regret was expressed that the favor was to be bestowed so sparingly." The ladies are now regular attendants at and participants in the society meetings.

In its day the "Lit" has had many constitutions. One of the most important of them was that adopted in '94. The name of the society was changed to that of "The Literary and Scientific Society of McMaster University," and the presidency was limited to the graduating year in arts. Each meeting was to be opened with prayer, a practice which fell into disuse and was abandoned, and debates were to be decided by popular vote of the audiences, a rather unsafe method. An amusing error in spelling in the written constitution forbids the use of any "scriptural illusion" in the debates. The new constitution was recast in the spring of 1900, when the "Tennysonian" was absorbed, and the officers elected annually instead of semi-annually.

The McMaster "Lit" may justly be proud of the record it has made on the debating platform. Altogether there have been twenty-three debates with outside colleges and clubs, and in sixteen of these victory has rested with our champions. For three successive years McMaster held the championship of the Intercollegiate Debating Union, and has been in the finals on three other occasions. Debating once bulked more largely in the weekly programmes of the "Lit" than it does to-day, scarcely a meeting passing without a forensic contest of some kind. The first agitation for an intercollegiate debating union was set on foot early in 1887, but the contests did not begin until the following year. L. S. Hughson, Th. '90, and W. T. Graham, Th. '89, won the initial debate for McMaster against Osgoode, but S. J. Arthur, Th. '98, and W. B. Hutchinson were defeated in the finals by Trinity. McMaster did not participate the following year, the faculty evidently not being in sympathy with the plan. The next

intercollegiate debate recorded was that in 1894-5 with Victoria, when J. C. Sycamore, '96, and J. F. Vickert, '97, won for McMaster. C. J. Cameron, '94, and B. W. Merrill, Th. '96, were victorious the same year over the Thirteen Club. The record of the other debates with the McMaster representatives, and the winners are as follows: 1895-6, won from Victoria, W. W. McMaster, '94, E. J. Stobo, Th. '96; 1896-7, lost to Victoria, R. Routledge, '95, M. C. McLean, '98; 1897-8 no debate. Re-organization of Intercollegiate Union proposed; carried into effect the following year. 1898-9, won from Osgoode, A. B. Cohoe, '98; S. E. Grigg, '00; lost to University College, D. B. Harkness, '99, A. M. McDonald, '99; 1899-00, lost to Victoria, A. B. Cohoe, T. H. Cornish, '00; 1900-1, won from Trinity, E. W. Parsons, '99, T. H. Cornish; won from University College, J. H. Hannah, '99, H. Procter, '99; won from Wycliffe final and championship, A. B. Cohoe, J. D. McLachlan, '99; 1901-2, won from Trinity, A. E. Haydon, '01, H. S. Arkell, '02; won from Osgoode final and championship, E. A. Brownlee, '01, A. C. Watson, '01; 1902-3, won from Victoria, A. E. Haydon, E. A. Brownlee; won from Knox, F. J. Scott, '99; H. Procter; won from Trinity, final and championship, A. E. Haydon, J. M. Warner, '04; 1903-4, won from Knox, F. J. Scott, I. G. Matthews, '97; won from Trinity, A. L. Huddlestone, '02, J. M. Cornwall, '00; lost to Osgoode, final, J. M. Warner, I. G. Matthews; 1904-5, lost to Wycliffe, G. W. Gorman, '05, J. B. McLaurin, '05; 1905-6, won from Knox, J. M. Warner, W. A. Cameron, '06; lost to University College, T. M. Dadson, '06, W. P. Freeman, Th.

Interyear debates have of late years been a very interesting feature of the Society's work. In 1898 the Freshman Class were victorious. There was no series the following two years. Since then the victors have been: 1901-2, Class '05; 1902-3, Theology; 1903-4, Class '05; 1904-5, Class '05; 1905-6, Class '09. Interyear oratorical contests took place yearly from 1897-8 to 1901-2, the victors being: 1897-8, A. W. Gazley, 01; 1898-9, H. Procter, '99; 1899-00, G. R. Welch, '00; 1900-1, A. E. Haydon, '01; 1901-2, R. V. Bellamy, '02.

A question which disturbed the equanimity of the Society on many an occasion during its long history was that of having a function of its own to which representatives of sister societies might be invited in return for similar courtesies extended. It was felt that neither the Founder's Night "At-Home" nor the annual Christmas dinner filled the bill, since the "Lit," as such, did not control either. In the spring of 1902 a scheme for an independent and exclusive "At-Home" was set on foot, but the faculty did not approve and it was dropped. The following year the "Lit," as such, withdrew all financial support from the Founder's Night exercises by a unanimous vote, but no further progress was made towards the desired goal. The fall of 1903 saw the issue revived, and this time the eloquence and arguments of the society's committee prevailed with the faculty. The Society was granted the privilege of a separate function, and on the evening of December 17th the first annual "Lit" dinner was held, its success being beyond expectations. It is now one of the principal events of the College year.

Those who have held the chief office in the gift of the "Lit," that of president, number among them some now distinguished names. Success in college halls presaged success in the ministry and business world. From the year of organization until 1900-1 there were two presidents a year, one for each term. The list is as follows: 1881-2, J. J. Baker, Th. '84; James McEwen, Th. '82; 1882-5, no society; 1885-6, W. M. Walker, Th. '86; J. B. Kennedy, Th. '87; 1886-7, R. Garside, Th. '95; T. C. Sowter, Th. '87; 1887-8, J. L. Gilmour, Th. '89; L. S. Hughson, Th. '90; W. B. Hutchinson, Th.; 1888-9, J. W. Gregory, Th. '89; W. T. Graham, Th. '99; 1889-0, A. N. Frith, Th. '91; E. J. Harris, Th. '90; 1890-1, J. A. Keay, Th. '91; J. B. Brown, Th.; 1891-2, Alex. White, Th. '92; T. Murduck, Th.; 1892-3, B. W. N. Grigg, Arts '94; J. B. Warnicker, Th. '93; 1893-4, C. J. Cameron, '94; H. A. Porter, '94; 1904-5, S. R. Tarr, '95; J. W. Russell, '95; 1895-6, J. C. Sycamore, '96; J. J. McNeill, '96; 1896-7, J. H. Cameron, '97; P. G. Mode, '97; 1897-8, W. W. Charters,

'98; W. B. H. Teakels, '98; 1898-9, A. M. McDonald, '99; B. R. Simpson, '99; 1899-00, T. H. Cornish, '00; J. A. Faulkner, 00; 1900-1, R. C. Matthews, '01; 1901-2, H. S. Arkell, '02; 1902-3, P. A. McDiarmid, '03; 1903-4, J. M. Warner, '04; 1904-5, W. E. Matthews, '05; 1905-6, J. B. Pengelly, '06; 1906-7, D. J. McPhail, '07.

There is a wealth of material that must perforce remain untouched. Were there space available the historian could relate how the Toronto University fire unceremoniously broke up a meeting on February 14, 1891, in the middle of B. W. N. Grigg's debating speech; how the society was divided into Liberals and Conservatives in order to satisfy a question asked by the students of the University of Ghent, with the result of "an overwhelming Liberal majority followed by great cheering"; how Rev. J. J. McNeill, the now distinguished pastor of Walmer Road Church made his debut in a debate on evolution; how Prof. Hodgson entertained the society with an exhibition of mesmerism and failed to hypnotize any McMaster men; how R. E. Smith, '02, and L. H. Thomas, '99, fell before the debating prowess of Miss M. A. Bailey, '98, (Mrs. A. B. Cohoe), and Miss B. E. Gile, '00, (Mrs. A. G. Thompson); how W. P. Cohoe, '96, in his student days read an edition of "The Student" written on a roll of paper fifty feet in length; how the class colors were chosen; how W. E. Robertson, '00, and T. E. Meldrum, '02, dinned it into the ears of the students on every possible occasion that they must support The Monthly's advertisers, and how the latter finally announced that The Monthly debt had disappeared in the fall of 1898; how A. M. McDonald won the presidency in 1898 from E. J. Reid, '99, on the chairman's casting vote after a most exciting campaign; how Herbert Piercy delighted his hearers time and again with his inimitable renditions of "Rubenstein" and "Bill Adams"; how "The Student" was omitted in 1900 in favor of a mock parliament and never was revived; how R. D. McLaurin read a cablegram from King Edward VII at the memorable mock parliament of 1901, over which G. W. Elliott presided as

speaker, commanding the freshmen to allow the Moulton girls to return in a body; how Judge P. A. McDiarmid added twenty years for contempt of court to W. C. Riddiford's life sentence at the famous mock trial of February, 1903, how at the same time A. Stokes, Th., was deprived of library privileges for disturbing the peace, and W. V. Poapst, '04, charged with assualting J. J. Corbett, the former world's champion pugilist; all these and many other equally interesting topics could be enlarged upon, and would bring back pleasant memories to McMaster's now numerous alumni. But the allotted number of words has already been considerably exceeded, and I close with the wish which every graduate will echo that the best days of the "Lit" are yet to be.

J. Herbert Cranston, '05.

HOW TO WRITE A COMPOSITION.

WHEN the Professor announces that he wishes an essay, on any subject the writer may choose, to be handed in at the end of two weeks, the matter begins. Not that the game is really on then, you understand, the real fun doesn't begin for at least three weeks, but the show is booked, so to speak. Note the fact very neatly in your book, and after you have made sure of the exact date by asking the professor to repeat it, and corroborating his statement by enquiries of the girls on each side of you, add that, and finish off the whole by an ornamental border of scroll-work.

During the next two weeks you will join the class in bewailing the fact that you have an essay on in English. "And one due Friday in History, and that horrible chronological chart coming on!" If you keep each essay going from the time it is announced until two weeks after you receive it back, the total really sounds impressive. A senior girl once remarked to me, "The History Professor is rather hard on you, isn't

he, he's always giving you essays to write?" She seemed quite surprised when it was explained that we had had only one essay, it was the talk that had lasted all term.

Perhaps the night before the essay is due you would better take out your book and look up the entry of two weeks previous, to make sure of the date. Yes, to-morrow, an essay of not more than ten pages of theme paper, on any subject. Well, of all things! If there is one thing worse than another it's choosing a subject for an essay. Ever since "How I Spent My Summer Holidays" and "The Sunday School Picnic" have been outgrown the student mind has shrunk with dismay from the thought of choosing a topic. Each one you think of is worse than the last. Finally you remember that the girls said there was a fine list of subjects in "Espenschades", so you search out the book with alacrity, and, settling yourself comfortably in your chair, prepare with critical survey to choose your subject. "How the Illinois Central Railroad is Inspected," "Chinese Civilization," "How Potatoes Are Grown," "Down the Susquehanna River on a Raft," —"what the"—unmentionable to ears polite—as Mr. Dickens would so feelingly say, do you want with subjects like that? You throw the book with fine contempt under the table and chew your pencil savagely. Your room-mate grins maddeningly and asks, "What's wrong?" "What's wrong? I've a composition that's got to be in by to-morrow. That's what's wrong! They're forever giving us essays we have no time to write." You bury yourself in Munsey's or the Home Journal, and forget your woes for the time.

During the following week you take frequent fits of composition-writing in a spare afternoon or evening hour. You tidy up the table and pile the books neatly out of the way. You sharpen your pencil, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, to a fine point, and borrow a rubber from the girls across the hall. You get out your biggest scribbler and open it at a fresh page. You then draw up your chair squarely in front of the table, push back your hair, straighten the clock —and sigh. Carefully you unbutton the cuffs of your blouse and turn them neatly back. Somehow you feel uncommonly thirsty, and you go and fetch a drink. On the way back

you get a cookie from the girls across the hall, and, hanging out of the window you thoughtfully munch it, and brush the crumbs off the windowsill. You draw your head in, adjust the curtain, and slowly sit down again. When you have drained the glass of water you rise in search of a handkerchief to wipe your lips, and so on, and so on and so on, as you have done a hundred times before.

But there comes a day when you really *must* have it in for afternoon class, so you skip classes in the morning, and borrow "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" to furnish inspiration. It takes three good hours to stock yourself with inspiration, and there remains but an hour and a half until dinner time, when the essay must be written and copied out. You spring up from the bed, throw down the source of inspiration, and commence a wild scramble among your books in search of a scribbler. Your room-mate quietly and hurriedly leaves the room, and you settle down at the table with a grimly determined air. "Composition" is written very neatly at the head of the page, and then the pencil, after wavering uncertainly above the paper, flies disconcerted to your lips. What were the subjects of Jerome K. Jerome's essays? "On Being Hard Up," "On Babies," "On Being Shy"—one might as well seek help from Espenschade himself.

The clock ticks on. You turn its face to the wall. It ticks twice as quickly at this, and you cannot check a mad desire to turn it around every five seconds and see how much time has gone. You groan in despair. Why does the Professor want an essay? How willingly you would do anything, *anything* in the world for him but that! Look! there is only half an hour more. The clock goes under the pillow, the chair comes up to the table with a jerk, and the pencil goes dig, dig, dig across the paper, sixty miles an hour and no stops for coal or water. Ah! That's the way to do it; you'll have it now all right. When it comes to the point the only way I know of writing a composition is, well, to *write* it, you know.

Sophette, '09.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

THE one word which best describes the history of the McMaster University Amateur Athletic Association is "evolution." History is the story of development, and the athletic life of McMaster truly verifies the statement. Although, like other manuscripts, the precious parchments which contain the early doings of the primitive athlete have been lost or never were, yet enough can be gathered together to give some idea of the manner in which athletics have developed in McMaster University since it became such.

The historian cannot penetrate farther back than the year 1890. Beyond this date, at best the imagination pictures dignified theologs, with bushy whiskers belaboring one another with pillows at midnight, or at times chasing the football as they felt inclined between the hours of four and six. In the early days there was no campus, no rugby, no day of sports, no hockey, and perhaps very little football. To-day there is an Athletic Association handling between five and six hundred dollars yearly, a field day, two rugby teams, the one entered in the intermediate and the other in the junior series of the Canadian Intercollegiate Rugby Football Union, two hockey teams entered in the intermediate and junior series of the Canadian Intercollegiate Hockey Union, and in addition the players of association football, lawn tennis and quoits. There is an excellent campus on Chicora Avenue, having on it a first-class club-house, fitted with lockers and shower bath. Thus there must be a history, a story of development, an evolution in the athletic life of *Alma Mater*.

Although McMaster men have always been enthusiastic athletes, yet the present state of aggressive athletic pursuit did not come into being in a day. It is the result of years of patient endeavor of men who have worked hard on the grid-iron, and of men who having a deep love for manly sport have promoted the interests of the life in many other ways as well. Thanks to those who, realizing that friendly contest along

physical lines is a necessary factor in the full development of a man, have steadily, sometimes slowly but always surely, advanced sport in the University, there is to-day an interest in athletics in McMaster, probably unsurpassed by any educational institution of the same size in this country.

In the year 1891 the following appeared in the November issue of The Monthly, "Football is the only game in which the McMaster boys indulge, but as we have no campus of our own, we are at a great disadvantage." The great event in sports at this time was the annual game with Woodstock College. In 1891 the game was won by Woodstock, the score standing two to one. From 1891 to 1895 this annual game formed the principal part of the sporting programme. There was also during this period a rink on the lawn, where theologs., led on by visions of the old-time "shinny," belabored one another as only such men can.

The football team entered the inter-college league in 1895, with B. W. Merrill as captain, and one year later two teams played in the league. Inter-year football matches caused considerable excitement at this time, and from the large flourish with which the scribe has recorded the result on the records, it is to be inferred that there were some lively scenes of rejoicing when finally '97 won the victory, and wore the pins which had been donated by Messrs. Ryrie Bros.

In the year 1897 athletics began to move forward rapidly. A Hockey Club was organized with Andrew Imrie, B.A., as President. Baseball was played. The faded records state that Padagogy was downed by the score of 24 runs to 5. This advance in sports meant but one thing—McMaster men were beginning to realize the value of athletics, and as they developed along this line it became apparent that one central organization was needed which should control all the departments of college sport. Thus it is but the next natural step in the evolution that in 1897 the Athletic Association was organized, a constitution adopted and the following officers given the reins of power:—Hon. President, Chancellor O. C. S. Wallace; President, C. H. Schutt; Vice-President, E. J. Reid; Secretary-Treasurer, A. G. Baker; Committee, A. Imrie, W. Daniel, A. W. Torrie, F. H. Phipps.

The first annual field day was held on November 5th, 1897, the winners of the McNaught Cup being Messrs I. G. Matthews and G. L. Sprague.

The year 1898 was marked by a further advance. The Association undertook the management of its own rink. Grounds were secured on Bloor Street, adjoining the University, and McMaster had a rink of its own. True these were trying times. Money was required, good executive management was needful, swift and strong athletes were necessary. All of these have ever been the inheritance of the Association to a large extent, when the size of the institution is taken into consideration. Perhaps few schools or colleges have persisted more stubbornly and many times against odds. Here the first warning was given that the rugby spirit was approaching McMaster. In 1899 J. A. McDonald was appointed captain of the rugby team. The Board of Governors in 1899 provided a first-class campus on Chicora Avenue. Thus was a long-felt want filled and a new impetus given to athletics. In the year 1901 the hockey team, under the captaincy of S. M. McLay, landed the Jennings Cup in the Toronto inter-college series.

It was not until the year 1902 that the rugby team entered the intermediate series of the Canadian Intercollegiate Rugby Football Union. The captain was J. B. McArthur. For three successive years Mr. McArthur held this position and twice did he lead his team within two points of the championship. In 1903 and in 1904 McMaster lost to Queen's II., and Royal Military College respectively by the narrow margin of two points. In 1905 as well as entering a team in the intermediate C.I.R.F.U. the Association was represented in the junior series of the Ontario Union. This present year the second rugby team is entered in the junior series of the C.I.R.F.U.

The association football team has always done excellent work until the year 1904 when the team was shut out of the series by the affiliated colleges of the University of Toronto. The hockey team entered the Canadian Intercollegiate Hockey Union in the intermediate series in the year 1902-03 and in 1905-06 a second team was also entered in the junior series.

Although only a very short time in these series the different teams have been rapidly approaching the championships. In 1904 and in 1906 the hockey team played in the finals, and made an excellent showing. Thus has the athletic life of McMaster University grown, and continues to progress because the men are seeing the need of this department of their life, are putting their energies into it and better than all because the Athletic Association of McMaster University is supported, encouraged and guided in many ways by a Chancellor and Faculty in full sympathy with the athletic pursuits of the institution.

The following is a list of the past Presidents and Secretaries:—

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A. B. Cohoe, President	1899-1900
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E. J. Tarr, Secretary-Treasurer	"
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D. Buchanan, Secretary-Treasurer	"
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A. E. White, Secretary-Treasurer	"

HARRY R. NOBLES, '06.

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N. McNAUGHTON, '07. N. S. McKECHNIE, '08. E. P. LEWIS, '09. THOS. WEARING, '09
F. W. WESTON, '08. Miss E. McLAURIN, '09. W. W. WESTELL, Theology.
Woodstock College. Miss M. STILWELL, Moulton College.
A. L. THERRIEN, B.A., Grande Ligne.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

W. F. L. EDWARDS, 08, Subscription Department. | W. B. WATERS, '08, Advertising Department

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Editorial Notes.

FOLLOWING the custom of the past few years, THE MONTHLY takes pleasure in announcing the Fourth Prize Story Competition for graduates and undergraduates. The conditions will be in the main the same as governed the former competitions.

1. All stories must be in the hands of the managing editor not later than January 1, 1907.

2. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

3. Stories must not contain more than 2,500 words.

4. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

5. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

First Contest.—For graduates in Arts and Theology and any others who have been in attendance at McMaster University: 1st prize, ten dollars; 2nd prize, five dollars.

Second Contest.—For undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in Arts now registered in Theology): 1st prize, ten dollars; 2nd prize, five dollars; 3rd prize, three dollars.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: D. A. MACGIBBON, '08.

"Some said, 'John, print it,' others said, 'Not so,'
Some said, 'It might do good,' others said 'No.' "

OUR NEW STAFF.—With the commencement of a new college year the editorship of this department undergoes a change. The new editor finds himself happy in having with him a strong reportorial staff, and hopes that "Around the Hall" will be as bright and as enjoyable as in years gone by. The department is devoted solely to events occuring within the college walls. At first thought this may seem a very narrow field but in reality it is not. Several circumstances have to be taken into consideration. In the first place a university is made up of all sorts and conditions of men. Their diversity in character finds expression in various organizations, literary, scientific and athletic. Add to this the fact that the student body in large measure is composed of healthy, sane young people, who live a busy, energetic life, and it becomes at once apparent that the college week is filled to overflowing with happenings, grave or gay. It is the duty of the editor of this department and his assistants to faithfully record these events as they occur and to present an epitome of the life of the university from month to month in this respect. One important exception must not be omitted. McMaster is a co-educational college and has quite a large enrollment of ladies. The number and importance of the ladies in McMaster found expression in THE MONTHLY last winter, when a new department was instituted devoted to interests distinctively feminine.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Fyfe Missionary Society held its initial session on Wednesday morning, October 31st, in Castle Memorial Hall. In the absence of the President, Mr. J. M. Warner, B.A., the chair was occupied by the Vice-President, Mr. N. S. McKechnie, '08. The session on opening took the form, for about half an hour, of a devo-

tional service, which was hearty and enjoyable. At the conclusion of this period addresses were given by Messrs. R. C. Benson, B.A., G. Vichert, '08, and E. J. Bingham, '08. Mr. Benson told of the organization of the Baptist church in Keewatin, which was accomplished under his leadership during the past summer. Mr. Vichert, who was assistant to Rev. Wm. Peer in the Cobalt district during the vacation, gave an account of a busy summer. Mr. Bingham spoke of the work accomplished by himself and his three brothers during an evangelistic tour through Colorado last winter. They preached the gospel in the streets, before the factory gates, in the schools, at the mines and in the church. All three addresses were very interesting, not only from the standpoint of reports of work done, but also as descriptions of these localities and the conditions obtaining in each.

Elections for the ensuing year then took place with the following results: C. W. New, B.A., B.Th., President; G. G. Vichert, '08, Vice-President; C. L. Timpany, B.A., Cor.-Secretary; C. R. Duncan, '08, Rec.-Secretary. After some discussion it was unanimously decided to establish a number of mission study classes under Fyfe auspices.

The afternoon session also opened with devotional exercises, after which a somewhat lengthy discussion took place as to the advisability of re-organizing the Evangelistic Band under control of the Fyfe Society. The question was finally laid over for consideration at a later meeting. Rev. V. H. Cowsert, pastor of the Parkdale Church, then gave an address on Evangelism. Mr. Cowsert spoke of the characteristics necessary to the Evangelist and his message at the present day. The Rev. Wm. Spurgeon, who was present, then spoke very briefly on the necessity of presenting the gospel in a form so simple that the simplest person might understand. Prayer by Dr. Cross closed a very enjoyable Fyfe Day.

Student Volunteer Band.—The Student Volunteer Band has entered upon a new year's work under the presidency of R. C. Benson, B.A. Its membership has considerably increased and a deepened interest in the work for which the Band has been organized is quite apparent.

Three fortnightly meetings have thus far been held. The first on September 28 was chiefly a discussion of plans and programmes for the ensuing meetings. On October 12th O. C. Gray, B.A., gave an interesting survey of the need of the gospel in Africa, and the opportunities presented there for missionary work. Rev. H. F. Laflamme addressed the meetings of October 26th,

concerning the advantages to be derived from the formation of mission study classes among the students. The fruit of Mr. Laflamme's address is seen in the decision of the Fyfe Missionary Society to form such classes as he advocated.

FRESHMAN SPEAKS.

I come from haunts of hog and hen;
I made a sudden sally
To grasp with glee my fountain pen
And round professors rally.

I've left behind me Liza J.,
Who's nearly broken hearted,
I've left behind me fields of hay,
But hay seed with me carted.

I've chattered through the country schools,
And through the town's "High" ways,
But now I feel a trifle cool
'Mid learned wisdom's haze.

And if I have a verdant hue
'Tis but from fields of clover,
For underneath my Christie new
Some sparks of learning hover.

J. D. C., '07.

McMaster has enrolled in her arts course this year a student from Tokio, Japan. He is Mr. Tatsuzo Tokudoma and he purposes taking a general arts course, with a view to teaching. There are no Russians in attendance, so we anticipate no trouble from this Oriental freshman.

Mr. Winsor Ross, '07, and Mr. Tatsuzo Tokudoma, '10, have replaced Mr. Tedford, '09, and Mr. C. D. Jones, '06, in the usher's office in the main corridor of the hall.

Mr. Gordon McEwen, '07, has been appointed accompanist in the chapel in succession to Miss Stone, '06.

Mr. A. E. White, '07, has been appointed to fill the position of assistant librarian. Mr. White replaces Mr. A. S. Woodburne.

McMaster students, irrespective of the course they are pursuing, welcome another new professor in the person of Dr. J. L. Gilmour, of Montreal. Dr. Gilmour has accepted the chair of Pastoral Theology, Homiletics and Church Polity. He has a high reputation as a preacher and has been pastor of Olivet Baptist Church, Montreal, for some years.

Mr. J. M. Warner, who was elected High Kakiak last spring, not having returned, an election was held on October 9th. The balloting resulted in the election of Mr. W. E. Matthews, B.A., to fill the vacant position. In the interim between the opening of the term and the election Mr. Owen Gray, B.A., First Vice-Kakiak, acted as High Kakiak, and made the "denouncements."

A LAMENT

Nought six, poor old nought six !
So poor naughty-six has left mother.
They've departed for aye from us brothers,
But all through the days
We can say in their praise
That they certainly loved one another.

So old naughty-six is no more;
It has shuffled for aye off the floor ;
And now there's a show
For the grass to re-grow,
On the lawn plot around Hymen's door !

The Thoughtful Theologues.—Mr. W. E. Matthews, B.A., having been elected chairman of the student body, resigned the presidency of the Theological Society. Mr. A. L. Brown, secretary-treasurer of the Society, who has restricted his studies to arts this year, also resigned. The results of the new elections are: Mr. G. E. Tomkinson, B.A., president, and Mr. C. L. Timpany, B.A., secretary-treasurer, Lit. representative, Owen Gray, B.A., Student Body, A. S. Parnall. The Society are looking forward to a good and prosperous year's work.

Again Theology carried off the laurels on Field Day, obtaining the highest number of points. It is also a noteworthy fact that the president of the society won the individual championship.

The reading room continues to do business at the old stand. The "Lit" executive have shown commendable enterprise in putting on file the Winnipeg Free Press. Besides those who are actually from Manitoba or the new provinces it accommodates quite a number of students who have spent their summers in the west in teaching or other pursuits. Along with the city dailies, the Ottawa *Citizen* and Montreal *Star* are also on file. This gives a total of nine dailies.

Scholarships.—Two new scholarships have been founded in connection with the Arts course since the calendar was issued. Mr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., of Toronto, has founded a scholarship of an annual value of $50.00 in third year special economics. In mathematics, Mr. G. W. Langdon, '03, has established a scholarship of an annual value of $25.00 to be awarded to the student, if worthy, who obtains the highest standing in first year mathematics. Another scholarship which is coming within appreciable distance is the Rhodes Scholarship. McMaster University has the privilege of sending a student to Oxford in 1911. Chancellor McKay has drawn attention to the fact that students intending to compete for this honor should register in Greek, a required subject for entrance to Oxford.

The Solemn Seniors.—On October 8th, Year '07 assembled to discharge the solemn and funereal duties of organizing for the last time as an undergraduate class. Several of the regular members of the class had not yet returned from the woods, but they were glad to welcome Messrs R. E. E. Harkness and A. N. Tapscott. These gentlemen had spent a year broadening their minds on the prairies of the west, and it is to be hoped they will impart to their fellow-members much of the enthusiasm and energy characteristic of Western life.

The following is the list of officers: Honorary President, Chancellor McKay; president, N. McNaughton; vice-president, Miss A. C. Hitchon; secretary, S. J. Bates; treasurer, A. W. Ross; musician, Miss Shields; historian, Miss Wilkins; orator, R. H. Roberts; bard, J. D. Craig; hockey captain, G. C. McEwen; rugby captain, S. R. McEwen; association captain, N. E. Challen; track captain, L. H. Werden; representative to Student Body, C. E. Burke.

Past President of the Athletic Association clasping a freshman's hand in presenting a badge, "You look pretty enough to be a girl." Voice from the audience, "Perhaps that is why you're holding his hand so long, old boy."

It is said that Varsity freshmen are using large quantities of alcohol. Alcohol bleaches chlorophyll. We offer the suggestion for what it is worth to McMaster freshmen.

Do not be a parasite and read your neighbor's Monthly. Subscribe yourself.

The Lit.—The first meeting of the Literary Society for the term was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, October 12th. The president in a few well chosen words outlined the purpose of the society, after which a highly enjoyable programme was rendered. The musical numbers were especially good, consisting of four solos: an instrumental by Miss C. L. Murray, '08, cornet by Mr. A. B. Newman, '09, clarionet, by Mr. W. L. Blackadar, '10, and vocal by Mr. A. E. White, '07. Miss Wilkins, '07, delighted the audience with a reading and received a well merited encore. In a breezy and humorous manner Mr. H. R. Nobles, B.A., delivered his dramatic address on "Parasites" simultaneously with "News of the Week." An intermission during the programme was much appreciated.

On Friday evening, November 2nd, the Literary Society held its regular meeting in Castle Memorial Hall, with a good attendance. Excellent features of the evening's programme were the selections by the McMaster Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. E. C. Fox, B.A., '06. Mr. J. B. McLaurin, B.A., with a copious supply of *Telegrams*, discoursed on "News of the Week." After a vocal solo by Mr. D. R. Van Sickle, '09, Mr. C. L. Timpany, B.A., spoke on "Principles of Banking." A humorous recitation by Mr. Anderson, Theol., brought to a close the evening's entertainment.

Ambitious Noughty-Eight.—On October 5th the jocund juniors met in Class Room 1 to appoint officers. With tremendous enthusiasm and an exuberance of good feeling the following executive was elected: Hon. President, Dean McLay, (acc.); president, M. H. Long; vice-president, Miss Elora Alway; secretary-treasurer, R. Boyd Ritchie; bard, A. J. McLaren, (acc.); musician, Miss C. L. Murray, (acc.); rugby captain, N. S. McKechnie; soccer, F. W. Weston; hockey, F. R. Jordan, track, E. J. Bingham.

Noughty-eight mourns the loss of seven members of last year's class who have not returned, viz., Messrs. Jackson, Buxton, McGregor, Locker, Tedford, McCurdy and Willoughby. However she is glad to welcome six new members into her year so that numerically she is nearly as strong as last year. The new men are: Messrs. E. J. Bingham, Wm. Baillby, J. Robertson, T. Hindle, E. F. Cohoe and R. G. English. Noughty-eight intends to retain possession of the Matthews' Cup, carry off the interyear debating honors and keep a brotherly (sic) eye on the Freshettes.

The "Chesty" Sophs.—Among the important events which happened on October 4th were the hotly contested elections of one of the most important (?) organizations of the student body—class '09 in arts. Occuring as it did on the same day as the North Renfrew and East Elgin bye-elections it was not at all surprising that before the returns were known the defeated candidates received telegrams of congratulation from absent class members, or that the utmost care was taken of the ballot-boxes. The officers chosen were: Hon.-President, Dr. Ten Broeke; president, T. Wearing; vice-president, Miss F. A. Edy; sec.-treasurer, V. L. Tedford; historian, Miss M. E. Farmer; musician, Miss D. A. McKay; bard and soothsayer, Mr. A. F. Smith; athletic captains, rugby, W. A. Scott; association football, C. A. Detlor; hockey, W. J. Haydon; track, H. A. Newell; representative to Student Body, H. S. Mullowney. The class is unfortunate in losing several of last year's members, but with the addition of fourteen new ones and with such a body of officers the Sophomore year is prepared to hold its own with any year in the university.

Hallowe'en Party.—Witches and ghosts celebrated Hallowe'en with class '07 at the home of Miss Wilkins, and

> "Monie lads' and lasses' fates
> Were there that night decided."

"We' merry sang and friendly cracks," the evening slipped away and the merry company was brought back to the stern realities of college life by the announcement that a lecture hour was near at hand.

The annual address on "Etiquette" this year came in two sections. Shortly after college reopened Mr. Owen Gray, B.A., acting High Kakiak, addressed the students after supper on this perennial topic. This has been supplemented since by an address by the High Kakiak, Mr. W. E. Mathews, B.A. These gentlemen will not be to blame if any of the freshmen come down to breakfast in their rugby suits or otherwise misconduct themselves.

Farewell to Rev Mr. Woodburne and Wife.—On Monday evening, October 1st, Castle Memorial Hall was filled with a large audience, who had gathered to say farewell to Rev. A. S. Woodburne, B.A., and Mrs. Woodburne, before their departure to India. Chancellor McKay presided. Among those on the platform were Mr. Woodburne's mother and

Mrs. Woodburne's father, Rev. Mr. White. The meeting was marked by a number of short addresses. Among those who spoke were Rev. J. G. Brown, foreign mission secretary; Mr. Begg, president of the city union of Young People's Society; R. C. Benson, B.A., who spoke on behalf of the student body, and Mr. and Mrs. Woodburne. The Chancellor also addressed the meeting for a few minutes and announced that besides winning the Crawford scholarship Mr. Woodburne had also carried the Cross scholarship for the best church history thesis. Both these scholarships were relinquished in order to go to India. Mr. and Mrs. Woodburne left the following morning on their long journey to India where they have now no doubt arrived.

Changes in the Curriculum.—Several changes have been made in the curriculum since the calendar was issued. These changes will permit greater specialization in the first, second and fourth years. In the first year an additional language may be substituted for one required minor subject, not Mechanics, and the same may be done in the second year. Psychology, however, in second year arts, is a required subject for all students. Second year students who are taking special work in two subjects may also substitute this work for one minor. In the fourth year education 2 and sociology are added to the minor courses offered.

The flat masters for this year are Messrs. G. Tompkinson, B.A., W. E. Mathews, B.A., High Kakiak, and R. C. Benson, B.A. These three doughty gentlemen will maintain order on the first, second and third flats respectively, and woe to the luckless disturber who draws their ire. Freshmen should go by the rule, "Children should be seen and not heard."

"Upper Ten" Organize.—Class nineteen hundred and ten met in Room 1 and elected officers on Tuesday, October 2nd. There is always a delightful sense of chance and possibility in elections in a freshman year. Few members have known each other for any length of time and before all there is possibility of the dignity of office. The class of ten discounted any likelihood of making a poor selection by having nominations a few days previous to the elections. The result of their balloting is the following executive:—President, T. C. Richards; Vice-President, Miss Etta Pugsley; Athletics, C. McKinnon; Lit. representative, C. H. F. Veals; student

body, L. S. Haverstock; historian, Miss Craig; track team, G. Chadwick; rugby, N. Shaffer; soccer, A. E. Kelly; hockey, H. Firstbrook; musician, Miss MacLaurin; ping-pong, R. C. Crowe. With an executive like this the freshmen expect to carry off the Mathews'Cup, Debating Championship, First Year Scholarships and a few stars.

The names and addresses of the student body have been posted on the bulletin board. The first Saturday night following the board was surrounded by quite a group carefully scrutinizing the addresses. A junior was carefully watched as he copied the names of all the young ladies on the list. Their wonder and admiration evaporated, however, when it dawned upon them he was simply The Monthly subscription agent.

During the course of the year McMaster extends the courtesies of the dining-room to many of her graduates. On October 24th she was honored by a visit from Hon. A. C. Rutherford, premier of Alberta. Mr. Rutherford is a graduate of Woodstock College, a graduate ad eundem of McMaster, 1894. Mr. Rutherford was called on for a speech and responded with a short address in which he dealt with the state of education in his adopted province.

Political Science Club.—The political science club organized for the year on November 5th. The following are the new officers: President, R. H. Roberts, '07; vice-president, E. F. Cohoe, '08, year representatives, C. E. Burke, '07; R. D. Moyle, '08, J. Robinson, '09, A. Kelly, '10. C. L. Timpany, Theology.

Work on the science building is progressing steadily and the walls are almost completed. If there is no hitch in the arrangements the science department will move into its new quarters after the holidays. Room 10 on the second floor, now used as a biological laboratory, will be fitted up as a parlor for the use of the students in residence. It is probable that some of the smaller class rooms on the second floor, such as 9a and 11a, will be set apart as offices for the use of different members of the faculty.

Field Day Notes.—Noughty-nine's little German band out-Sousaed Sousa when they struck up "Home Sweet Home." Moulton was dissolved in tears and spasms of pain passed

across the innocent faces of the Freshies. . . Noughty-seven's handsome banner was observed with surprise. Even if the fortunes of Noughty-seven have come to a low ebb this flicker of life was a bright one. . . The seniors and juniors had canes in their hands, the theologues were content with working one on their banner. . . Barring a few mistakes in spelling the Freshmen's banner was quite striking. Some letters rampant on a field vert. . . Theology's banner WAS white. . . The juniors arrived twenty minutes late, but in good company. They marched under a sky blue banner, semi-ready. The background was of blue satin and it had the McMaster emblem worked in gold. . . After the occurrence last year it was expected the theologues would pass a by-law prohibiting smoking in public. We are sorry to say that this year the announcer had to request them to put away their pipes. It was noticed that Mr. Cameron did not ask them to have their pictures taken. Cut it out, boys! . . The sophomores came on the field with a wedge-shaped banner. The design was beautifully chaste and simple—two black stripes on a field jaundice. Speaking of black reminds us of the scrap: another point of resemblance was that the sophomores were chased as well as the banner. Hence '09's banner was exceedingly typical of the fortunes of the year on that memorable day.

The Freshmen's Yell.—The Freshmen seem to have gathered all the uncouth sounds of the "waste and weald" and boiled them down into a yell. Here is the result, reader: does the surmise seem improbable?

Wah! Wah! Skwa-me-lodgee
Washa-mah-cootshe-kew,
What's the matter with 19-10?
Razzle-dazzle, skellawoo!
Keela-while-wah!
Upper ten! upper ten!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The Freshman Hustle.—Hostilities began early on Field Day between nought-nine and the year ten. The sophomores took the offensive and their first victim was the year ten's bard. Him they fell upon and locked in the garret. Then they turned their attention to the freshmen's president. He was known to be out of the hall and it was whispered he had gone after their banner. The blood-thirsty sophs planned to capture him also, secure the banner and hold him a prisoner until the issue was decided. But fortune favored the innocent this day and this bold bad conspiracy fell through. The fresh-

men's president eluded his would-be capturers and the bard broke two locks, opened a window, climbed down a waterspout to the ground and in this manner escaped. These little exchanges of civilities served merely as a curtain-raiser to the decisive engagement which began late in the afternoon. The two years lined up in close formation in the middle of the field and the sophs produced a bag decorated for the occasion. To carry it down the field was a win for the year ten and to carry it up a triumph for '09. It is about this stage that the latter lose interest in the narrative. There really is not much more to tell. As soon as the bag was produced the year ten sat up and got busy instanter. Obtaining control of the trophy they went down the field carrying everything before them. Here and there they left in their trail a sophomore prostrate on mother earth with a freshman sitting on his head to prevent him from becoming obstreperous. In other cases the two were clasped in loving embrace. But it was all over in a few minutes, these pairs were separated and the sophomores retired from the field discomfited. The freshmen chanted a "Te Deum" and returned to receive the congratulations of the freshettes. Both sides came out of the fray liberally besmeared with lamp black, which greatly heightened the general dramatic effect.

Changes on The Monthly Staff.—Several changes have occurred on The Monthly staff since the election of officers last spring. Mr. J. B. McLaurin, B.A., replaces Mr. A. S. Woodburne, B.A., as editor of the magazine. Mr. McLaurin has been on The Monthly staff for several years and was editor of "Here and There" for the year 1904-05. Mr. Roy Bensen, B.A., has been appointed editor of "Our Graduates" vice Mr. W. E. Matthews, resigned. W. F. L. Edwards, '08, becomes subscription manager, replacing H. McGregor, who has not returned, and Mr. N. S. McKechnie has been appointed reporter for class noughty-eight, and Mr. F. Weston, of the same year, is secretary of the Publication Board.

The First Chapel Service.—The first chapel service of the term took place on Monday, September 24th, with a very large attendance of students. The Chancellor presided. Rev. Mr. Price read the scripture, and Rev. Mr. Schutt, of the Century Baptist Church, led in prayer. In extending a hearty welcome to all the students the chancellor in his address commented upon the progress that McMaster had made in recent years and announced that the registration had been so large that it would necessitate the use of Castle Memorial Hall at

several hours of the day for lectures. In regard to the new building, while not yet ready for occupancy, its early completion was promised. It was also a pleasant duty of the chancellor to introduce two new members of the faculty to the student body, Mr. J. M. Dales, B.A., who comes from Kingston Collegiate to take the chair of modern languages, and Dr. J. L. Hogg, from Harvard, who will lecture in physics. The faculty has also been strengthened by another change. Dr. McCrimmon, who has lectured for two years in political economy, becomes professor of political economy, education and sociology.

AXIOMATIC

"A freshman is a freshman still,
Conceal it with what zeal he will."

STRENUOUS times are in sight for the ushers, if the acting High Kakiak is to be believed. In announcing the intended use of the reception room on the second floor for dormitory purposes he made the announcement that the hall was crowded and that the executive were trying to "help every person out." Just in what manner the students are to be "helped out" is the question.

REGISTRATION.—The registration shows a gratifying increase over that of last year. The total enrollment for 1905-1906 was 187 members. On October 31st the registration for 1906-07 was 198 students and there are about a dozen who have signified their intention to register but for some reason have been prevented as yet from attending classes. This will bring the number enrolled up to over 200. The registration in detail is as follows: M.A. work, 15; B.D., 4; theology, 39; fourth year, 23; third year, 33; second year, 38; first year, 39; partial students, 7. Of the seventy men who registered at McMaster for the first time this year, sixty are of the Baptist persuasion, six belong to the Christian church, three Presbyterian, and one English church.

AUTUMN CONVOCATION.—The Autumn Convocation of the university was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, October 5th, at 8 o'clock. The Rev. John McNeill, of Walmer Road Baptist Church, opened the meeting with prayer. Following the prayer was the chancellor's address. After welcoming the large number of the friends of the university who had gathered, the chancellor proceeded to speak of the progress which had been made in the university and in

its academic departments during the past year. At McMaster the increasing demands had necessitated the erection of the new science building now nearing completion. This building would provide ample laboratory space and would double the present class-room accommodation of the university. The addition of a new professor in the language department has made possible a more satisfactory adjustment of the work. Professor Farmer would now devote his entire time to the theological work. Professor Campbell has charge of the Arts Greek, and Mr. G. H. Campbell has charge of the department of Latin, while Professors Clark and Dales have charge of the departments of German and French. A new member had been added to the science staff, Dr. Hogg having been appointed lecturer in physics. The enrolments at McMaster, Woodstock College and Moulton College were the largest in their history. This would necessitate the renovation of the East Building at Woodstock and the immediate addition of a new teacher to the staff. It would also be necessary to proceed at once with a new building at Moulton to increase the dormitory space. In order that McMaster should justify her existence she must do work of a unique character. The chancellor believed that such work was being done.

Dr. Cross then announced that the scholarship in Church History had been won by Mr. A. S. Wodburne, B.A., but on account of his departure for India, the scholarship reverted to Mr. J. M. Warner, B.A. Dr. Farmer announced that the Crawford scholarship, also held by Mr. Woodburne, had reverted to Mr. T. M. Dadson, B.A. The medals, scholarships and prizes won during the past year were then presented to the winners. Mr. J. M. Dales, M.A., Professor of French, and Dr. Hogg, Lecturer in Physics, were then introduced by the chancellor and each made a brief reply.

Professor McCrimmon was then introduced as lecturer of the evening. He took as his subject "Present Day Tendencies in Education." After showing that the physical, social and economic conditions of society are changing, Dr. McCrimmon pointed out the fact that educational methods must be suited to the needs aroused by these new conditions. A new stress was being laid on healthy and well controlled athletics and physical culture. Manual dexterity and creative genius was being encouraged and developed in manual training courses and industrial schools. Great importance was now attached to the study of Science, and scientific methods of study were being used in the study of education, of history, and of theology. Within a comparatively few years the social sciences had been given a large place in liberal education. This science gives a student great opportunity, inasmuch as the

science is yet only building. This lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The Convocation closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

McMaster Alumni Circulating Library.—About a year ago the McMaster University Alumni Association began the collection of a circulating library for the use of its members. Already sixty-nine volumes have been catalogued. These books are a selection chiefly of the best works that have been published within the last year or two, and cover the whole field of human interest. They have been placed in charge of Miss Wellinger, the college librarian, and while primarily they are at the disposal and call of the alumni they are also available for the use of any student in the university.

The candidature of Hughes, a man of Welsh descent, for the governorship of New York, has brought out the fact that in McMaster there are a number of students who boast of Welsh lineage. The proposal has been made by some of these gentlemen that they form a Welsh club. We presume, if the idea materializes, it will take the form of a *dining* club, with a Welsh rarebit as the piece de resistance.

Mr. D. J. McPhail, '07, president of the "Lit" has been appointed representative to the Intercollegiate Debating Union. At a meeting of the Debating Union arrangements were made for the first round of debates. McMaster will debate on December 11th with University College. Shades of the illustrious past! Rise up McMaster and "get busy"!

A Panic in Room Four.—"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing." So is a billy goat in like circumstances. We feel impelled to maintain this because of an incident which occurred on the morning of October 17th. About 8.15 a.m., when the ladies were gathering before going to lectures a goat, answering to the name of William, in his perambulations ambled carelessly into the hall. Without paying the slightest attention to a persuasive odor of hydrogen sulphide coming up from the laboratory, "this wandering knight so fair" passed down the corridor and entered the ladies' room. The screen, —to shut out alien eyes—puzzled him for a second, but he managed to insinuate himself into the middle of the room. Of what occurred when the visitor was discovered the scribe knoweth not. The reader will have to turn over to the Women's Department for details. If it may be permitted to judge by sounds, however, the visitor was as unwelcome as

he was surprising. He was received with a little scream which quickly rose to a crescendo and there was a sound of chairs being moved and hasty footsteps. His Goatship, however, seems to have been somewhat of a philosopher and when he perceived he was not welcome he backed out of the room. Smiling genially at a couple of sophomores, he passed out of the hall and went down street in the direction of Moulton.

It's a wise student that knows his own essay—when it comes back from the "prof."

Initiations.—Initiations came to the year ten in the "dead vast and middle of the night," when the majority of them were wrapped in that dreamless sleep which comes of youth and innocence. Here and there an incorrigible worker was found poring over his books, but he was told to put them up and prepare for initiation. In due time all were led to the selected place, a room on the second flat. Here a committee took charge of the degree work, which was put on with smoothness and celerity. The first section were asked to mount a stool on a table and from this elevated position to address the audience gathered—"Just a little talk to make the boys feel good." While they were speaking mild-mannered sophs, in ceremonial robes, kalsomined their feet a pure white as a symbol of the blameless life they were to lead as freshmen. After this a number who had exhibited signs of fatigue or reluctance were refreshed with a drink of milk served in a bottle. This completed the ordeal for a number but did not conclude the initiation, which had been planned with an eye to variety. A number were judged worthy candidates for the second degree. These were taken to the top flat, set on the hoist and dropped silently (?) down the shaft a couple of floors. As the hoist went down they were soused with water, not over-liberally but judiciously. Then, lest they take cold, they were permitted to pull themselves and the hoist back to the top flat. Other numbers on the programme were an instrumental solo and a French-Canadian folk song, both of which were well received. After the initiation was concluded the older students united in giving a round of cheers for the freshmen year. That the initiation has been received in the kindly spirit in which it has been tendered we have no doubt. Nor is confirmation lacking that such is the case. The freshmen have embellished their banner with the word "upper"—the upper ten. And it has been taken to refer, rightly we believe, to the lofty altitude from which so many of them made their maiden speech to the student body of McMaster.

The kindly people of Jarvis Street Baptist Church opened their doors to the students of McMaster and Moulton on Friday evening, October 26th. After an hour spent in pleasant social intercourse the gathering was called to order by Rev. Dr. Perry, who, on behalf of the church, extended a hearty welcome to the members of the Baptist institutions of learning in Toronto. After Mr. Perry's address an excellent programme was presented. Refreshments were served at the close of the evening.

The annual sale of magazines and newspapers took place on October 25th and 26th, between 1.15 and 2.00 p.m. H. R. Nobles, B.A., acted as auctioneer for the third successive time, and his volubility and wit were never more happily exhibited than in this capacity. The bidding on several magazines was quite spirited, and the prices on a whole seemed a shade higher than those realized last year.

The Debating Society.—We glad to note the increased interest in this important department of our college life. The president for this term is Mr. R. E. Harkness, '07, and under his management the society is expected to take a new lease of life. The first debate of the year took place on October 27th, "Resolved, That the Spelling Reform, as advocated by President Roosevelt, is commendable" was the subject under consideration. Mr. J .D. Craig, '07, and Mr. W. B. Waters, '08, leaders of the affirmative and negative respectively, are to be congratulated on the forceful arguments brought forward in presenting their views of the matter. Mr. W. E. Matthews, B.A., judged in favor of the negative. Prof. G. H. Campbell acted as critic, and gave many helpful suggestions concerning extempore speaking.

On November 3 a very timely discussion was held. Mr. J. Wearing, '10, affirmative, and Mr. H. S. Mullowney, '09, negative, engaged in a wordy battle with regard to an interesting feature of our Field Day sports. The resolution read as follows: "That the Sophomore-Freshman hustle on Field Day Should be Discontinued." The judge, J. B. McLaurin, B.A., gave his decision that the affirmative had presented the strongest case. Prof. Ten Broeke, who kindly acted as critic, pointed out the chief characteristics of successful public speaking.

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: M. BLANCHE EDY, '08.

"Woman must ever be a woman's highest name,
And honor more than 'lady' if I know right."

SOME editors, when getting ready their copy for the first MONTHLY of the college year, say that they "dip their quill in the ink," others that they "take up their fountain pens" to carry on the good work of the former editor, but I with no quill pen, a broken fountain pen and no predecessor—what can I say?

Perhaps it would be well to state briefly the purpose of this department. It is here that we can record all our meetings and all the other important happenings at college; but we want it to be broader than this. We are not going to confine ourselves simply to what is going on in the college, but we want to reach out and include other matters which will be of interest to the women students of McMaster. We wish to remind the girls that this is their department and that they share the responsibility of making it an interesting and readable column.

Y.W.C.A. CONFERENCE.—On October 6th the first intercollegiate conference of cabinet and committee workers of the College Young Women's Christian Association of Toronto was held in the University Y.M.C.A. Building.

There was a good representation from University College, Victoria and McMaster and delegates from Ontario Normal College and Whitby.

At the afternoon session, after the devotional exercises, Professor Kilpatrick spoke on the subject "Qualifications for Service," pointing out that the two main ones were complete consecration of life to Jesus Christ, and love for our fellowmen. This address was followed by an open conference dealing with the question of membership, when Miss Waters, '07, McMaster, spoke on "An Ideal Membership Campaign." This led up to the discussion of how to maintain interest and attendance in meetings, and some practical new ideas from Sil-

ver Bay were given in this connection. The aim and importance of our Bible Study department was spoken of and also practical ways and means of enlisting every girl in this study. The afternoon session closed with an address by Miss Knox, of Havergal College, on the college girl's social life.

Two hours were spent in social intercourse before the evening session, when tea was served and the girls from the different colleges met each other and talked over their plans for the coming year's work. Several toasts were proposed and Miss Addison, of Annesley Hall, acted as toast mistress. Miss Pugsley, '08, McMaster, responded to the toast to sister institutions.

The evening session was fully as profitable as the afternoon and opened with a consecration service conducted by Mrs. Kilgar, president of the Dominion Y.W.C.A. Council. Miss Little gave an interesting account of the World's Conference which was held in Paris during the past summer, and showed us our relation to National, City and World's work. The missionary department was then fully discussed and such questions as "Why Study Missions?" and "How can we increase the number enrolled in mission study?" were answered. Mrs. A. R. Gregory, of Westminster College, in her address on systematic and proportionate giving, showed us how to secure more contributions for missions. The service closed with a hymn and silent prayer.

McMaster has decided to drop out of the Women's Intercollege Debating Union.

The Ladies' Room.—Room 4 is once more full of life, and echoes and re-echoes with the frivolity of freshettes, solemn warnings of sophomores, laughing of jolly juniors and wise sayings of serious seniors. We miss the girls of Naughty-six and our circle does not seem complete notwithstanding the fact that our number is larger than ever before. There are not as many new girls as there were when classes Naughty-eight and Naughty-nine entered, but no doubt those of "Upper Ten" as they delight to call themselves, realize that it is "quality, not quantity" which counts most. We are sure that they will prove loyal supporters and good workers in the L.L.L. and Y.W.C.A. We cordially welcome the new girls and invite them to enter fully into the life of McMaster.

L.L.L.—This year the executive of the Ladies' Literary League thought that it would be interesting and profitable to take up some definite line of study. The matter was brought before the members who unanimously decided to devote the meetings of this term to the great artists of Europe and their masterpieces. There have been three regular meetings and the first was for the purpose of initiating the freshettes. The programme of the second meeting was very interesting. Miss M. Van Sickle sang very sweetly; Miss McLaurin, '10, and Miss Pugsley, '08, read papers on Romney and Andrea del Sarto, and engravings of their work were shown. At this meeting Miss Van Sickle, '10, was elected Treasurer, and Mrs. G. H. Campbell, Honorary President, for the year 1906-7. At the last meeting there was a piano solo by Miss Rowntree and a reading by Miss Pugsley, '09. Miss Shields read a paper on the life of Tissot and Miss Hitchon a paper on the most famous Madonnas. The meeting closed with the singing of "Thy praises, McMaster."

Initiation.—At the first meeting of the L.L.L. our new president, Miss E. Wilkins, graced the chair. The whole meeting were given over to the consideration of the serious question of admitting new members to our society. There were many eager applicants for the honor, especially from that class known as "Upper Ten," who are noted for their social aspirations, but the League is so exclusive an organisation that indiscriminate admission was impossible. A committee was appointed to enquire into the past history of each girl, and it was only on condition that the reports submitted were found entirely satisfactory that the trembling aspirants were received into our midst. The varying emotions shown on the faces of the prospective members as they stood blindfolded before the society and listened to these most remarkable histories of their past lives, added much to the impressiveness of the occasion. Happily all applicants were found worthy of admission, and the important meeting closed with the singing of the McMaster song.

How it Happened.—Yes, she was a Junior. Coming along Bloor Street she met a goat, a very wise little goat gazing wistfully at McMaster. Gravely it followed her up the walk and into the hall which was crowded with boys as usual. No doubt it had heard of the "college spirit" and so great was its desire to meet that mystic personage that it fearlessly "butted in" to the "student body" and serenely

strolled down to the Ladies' Room thinking that the most likely place. For a moment it stood there dazed, then

> "Never stopped to reason why,
> Never stopped to say good-bye,
> But he walked right in,
> And he turned right round,
> And he walked right out again."

Y. W. Reception.—The McMaster branch of the Y. W. C. A. re-organized this fall under the leadership of Miss A. M. Waters. The opening meeting was held on the evening of October 11th, and took the form of a reception to our friends and to the new girls who have joined us this year. After some time spent in an informal way Miss Waters took the chair, and opened the meeting with a short address, speaking of our new plans and larger outlook for the coming year, and inviting all our outside friends to attend the excellent meetings which have been planned. Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the evening's programme was the report given by the delegates sent by the McMaster Association to the Silver Bay Conference in New York this Summer. Miss Wilkins and Miss Moule gave extremely interesting accounts of the time spent with hundreds of girls from all colleges of the United States and Canada: they told of the meetings, classes and prayer-circles, and also of the social life. Miss Rankin, the college secretary for the Dominion, spoke of the work that our representative in Japan, Miss MacDonald, is doing amongst the girls in the large cities of that country. After the meeting refreshments were served, and a very pleasant evening brought to a close.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: J. D. CRAIG, '07.

IT will be the editor's pleasant duty during the ensuing year to record in these pages a list of the victories and defeats, the conquests and struggles that take place from time to time on the campus, track and rink. We wish to state, however, at the outset, what we regard as the proper way in which these stories of athletics should be told. For every game is a story, thrilling or otherwise, usually pleasant to read, at other times tragic, and often savoured with a touch of the comic. So we shall endeavor to set down these narratives from *the spectators'* point of view, eliminating as far as possible a study of the mere technique of the play, and giving the record instead, in as breezy and racy a style as possible, so that the matter may be as readable to the uninitiated as to those thoroughly acquainted with all the fine points of the game.

MCMASTER VS. UPPER CANADA COLLEGE—Early in the season McMaster played a practice match with Upper Canada. As the game was played in a rainstorm it was hardly a fair test of the speed of our players. However, our men defeated the College by 13 to 2, doing most of their scoring in the first half. Jordan dropped a pretty goal in this half; and soon after Bensen made a spectacular run through the whole opposing team, scoring a try. The score at half-time was 10-0. U.C.C. pushed hard in the last half, our men weakening considerably, the final score standing, McMaster, 13, Upper Canada, 2.

The following team represented McMaster: Full—Gray; halves, Jordan, Bensen, Scott; quarter, White; scrimmage, Vichert, Constable, McLean; wings, Holman, Cohoe, Parker, Bingham, Shaffer, Nobles and L. Harkness.

ALMOST BURLESQUE—The first match of the season in the Intermediate C.I.R.F.U. series was played against Trinity University at Trinity, on the morning of October 13th. Ideal weather and an unqualified victory made all McMaster men feel in truth like lords of creation. The score was a big goose egg for Trinity, forty-three points for McMaster. It was almost a case of "One! two! three! Score!!" Our men played a good consistent game all through, and outclassed the red and

black at every point of the contest. Benson played his usual star game and Leckie and Holman distinguished themselves by their fast following up and brilliant tackling. McMaster scored six tries, four in the first and two in the second half of the game, converting three out of the six, These with "x" number of rouges, touches-in-goal, and dead balls, etc., brought the McMaster side of the score up to forty-three.

The teams lined up as follows:

McMaster (43)—Full, Gray; halves, Young, Benson, (Capt.), Jordan; quarter, White; scrimmage, Constable, Viehert, Fitch; wings, inside, Bingham, McKechnie; middle, Parker, Cohoe; outside, Holman and Leckie.

Trinity (0)—Full, Blythe; halves, Kane, Reid, Beasley; quarter, Ingles (Capt.); scrimmage, Baker, Archer, Stormes; wings, inside, Forneret, Hornibrook; middle, Spencer, McMichael; outside, McAndrew and Rossiter.

Officials—Referee, J. Lash; umpire, R. Y. Cory; timekeeper, K. Hall.

McMaster vs. Varsity II.—Saturday, October 20th, dawned clear as the heart of a rugby player could wish. But as the rain had poured down all day Friday, the field was not just as dry as it might have been. At ten-thirty McMaster entertained Varsity's second team on McMaster campus, and from all accounts they enjoyed themselves very much. The game started with McMaster's kick off, the wearers of the green and black advancing down the field very quickly, by a series of bucks. Within five minutes our boys had gone over for what appeared to be a try. But when the smoke and debris was cleared away, it was found that Varsity had stolen the ball. The score, McMaster 1, Varsity 0. Several times during the remainder of the half our men camped on Varsity's fifteen yard line, but seemed unable to get it over for the coveted try; so that at half-time the score still stood one to nothing in McMaster's favor.

The second half started by Varsity rushing the ball down toward the McMaster goal line, but they soon lost the ball on downs, when by some pretty punting Benson worked the spheroid back into Varsity territory, where for some time the halves of both teams indulged in a punting duel. Neither side seemed able to score, and it looked very much as though McMaster was going to win by a tally of one to nothing. But it was just here that we lost. Although the Varsity halves repeatedly fumbled Benson's punts, yet it seemed impossible for our men to get down on the ball before they recovered it. There

was only six minutes left when Varsity punted the ball. There was a fumble, the Varsity wings were hard on the ball; they got it, and then you should have seen the blue stockings gallop down the field and over our goal line for a try. The score now stood Varsity 5, McMaster 1. Within two more minutes Varsity repeated this same game, which now placed the score, Varsity 10, McMaster 1. So when the whistle blew Varsity II. took with them our hopes of Kingston trips, and championships, and all that sort of thing.

The team:

McMaster (1)—Full, Gray; halves, Young, Bensen, Jordan; quarter, S. R. McEwen; scrimmage, Constable, Vichert, Fitch; wings, inside, Bingham, McKechnie; middle, Parker, Cohoe; outside, Holman, Moyle.

Officials—Referee, R. Johnson; umpire, E. Robertson.

The First of the Junior Series—McMaster junior rugby team went out to Trinity University on the afternoon of Wednesday the twenty-fourth, where they followed the good example set them by their elders, defeating the Trinity juniors by a score of 36-0. The game was played in quarters, as there was rather a strong wind blowing when the contest started. McKay's punting and McEwen's line bucking were the conspicuous features of the game. It was evident that Trinity had not had a great deal of practice, and consequently their team work was rather poor. They were also rather weak in the back division, the halves making some bad fumbles. The following played on the McMaster II. team: Full, Craig; halves, Leckie, Scott (Capt.), McKay; quarter, G. C. McEwen; scrimmage, Saunders, Lewis, McLean; wings, McLaurin and George, Hinds and Shaffer, Moyle and MacGibbon.

McMaster II. vs. Varsity III.—Not content with doing to Trinity even as the seniors did, the juniors concluded that they should also follow the example of their elders in their game against Varsity III., on Saturday, October 27th. Within ten minutes Varsity had scored a try, which they failed to convert. Then, although our juniors tried hard to even the score, they were too slow in getting the ball out of scrimmage and not good enough in gaining on end runs. Varsity soon scored another try, bringing the tally up to 10-0. Two drop kicks for Varsity in the first half ended their scoring, leaving the figures at half-time, Varsity 18, McMaster 0. In the second half our men seemed to cheer up a little, for in the

third quarter neither side scored, while in the last McMaster forced Varsity to rouge. This ended the scoring for the rest of the game, the final tally being Varsity 18, and McMaster 1. Leckie made two beautiful runs during the second half. The McMaster team was composed as follows: Full, Craig; halves, Moyle, Scott, McKay; quarter, G. C. McEwen; scrimmage, McLean, Lewis, George; wings, Tomkinson and McLaurin, Hinds and MacGibbon, Leckie and Shaffer.

The Methodists Whitewashed—On Thursday, November 1st, McMaster played a game of rugby with her old time rival, Victoria College. The game was full of amusement for McMaster students, for our team downed Victoria to the tune of thirty-four to nothing. The green and black outclassed their opponents at every stage of the game, and the only wonder is that they did not run up a larger score. The McMaster team lined up as follows: Full, Gray; halves, Jordan, Benson, Young; quarter, G. C. McEwen; scrimmage, Vichert, Lewis, McLean; wings, inside, Bingham and McKechnie; middle, Parker and Cohoe; outside, Holman and Leckie. C. W. New, B.A., refereed the game.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: R. C. Benson, '06.

IT is with becoming modesty that we make our bow to those who stop to listen to the voices of our graduates. As we think of those in whose footsteps we follow our responsibilities assume at once large dimensions. However we lay aside the usual apologies, lay hold of the pen of our worthy predecessor, and rolling up our sleeves, get busy. Let it be understood that this is not a column on vital statistics but one in which are registered the doings of the sons and daughters of Alma Mater. Read it, and know what McMaster men and women are doing in the world.

The year '06 saw thirty-one names added to the list of McMaster Alumni—twenty-eight in Arts and three in Theology. Of this number some are still around the old fireside. Some are quenching their intellectual thirst in other institutions of learning, but many more are out in the busy world helping to manipulate its machinery and shape its destiny.

We miss the old familiar faces. No longer do the corridors resound with the wild barbaric "Hashamayim." No longer are heard those mellow strains from the anvil chorus. No more any of those peculiar characteristics that made naughty-six unique in the life of the university. Gone they are but we cannot forget them.

Four of them were pedagogically inclined and these are at present imparting some of the learning imbibed in Alma Mater. Miss Burke is teaching near Uxbridge. D. A. Buchanan's services have been secured by Woodstock College, while E. A. Miller and D. W. Campbell exercise their teaching powers on the plains of the great West. Everton is instructing the youth of Yellowgrass, Sask., and "Dan" is juggling the classics in Brandon College, Manitoba. Two of the special mathematicians are devoting their energies to commercial life. E. J. Chave is advertising agent for a paper in Montreal, and E. C. Fox is connected with the Wm. Davies Co., of Toronto.

D. H. McIntosh is travelling in the Old Land. Messrs. Bensen, Nobles, Timpany, Jones and Beddow are back to McMaster enrolled under the white banner. They will spend the year trying to straighten out theological curves. While these men are cramming theological formulae and theories, three other members of the class are already swaying the multitudes by their Demosthenic powers, John Currie having donned the clerical garb, is disseminating the principle of Methodism in the neighborhood of Goderich. J. B. Pengelly has charge of the second Baptist church in Markham, and Thos. Dadson is holding down the Baptist pulpit in New Sarum. Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon are residing in the city. "Mac" has decided to become a "Theologue" and is in attendance at lectures.

Messrs. Moyle and Murray are applying their special science in the medical department of the provincial university. The former is spending his spare time in the study of Theology at McMaster.

Miss Stone is at the O.N.C., Hamilton, pursuing a course in Pedagogy.

Miss Harton is at home in Toronto.

Three members of the class have pitched their tents under the stars and stripes. A. B. Farmer is using his silvery eloquence lecturing on Vitosophy in Boston, Mass., and Messrs. Wells and Whan are drinking in Theological lore at Newton Centre Theological Seminary.

Naughty-six is represented even in the Orient by A. S. Woodburne, Missionary to India. Stewart has won still another distinction. On Sept. 19th he was united in marriage to Miss Helen White at the home of the bride's parents, Port Huron, Mich. On Sept. 25th he was ordained to the Baptist ministry in the Adelaide Street Church, London, and early in October Mr. and Mrs. Woodburne sailed for India.

At Grassy River, in the wilds of northern Ontario, sixty miles from nowhere there stands an old log shanty whose only occupant is Ephraim St. James. "Jock" is protecting a provision store from the invasions of Indians and black bears. And his only company is a Winchester and 38-calibre revolver. "Eph" has no one to talk to but himself. (However, he says he enjoys this because he not only appreciates talking to a sensible man but he also likes to hear a sensible man talk.) Our hero informs us that he will pass away the lonely hours of winter reading selections from Drummond's Habitant and for recreation Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.

Of Class '06 in Theology Messrs. Pearce and Cameron have entered the ministry, the former preaching at Port Colborne, and the latter in Winchester. "Ches" New is in residence completing B.D. work in Church History.

Among the number of graduates from the Ontario Normal College last academic year were the following McMaster Alumni; H. B. Tapscott, '07, M.A., '01, Miss Annie Windsor, '05, and J. F. Calvert, '03., M.A. '04.

We regret very deeply the death of Rev. A. R. Borrowman, '04, who passed away on July 30, 1906. Mr. Borrowman was pastor of the Osnabruck Centre Baptist Church.

On June 15 last A. A. Kelley, Theol. '03, became the Rev. A. A. Kelley.

A strong quintette of McMaster men are touring Ontario in the evangelistic work. The band is composed of W. A. Cameron, '06, (leader), V. A. Ray, '03, M.A., '04, J. M. Warner, '04, C. S. Edwards, '06, and D. Williamson, of '07, Mr. Williamson is musical director.

R. D. McLaurin, '02, M.A. '03, Ph.D. (Harvard '06) commenced his duties Oct. 1st as Research Assistant in Chemistry at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, New York, N.Y. Mr. McLaurin has been most successful in original work in the department of Organic Chemistry.

Mr. A. W. Vining, '98, has received the degree Ph.D. from the University of Paris, France, (in the faculty of science.)

During the early part of last summer Mr. Joseph Janes, '05, accepted a call to the Baptist Church in St. Mary's. The next great event in "Joe's" life was ordination. Co-ordination naturally followed and on Sept. 26th he was united in marriage to Miss Pauline Mowat, of London. Other McMaster men who have likewise lately found their fullness of perfection and answered the eternal "I will" are the following:

Rev. H. H. Bingham, '04, to Miss Williamson, daughter of Rev. Mr. Williamson, Methodist minister of Burlington, on May 23rd in that place. Bert evidently believes in church union.

Rev. A. S. Imrie, '96, B.Th. '99, to Miss Jessie Shields, '04, at Brockville, August 15th.

Rev. R. E. Sayles, '01, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Austin, Minn., to Miss Jessie Horning, in Brantford, August 16th.

Mr. A. C. Watson, '01, to Miss Ethel Speller, at Guelph, October 10th.

And so the order of Benedicts increases.

Alumni Collation.

On the evening of Friday, Oct. 19th, was held the fourth Convention Collation of the McMaster Alumni Association in the Murray Street Baptist Church, Peterborough. There were present many prominent members of the Baptist denomination of Ontario and Quebec. After the one hundred and fifty persons who sat down to the festal board had done justice to the elegant spread provided, the usual toasts followed, and some excellent speeches were delivered. Mr. W. E. Robertson, B.A., president of the Association, proved a capable toast master.

"King and Country" was proposed by the chairman in a few words of patriotic eloquence and the whole company joined heartily in singing the National Anthem. Prof. H. S. Arkell, M.A., of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, in an exceedingly brilliant speech presented the toast "The University." He congratulated Alma Mater on her past achievements and his words were prophetic of greater success in the future Chancellor McKay in response referred to the spiritual atmosphere of the institution as potent for good in the life of every student. He dwelt at length upon the increased

attendance, the new Science building, and the probability of McMaster exercising her charter with respect to a faculty of medicine.

The gathering sang "Thy Praises McMaster" and afterwards the audience room was made resound with the athletic slogan, "Rah! Rah! Rah!" Rev. A. N. Frith, of Smith's Falls, proposed the toast to the denomination in a forceful and enthusiastic address. R. D. Warren, president-elect of the convention, replied in a few well chosen words on behalf of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec. The siging of the national anthem brought to a close the most successful convention collation held under the auspices of the Alumni Association.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MARY STILLWELL.

MOULTON College reopened on September 12th with a large attendance of students, there being an enrollment of about eighteen more day pupils than last year. The first important event of the school year was the reception given by the old girls to the new, when the latter were welcomed into the school life.

THE first meeting of the Heliconian Society was held on the third Friday of October. The programme was a miscellaneous one, consisting of songs by the Heliconian Chorus and by Miss Menzies, and a very amusing dialogue, after which the Heliconian paper was read by the editor, Miss Steele.

ON October 26th, a delightful evening was spent at a reception given to the students of McMaster University and Moulton College by the members of the Jarvis St. Baptist Church.

IN our missionary prayer meeting this month, Mr. Lafamme spoke to us about the work done by our lady missionaries in India, and referred specially to the work of Miss McLaurin, one of Moulton's graduates, who is doing such a splendid work on the Vuyyuru field.

THE Hallowe'en Banquet is perhaps the most important social function of the school year. The dining room, gay with bunting and with its tables decorated by the different years

in their respective class colors, made a very attractive picture indeed. Miss Anna Shapley made a very bright toast mistress, and proposed the toasts of the evening: Our King, which was responded to by the singing of the National Anthem; the Fourth Year, to which Miss Blanche Steele replied, giving an account of Hallowe'en customs and superstitions; Miss Gladys Wookey, in a very clever and witty speech on the college motto "Per Ardua," spoke on behalf of the junior year; the ghost of the old college clock which was relegated to the basement has been making some very interesting observations that were given to the public by Miss Winifred Freeland of the Second Year; the toast to the First Year was responded to by Miss Flossy Hardy, who spoke on the subject "Why I am at Moulton." "Salve," the toast to the specials, was replied to by Myrtle Walker. The honors of the Preparatory Class were upheld by Miss Francis Maundrell, who told about some of the joys of the autumn, and the little tots of the primary, dressed as veritable fairies, voiced their sentiments in a speech by Miss Kathleen Hodson. After impromptu speeches by Miss Thrall, Mr. Hardy, Mr. McMaster and Mr. Schutt, the guests repaired to the chapel where a cantata in costume, entitled "The King of the Land of Nod," was given by a number of the girls. This was very pretty, and well executed throughout, and the thanks of the school are due to Mrs. Arnton and her assistants, Miss Almon and Miss McDermid, who had the cantata in charge.

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR: A. L. THERRIEN, B.A.

FELLER Institute has got down to solid work. Our tireless Principal Masse sets the pace, and if we are fortunate enough to meet no such obstacles as we did last year, scarlet fever, measles, chicken-pox and the like, we hope to see our boys and girls accomplish all that the month's efforts promise.

THANKSGIVING DAY, we remembered all the benefits we enjoy with the rest of our country. We celebrated, as the custom is, by festivities in the dining hall. The girls had profusely decorated it with autumnal trimmings imported direct from Nature.

IN the evening a reception was held by the teaching staff and an enjoyable time indeed was spent cementing ac-

quaintances which had till then been in that formative state, appropriately termed in Feller Institute, telepathic.

Our annual Field Day took place on the 18th of October. It was a beautiful day and was much enjoyed by the entire school. The forenoon was spent in working off the track and field events. Sydney A. Cook, a husky lad from Massachusetts, became successor to Raoul Trudel, an ex-student who had held the championship for four years. Cook was also runner-up in the lawn-tennis tournament, but succumbed to the superior play of the champion, H. B. Miller.

The Rugby Football practice has been of a high order this fall and we hope to see good results from it when the boys meet St. John the Evangelist's School in Montreal on November 10th. It will be our only outside match this season.

Here and There.

Editor: M. H. Long, '08.

ONCE more the many-tinted autumn has arrived when Nature, her cycle of toil and fruitfulness complete, sinks back to the enjoyment of a well-earned rest. And with the autumn a spirit of renewed life and energy, vital as though drawn from the heart of Nature herself, has descended upon college and university. From all parts of this broad continent throngs of men and women retrace their steps to Alma Mater, their hearts afire with youth and their lives pregnant with its possibilities. The wholesome, active life of this community, as is mirrored in the various college journals, forms the chief source of materials for the column of "Here and There." It is the editor's pleasant duty, in so far as space will permit, to strive to keep his readers in touch with the life of the great student world without. We shall endeavor to reflect its wit and humor, its problems, achievements and aspirations. It is our hope that, as in the past, this column will prove bright and interesting and that it will form a real link between the reader and that which is best in the realm of student life.

Businesslike.—A large manufacturing concern in the East recently received the following postal, sent from a little country town in the South: "Dear Sir— Plees sen me yore caterlog of elelectrical battreys. Yores truely, ————. P.S. —You need not sen it. I have change my mind."—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

To him who looks upon the vast expanse
Of breathing ocean from some rock-crowned height ;
Or gazes at the million tiny worlds
That glow like jewels in the robes of night ;

To him who listens to the winter wind,
Moaning of leaves long dead and without charms ;
Or wanders in the forest where the trees
Lift heavenward their long fantastic arms ;

There comes a voice that speaks of unknown things,
Of truths undreamt, of mysteries sublime,
Of some vague power that lies unseen, entombed,
Beneath the wrappages of space and time.

And lighted by that voice to realms above
His world of petty strivings, hopes, and fears,
He feels in part the mystery of life
And hears the wondrous music of the spheres.

Sinclair Hamilton in the Nassau Lit.

We are also glad to again welcome our old friend the "Notre Dame Scholastic." The Scholastic with its abundance of verse, its brisk editorials and its pungent student notes is as enjoyable as ever. We clip the following :

THE AWAKENING.

In the darkness of the night
Fair was my dream and glowing bright,
Then came the sun, and with it day,
Turning the glow to ashes grey.—*W. J. D.*

"Political Honesty" and "Socialism a Mere Theory" are the subjects of two articles in the Collegian of St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal. We feel that articles in college journals on subjects such as these are exceedingly well placed. It is "up to" the university man to face these problems in after life, and it is our opinion that there is room for an increasing number of articles with such an intensely practical bearing. The Collegian also has a goodly amount of verse, from which we reprint, evidently inspired by Cowper's "As ships, becalmed at eve" :

FATE.

As two proud ships, upon the pathless main,
Meet once, with merry signalings and part,
Each homeward bound to swell the busy mart,
So we two met one golden summer day
And rested, safely anchored from the world,
For one brief hour, with snowy pinions furled ;
But when the sun sank low along the west,
We left our anchor with its peaceful rest,
And floated outward on life's tangled sea,
With foam-kissed waves between us, wild and free
As two ships part upon the trackless main,
So we two parted. Shall we meet again ?—*M.*

Besides the magazines above mentioned we have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following October exchanges: Queens University Journal, Acta Victoriana, William Jewell Student, Mitre, Oberlin Review, College Review, University of Ottawa Review, O. A. C. Review, McGill Outlook, Philomathean Monthly.

In spite of the somewhat lame metre of the following extract, there is genuine poetic feeling, a quality for which we should like to see more expression in our Canadian college magazines:

THE RETURN.

A stranger came I to the hills which to my youth were
known and dear,
A wand'rer from the far-off world whose voices call but
faintly hear.

A stranger paused I by the door which once shut care
and fear outside—
The latch was rusted in its hold, on broken hinge the
door gaped wide.

By the bare hearth awhile I stood, cold with the chill
of long dead fires,
Dead as the ashes of the hopes which fed the flame of
dead desires.

I sought the cheerful village street and paced each well
remembered way,
The eyes of all the folk were cold—a stranger I, and
strangers they!

Back to youth's paradise I came, my heart with wistful
fancies stored;
To find before its fast closed gates, an angel with a
flaming sword!

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, *in Acta Victoriana.*

The old Emperor Ferdinand of Austria was constantly making remarks which led some people to think him weak-minded. One time, after listening to an artist who performed wonderful feats on the piano, he said: "I have heard Liszt and also Thalberg, but in all my life I never encountered an artist who——" here he paused. The pianist blushed and bowed. "I never saw one," resumed the emperor, "who perspired so much as you."—*The Argonaut.*

Green Goods.—"I hope the Bible I gave you last week," said the missionary, "will teach you something—" "It has taught me something already," replied the cannibal chief. "I find that I'm really a vegetarian." "Er—how's that?" "Why, you know, it says, 'all flesh is grass.'"—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE
McMaster University Monthly
DECEMBER, 1906

BROWNING'S "PARACELSUS."

I.

"When the cloud of Spring beheld the evil disposition of time,
Its weeping fell upon the Jessamine, and Hyacinth and Wild Rose."
—*Hafiz, quoted by Fitzgerald.*

THIS poem is remarkable among Browning's works for its lucidity and smoothness. Very much has been said about the defect of obscurity in his poems, but "Paracelsus" is not open to this criticism. Even at first reading its beauty of form and meaning make instant appeal to the student.

The date of its composition is 1835. It is Browning's second serious work. Six months were occupied in its production. The poet was only twenty-three years of age at the time of its writing. He continued at work for more than half a century after the publication of "Paracelsus," yet Dr. Berdoe thinks it is likely to be considered Browning's finest work.

A brief study such as this naturally divides itself into two parts:—

I. Paracelsus, the Man.
II. The poem, "Paracelsus."

Paracelsus, the Man.

Paracelsus has been distinguished by two epithets that very well describe him,—"The Reformer of Medicine" and "The Father of Chemistry." He flourished at a time when the art of medicine was to a great extent a mixture of charlatanism and superstition. He substituted for these the results

of long, laborious and patient observation. Bacon was not born until twenty years after the death of Paracelsus, but it may be said that the methods of the great German in many respects anticipated those of the English philosopher. In the nature of things Paracelsus never became so completely divorced from the vague, mystical, erroneous conceptions of the Dark Ages as did Bacon. Paracelsus had more of a pioneer's work to do than Bacon, and there were grotesque defects in his character which are merely touched upon in the poem, where he is to some degree idealized. But, let us not place too much confidence in the reports that have reached us as to the weaknesses of Browning's hero, for naturally being so original he had a multitude of traducers. He was fighting the same stern battle in physics and medicine that Luther was fighting in the realm of theology, for Paracelsus was contemporary with Luther and with Melancthon, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Columbus and Copernicus. It was a reformation era in all branches of human thought—art, science, literature and religion. It was necessary that the men who had to struggle against the prejudices of ten centuries should be opinionated. Many of them, including Paracelsus, were men in whom self-reliance was developed to a sublime degree.*

He was born in Einsiedeln, a village about six or eight miles from Zurich, Switzerland. His real name was an imposing one: it was Phillipus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hoheheim. It is not stated that his father was a humorist. Among his intimate friends he was known as Aureole—a name which frequently recurs in the poem. The date of his birth is 1493. His father was a physician and early instructed his son in alchemy, surgery and medicine. When sixteen years old he went to study at the University of Basel. Thence he passed to the tutorship of Trithemius, a very famous magician, alchemist and astrologer. Afterwards he spent ten years in travel. He visited every part of Europe and even penetrated into Asia in his quest for knowledge. Never was there a soul in whom the longing to know was so

* Illi robur et aes triplex
Circa pectus erat qui frogilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem.

intensified. He had "a wolfish hunger" for knowledge. He believed that the unlettered people where in possession of many medical secrets of which the doctors, owing to their enslavement to authority, were in ignorance. In order to possess himself of these secrets he consorted with people of all walks of life, high and low, pauper and noble. He looked down upon no one who had information to impart, whether Gipsies or fortune-tellers, executioners or barbers, pedlers or vagabonds. He associated with the learned, too, but found they could tell him less. He despised authority and made personal observation the source of his knowledge.

At the age of thirty-two he was back in Germany and so fruitful had been his studies that he became at once the most successful and famous physician of his time. He was made professor of physics, medicine and surgery at Basel. His lectures were original to a degree. In introducing one course he is said to have burned the writings of the old authorities. He gave himself the name of Paracelsus, meaning that he was greater than Celsus, the famous writer on medicine, of the reign of Tiberius. These eccentricities of his may have been necessary in order to emphasize the necessity for original investigation. Up to his time physicians and theologians had been congratulating themselves that all that is worth knowing was known, but Paracelsus, on the other hand, believed it to be better to be without authority altogether than that it should be so reverenced as to put an end to progress In addition to his other work he was made a public analyst and his duties included the examination of decoctions sold in drug-shops. He did this work so well that the apothecaries came down on him like wolves, and soon slandered him out of Basel, after a professorship of only two years. His wanderings were then resumed until about the year 1535, when the Duke of Bavaria made him a home at Salzburg. Here he had leisure and privacy for studying and writing. He wrote on many subjects including medicine, alchemy, natural history, philosophy and magic. His chief honor is obtained from his having reformed the practice of medicine and founded the science of chemistry. We owe to him, it is said, the discovery

of zinc, hydrogen gas, and, notably, of laudanum. He was a much-needed and therefore a much-persecuted reformer. Although he avowed no sectarian religious belief he did not lack reverence. I will cite the following quotations from the life of Paracelsus by Hartmann. At a time when Martin Luther's secession from Rome had already resulted in producing many sects Paracelsus stood aloof from all, saying:

"Among all sects there is none which possesses intellectually, the true religion. We must read the Bible more with our hearts than our brains until at some future time the true religion will come into the world."

Emerson would have found in Paracelsus the embodiment of his ideal of heroic Self-reliance. He is quoted in Hartmann's biography as saying, "I know that I am a man who does not speak to every one only that which might please him, and I am not used to give submissive answers to arrogant questions. I know my ways and I do not wish to change them, neither would I change my nature. I am a rough man, born in a rough country; I have been brought up in pine-woods, and I may have inherited some knots. That which seems to me polite and amiable may appear unpolished to another and what seems silk in my eyes may be home-spun to you."

We get a pleasanter glimpse of him in the following citation and one which suggests the philosophy of Henry Thoreau. "Happiness is better than riches and happy is he who wanders about, possessing nothing that requires his care. He who wants to study the book of nature must wander with his feet over its leaves. Books are studied by looking at the letters which they contain; Nature is studied by examining the contents of her treasure-vaults in every country. Every part of the world represents a page in the book of Nature, and all the pages together form the book that contains her great revelations." And again, "My accusers complain that I have not entered the temple of knowledge through the "legitimate door." But which is the truly legitimate door? Galen and Avicenna, or Nature? I have entered through the door of Nature, her light and not the lamp of an apothecary's shop has illuminated my way."

Paracelsus, whose views upon all questions were very advanced, found time to utter some twentieth century ideas on the true sphere of woman.

"Man without woman," he says, "is like a wandering spirit—a shadow without substance; woman is like a flower, a bud opening in the light of the sun, but sinking into darkness when man, her light, departs. Woman is man's best friend and redeemer, for man having lost the Paradise in his soul and having become unconscious of the true light which existed in him before he went to sleep in the spirit and woke in the flesh, would sink into still lower degredation if woman did not stand upon the threshold to stop him and, for the true heaven which he lost, offer to him a terrestrial Paradise illuminated by the illusive light of her earthly love."(!)

Athough not distinctly religious Paracelsus was, as I have said, an altruist—a lover of men. He spent his life in a search for means of alleviating the sufferings of men, and, strange to say, heart-break came to him at last because men would not accept his teachings as eagerly as he desired. He fell into despair because his fellows, blinded by prejudice, would not be blessed.

His life was lived in the spirit of Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem."

II. The Poem "Paracelsus."

The poem consists of about four thousand lines of blank verse and is divided into five scenes or acts, after the manner of a drama. There are four characters who contribute to the dialogues, but three of these very little; they are really the audience. Paracelsus is not only "the leading man," he is "the whole play." In the course of the poem the whole of the life of Paracelsus is touched upon. As far as the thought of the poem is concerned it seems to me to be divided into three distinct parts.

I. The ideals of Paracelsus. (Scenes 1 and 2).

II. The outward defeat of Paracelsus. (Scenes 3 and 4).

III. The inward triumph of Paracelsus. (Scene 5).

Professor Corson in his "Aims of Literary Study" says: "We can know a true poem only to the extent to which our spirits respond to the spiritual appeal which it makes to us."

Following the hint given in that fine sentence, let us ask what is the nature of the appeal made to us in the poem, and what is the secret of its power?

In the first place the splendor of the ideals of Paracelsus fascinates us.

This is experienced in the reading of the first two scenes. Here we find the champion of the new science dreaming that there is no horizon to the world to be conquered by the intellect, no limit to its possible achievements.

He hoped to attain such a mastery of nature by his unaided efforts as to be able to lift from the shoulders of mankind their awful burdens. He pursued this ideal throughout life and, if a mistaken one, it was noble and unselfish. To use a mediaeval term he sought the "philosopher's stone," by which he could transmute baser metals to gold. This was a mere figure meaning that he sought the key to the mystery of life by the possession of which life's leaden sorrow might be transmuted into golden joy. But men did not appreciate his efforts and he had to move forward through a resisting medium of ignorance, superstition and prejudice. We stand in the presence of this old hero with a feeling of rebuke.

Secondly: We are moved by the grandeur of his successes and failures.

We first see the wonderful ideals of Paracelsus formed, then we watch him as he tries half vainly to realize them. This brings before us the second phase of thought in the poem which is treated in Scenes 3 and 4. We will witness the disappointment and despair of Paracelsus, and we will feel how true it is that the shattering of our ideals brings us face to face with the eternal argument in favor of a religion—its necessity. Not more does the little child need God than does Paracelsus or Herbert Spencer. It matters not how great the intellect, it is weakness itself in the presence of supreme griefs. The religious beliefs may be very simple (the simpler

the better) but they must exist, even though they may involve nothing more than is described in the quatrain—

> "Like birds that slumber on the sea
> Unmindful how the current runs,
> We rest in God's infinity
> Of bliss that circles stars and suns."

Analysis.

When the poem opens Paracelsus is just bidding farewell to his friends Festus and Michal. He is about to start out upon those years of travel and original investigation to which I have referred. These two friends of his were betrothed lovers to whom Paracelsus was deeply attached.

They tried to restrain his ambition, warn him that it may be an over-weening one and that he may forget God in intellectual pride. But Paracelsus replies:

> "Be sure that God
> Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart!
> Ask the geir-eagle why she stoops at once
> Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
> What full-grown power informs her from the first,
> Why she not marvels strenuously beating
> The silent, boundless regions of the sky!
> Be sure they sleep not whom God needs! Nor fear
> Their holding light his charge . . .
> 'Tis time
> New Hopes should animate the world, new light
> Should dawn from new revealings to a race
> Weighed down so long!

In protesting that he is devoting himself to the good of man he says:

> "I seemed to long
> At once to trample on, yet save mankind,
> To make some unexampled sacrifice
> In their behalf, to wring some wondrous good
> From heaven or earth for them, to perish, winning
> Eternal weal in the act: as who should dare
> Pluck out the angry thunder from its cloud,
> That, all its gathered flame discharged on him,
> No storm should threaten Summer's azure sleep.
> . . . . . .

I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first
I ask not: but unless God sends his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive,
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!"

The first scene of this poem contains the expression of an aspiring, noble and gifted soul who is conscious of his gifts. George Eliot in her well known poem has summed it up in that prayer of Genius:

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end in self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's thoughts
To vaster issues . . . .
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world!"

This first scene closes divinely. Paracelsus undeterred by the warnings of his friends, says:

"Are there not, Festus, are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge!"

And Festus replies:

"We wait you when you rise!"

A famous Russian patriot writes an essay called "The Progress of Man," in which occur these words and I think they nearly represent the state of mind of Paracelsus four hundred years ago. The paragraph is this:

"Lost amid the deserts of the universe, alone upon a small globe of earth, which is drifting with untold rapidity into the depths of immeasurable space, tortured with the painful question, 'Wherefore do I exist?' he courageously moves

onward and upward on the road toward triumphs over all the mysteries of earth and of heaven."

Such was the grand enthusiasm of Paracelsus. We must not be surprised that he was not able to realize his hopes.

The second scene is enacted nine years later, when Paracelsus, perfected in knowledge, is conscious that he has not yet "attained." He scarcely knows what is "the one thing" he yet lacks. It is disclosed to him in the house of a Greek conjurer in Constantinople. He is discovered in a despairing monologue in which he says:

> "Time fleets; youth fades; life is an empty dream."

Nevertheless he claims he has held to his purpose. He has done his best, he has cleared his soul. But Aprile, the poet, reveals to him the defect.

Paracelsus, in presenting himself to Aprile, says:

> "I am he that aspired to *know*, and thou?"

Aprile replies:

> "I would *Love* infinitely and be loved."

In these two lines is contained the whole significance of the second scene. Paracelsus is to be taught that,

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not Love I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; and though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not Love, I am nothing."

The consuming passion of Aprile has been to love and be loved; he has disregarded knowledge by which the longings of that love could be attained. Paracelsus has concentrated his thought upon the attainment of knowledge and has disdained love. Thus the poet and philosopher each finds in the other his complement.

> "Are we not halves of one dissevered world?"

Paracelsus asks.

This scene which abounds in passages of exquisite poetry ends with the reflection of Paracelsus:

"I have attained and now I may depart."

Aprile's longing for loving and effective service is thus expressed: (and this is Browning's own poetic ideal.)

"I would adventure nobly for their sakes:
When nights were still, and still the moaning sea,
And far away I could descry the land
Whence I departed, whither I return,
I would dispart the waves, and stand once more
At home and load my bark, and hasten back,
And fling my gains to them, worthless or true.
'Friends,' I would say, 'I went far, far for them,
Past the high rocks, the haunt of doves, the mounds
Of red earth from whose sides strange trees grow out,
Past tracks of milk-white, minute, blinding sand,
Till, by a mighty moon, I tremblingly
Gathered these magic herbs, berry and bud,
In haste, not pausing to reject the weeds,
But happy plucking them at any price.
To me who have seen them bloom in their own soil
They are scarce lovely: plait and wear them you!
And guess, from what they are, the springs that fed them,
And stars that sparkled o'er them, night by night,
The snakes that travelled far to sip their dew!'
Thus for my higher loves; and thus even weakness
Would win me honor. But not these alone
Should claim my care; for common life, its wants
And ways, would I set forth in beauteous hues."

Aprile fails in action, Paracelsus in feeling. To combine the two would be to produce a working Christian. Dr. Berdoe, author of the Browning Cyclopaedia, has a fine and original theory regarding the meeting of Aprile and Paracelsus. Dr. Berdoe suggests that in the two the Renaissance of Art and of Science are respectively portrayed—the sensuous Aprile standing for the former and Parcelsus for the latter. The theory was advanced without authority. But whether Browning meant it so it matters little. We are free to look at it in that large way—just as Browning left his readers free to attach their own meaning to his mystical poem "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."

(To be concluded.)

A SON OF THE FOREST.

WAAL, it 'pears as though the Injun might hev a tolerable ketch of furs. They do be strikin' queer, them same Injuns." It was Sam who spoke. Sam was the village newspaper, clothed with flesh and blood. He knew all who came and all who went, why and wherefore, the weather that was to be, the crops which never were, politics, rudimentary science, international mix-ups, and Calvinistic theology. His words were uttered from his usual rostrum,—a flour barrel behind the box stove of the one store of the village. They were addressed to the usual committee which meets to discuss the management of the universe, in such places. They were concerning the tall Indian who that very morning had alighted from the train, and without saying a word to anyone had taken the road which leads to the south.

It was not unusual for Indians to do as this one had done. They came about the first week of December, and spent the winter trapping along the river, which was a mile south of the quiet hamlet. They had always been peaceful and quiet, and were unmolested, as they earned their livelihood from nature.

This particular son of a dying race was taller by a head than the average man. His high cheek-bones, deep brown eyes, wiry black hair and bronzed complexion, all were marks of this peculiar people, who once were kings of the land, where now they tread with slower footstep, as silently but quickly they continue to pass from the face of the earth. From a brother he had learned of the little river, and had come with his tent and few belongings to spend his winter in the solitude of the wood. His traps set, his tent pitched and well-bedded with brush, he would be ready to live without companionship save that of the forest.

He followed the snow-covered road until he came to the river. Here he branched off, and made his way through the

thicket, with his eye alert to pick out a suitable place for the tent. At last he discovered it, just beneath two giant pines whose branches came down low. With a few sharp strokes of his axe he quickly made a small clearing. The tent was pitched, covered with brush, and by noon a fire was crackling cheerily. After a hearty meal of bacon, bread, cheese and tea, the Indian returned to the village for his camp-stove, and a few other possessions which he had left at the station in the morning. The remainder of the day was occupied with a trip along the river. Gun in hand, he picked his way carefully in and out among the trees, marking the spots which would be suitable for his traps, and at the same time blazing his trail. That night Jim stretched himself upon his pine boughs, tired but contented with the place which was to be his home for a little while.

The days went by and his traps brought him game. No one visited him, for he was by nature a son of the forest, and his companionship was with the denizens of the wood. At night when the world was still, the trees were friends to him. He knew them, and he felt that they knew him. The stars looked down through the spruces and firs and pines, and he felt that he was not alone. The river flowed by, dark and cold, but its waters always sang a song that he loved. He was familiar with such haunts from the days of earliest childhood. The world was outside somewhere. He did not know it, for he visited it only as occasion required. Men might laugh and weep, love and hate in the world out there. It mattered not to this one. He loved, but unconsciously to himself, for love of the wood was his very nature. He had never thought that out there his nature would find another development, that there he would see new sights not always pure like the sights of the forest, hear new sounds, and experience new feelings.

One day a visitor came. Jim was standing in the door of the tent watching a partridge across the river.

"Well friend, do I intrude?" It was a fine-looking stalwart lad of some eighteen years who spoke.

"You are welcome, come," replied the Indian. The two shook hands, exchanged cards verbally, and entered the tent.

"My name is Ronald Cook; visiting at my aunt's down at the village during the holidays," said the younger man pleasantly, as they sat down on the boughs which formed the bed within this forest home. He was a pleasant lad, fine and easy in his manner, and an interesting talker. Ronald's delight was keen when his host asked him to remain and share the noonday meal with him. This was romance. Ronald would have a story of real life in the woods in winter with a real Indian to tell his fellows when he returned to college. He began to wish that he were an Indian himself. The bacon sizzled in the pan and filled the tent with that odor that makes one hungry. The aroma of the coffee quickened Ronald's appetite, and when the two began their meal, he thought that there could be nothing quite so delightful as a life like this.

After dinner the traps were visited. The trapper explained how a trap should be set to do its work properly. Not all of the places however were pointed out. Those were known to the Indian only.

"By the way, friend, aunt will wonder what has become of me. I must hurry back. Tell me, would you mind if I brought my cousin down to see your tent? asked Ronald as he took leave of his newly-made friend.

"She will be as welcome as her cousin," replied Jim, and the two parted.

Three days after Ronald's visit to the woods, he returned with his cousin Jessie Cook to the strange little dwelling place of the Indian. Jim was busy with some skins when they came, but his quick ear had detected the footsteps before they reached the tent-door. Laying aside his work, he stepped outside just as they came into the small clearing.

Jessie Cook was not a pretty girl, but she possessed that same charm of personality which characterized her cousin. She stepped lightly, laughed merrily, talked musically and entered into everything about her with an abundance of life which vitalizes even inanimate things.

"Hello, friend, here she is," said Ronald, addressing the Indian, and then turning to his cousin, "Jess, shake hands

with my friend, Jim, a child of nature, a son of the ancient wood."

The tall red man advanced, snatched his hat from his head, and took the proferred hand. Then with a simple naturalness, made easier by the delightful interest which the girl took in everything, Jim in his quiet unassuming way showed her how a mink is skinned, the way in wheh a skin must be stretched, all the mysteries of keeping house in the woods, when to shoot, the most likely places for the small fur-bearing animals, how to make paths and know them when made, and a hundred other of the delightful charms known to the woodsman.

"Will you let me see a trap?" asked the girl. The Indian led the way to one of his traps down by the water's edge. The bank was rather steep, and the water flowed swiftly at at this point.

"Please let me get down and look at it," said Jessie, and suiting the action to the word she grasped a shrub, and bent down to examine the trap.

"Have a care, Miss, you may ——"

She had stepped on a piece of ice, and losing her balance plunged headlong into the river. Quick as the spring of a cat, the Indian plunged into the black current, and with a few powerful strokes brought the girl back to the bank safely. It was all the work of an instant, and Ronald had hardly time to realized what had happened when Jim with his dripping burden hurried away to the tent. He laid her upon his rough bed gently, wrapped her carefully in the blankets, and placed his coffee-pot on the stove. Though this was a new experience for the Indian, something prompted him as to what to do, and he hurriedly seized her hands, and began chafing them. Then he placed some of the hot coffee to her lips, and in a moment she had opened her eyes.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"You are safe and will be better soon. Take the drink, Miss." He held the tin cup to her lips and she drank.

Meanwhile Ronald had hurried to his aunt's, and in a short time returned with his uncle. They wrapped Jessie in

the warm blankets, and carried her to the sleigh which waited for them.

The Indian was alone. He stood in the tent-door thinking. Already the shadows began to fall, and the afternoon of the short day drew near its close. What were these new thoughts that crowded themselves into his brain? He loved the heart of the wood, but what meant this new unrest which he had never known before?

He was thinking over the event of the afternoon. It was all so strange to him now. This woman whom he had rescued had awakened something deep within him. She had been so helpless as she lay in his arms. Her big blue eyes opened so widely at him after he had laid her on his bed. He had never before felt the helplessness of another. It was unnatural, and yet he was thinking strange things.

It was not that his love for the woods had been transferred to this girl. No, he loved the trees, the animals, the river, and the stars; but he was uneasy. He wanted to see what was out there beyond the forest. He longed to know the world, just to see it for a little while, and then to return to his old life. This woman was the magnet which had drawn him, not to herself, but to the life outside. For the first time in all of his experience he was lonely, he was dissatisfied. The trees were not speaking to him, the stars did not look upon him, and the music of the river was dying away.

He pushed out into the sea of unrest, and idly wondered whither his bark was taking him. He must go and live among men, to see, to taste, to know, to feel, to love; *but to hate*, no, not to hate. He returned to his tent, ate his supper slowly, smoked long before the fire and saw strange forms and shapes in the wreaths of smoke. Then he talked to his pipe, his companion.

"Yes I will go just for a little while. I must taste and see. In a few days I shall sell all the furs, and go away, and then return when I have seen. I will go, I will go."

Two months had passed, and the Indian lay upon his bed tossing restlessly. A woman sat beside the boughs watching him. She had been watching each day for a long time now.

Jim had been ill for six weeks, and refused to be removed from his tent. The physician had said that it was only a matter of a few weeks anyway, so it were well to humor him. It was Jessie who had been nursing him through the long days and often through the nights. He was very patient, very quiet, a strange sufferer.

Now his lips were moving, and he was talking slowly, "No, I will not go. I want to stay. I care not for the life out there. I love the woods, the birds, the trees, . There, the river sings again. . . Now the trees are friends. . . the trees. . . the stars." The quiet pines whispered to each other. The stars grew dim, and all the forest was silent save for the whispering of the river. It sang a plaintive song, but sweet in its sadness. The Indian shuddered and lay very still. The girl bent over him and said slowly as she covered his face, "He is the son of the forest now."

H. R. Nobles.

THE LEAST.

O little, little ship,
Returnest thou,
Alone, of all that white-sailed argosy
That I watched dip
Beyond the curve of the far sea?
They all are sunk. Not one
Whereto I pinned my faith returns to me.
The great lie fathoms deep. And thou, alone,
That seemest but a chip
On the wide main,
Comest to me again,—
Oh little, little ship!

Oh little, little flower,
That grewest here,
Unnoted and uncared for at my door,
Livest thou on,
When all, whereon I lavished care,
Are gone?
They all lie low
Beneath the year's first snow!
And dost thou brave alone the bitter hour,
Oh little, little flower?

Gertrude C. McGregor, '05.

JOURNALISM IN COLLEGE.

THE study of journalism is yet in the experimental stage. Some years ago the editor-in-chief of the *New York World*, Mr. Joseph Pultizer, propounded a scheme for the establishment of a school of journalism in affiliation with Columbia University. He met with not only the apathy of the reading public, but the open opposition of his confreres. The great majority of prominent journalists claim that a general knowledge of the languages, of history, of economics, of sociology and of the natural sciences, given by a good arts course is the most that a university can do in preparing a man for life in the journalistic world. They consider that were journalistic schools founded they would fail of the great goal towards which they would strive, that is, making the student skilled in the exacting and highly technical work of newspaperdom. As in matrimony, one must "go through the mill" to appreciate and understand the governing laws and intricacies.

But such has been the attitude of most men in regard to their own particular line. They have always been willing to give great credit to their own Alma Mater, the school of experience, but grudgingly has credit been given to the schools which dispense the learning of the ages. Mining engineers of the not remote past have been known to say of young men attending mining schools: "If the chaps would get out and dig instead of fooling around in school they would be better off." But these same "chaps" are now holding the highest places, and the value of the course is widely recognized. The same is true of agriculture and many other schools. Rarely has any class had to clamour for establishment of schools, but as the need has been felt the schools have been established. Slowly but steadily as the division of labor is increasing specialization also increases, and new schools are started to meet the new demands. Thus there is an invasion taking place with a defined and worthy object. The object is the creation of an environment where a student can be trained speedily and thoroughly for his life work.

Its course should enable him to become proficient in the calling he has chosen before he has blundered half his life away learning what he could have been taught in school. Let these long, expensive years under the tuition of experience be largely dispensed with and the same time may be spent in efficient service, profitable to the student and to his fellowman.

Though journalists, as a whole, resent the invasion on their particular field, yet it seems likely to be successful. In men of this class we have more enlightened people than usually oppose educative schemes. The universities are hardly convinced that schools of this class are not needed, that they would not be very valuable. As a first step in this direction professorates have been created for the purpose of giving short courses. Whether these courses will prove helpful enough to be enlarged upon time will tell, but in the meantime a conscientious attempt is being made to render still more efficient the great and noble profession of journalism.

At Chicago University Prof. Vincent, a former journalist of high rank, gives each year a course which continues through three months. It comprises the historical and technical aspects of journalism. The former treats of the formation and history of the press associations, the history of the newspapers from the one man journalism to the present intricate system. The latter deals with the evolution of the printing press from the compartively simple one of long ago to the present marvel of complexity and efficiency. The present types and processes are shown and a familiarity with the make-up of a paper is gained. Great benefit is derived from frequent visits to the printing offices of the Chicago dailies, whose equipment, as one can readily believe, is the best that modern skill and invention has been able to produce.

Such work is done by the students as will be required in their actual profession. In company with reporters of the city dailies they report different local events. Editorials are written on current topics. These articles are colored according to the attitude of the paper for which the student fancies himself writing. Sometimes several editorials would be handed in on the same subject but differing, because written with different objects in view; the sensational paper demanding a sensational

treatment, a party paper having a strongly partizan flavour, and the independent having a peculiar "astride the fence" attitude. Each student is a subscriber of the daily. Their methods of headlining, balance of news, and other methods of good newspaper work are closely studied. As the term advances individual capacities are noted. There is appointed an editor-in-chief and staff of assistants in numbers and duties similar to a staff required in the office of a large daily.

Such work is very hard and becomes monotonous to all but the most enthusiastic. Partially as an incentive to the laggards, and as a further encouragement to the faithful, the actual writing and printing of a daily was proposed as a concluding exercise of the term. This a class of students, amateur journalists, did; the accomplishment of which is described by Prof. Vincent.

The staff met for complete organization. Fairly capable heads were found for the various departments. A student, employee of the Associated Press, made a capable telegraph editor. The editor of the college daily acted as editor-in-chief. In conclave, just before the day of trial, they planned what they could of the next day's publication. The title was to be "The Daily Times." In tone it was to be moderately Republican, with a distaste for the sensational. A cartoon was planned. It was to show the American view of King Alphonso's unhappy position; in double danger from the eternal feminine and the anarchist, he was to be represented as pursued by an English heiress and a savage rascal in the act of hurling a bomb, apparently leaving the readers to judge which was the more dangerous. The editorials were planned on subjects arising out of then recent events. Such a high subject as English diplomacy was commented upon, showing how England was advancing in diplomatic strength. Rumours were afloat of Bonaparte's advancement to the Secretaryship of the Navy; this called forth an editorial on the evolution of Roosevelt's cabinet from one of the late President McKinley's choice, to one of Roosevelt's own choice. Space was also reserved for editorial comments on the news of the day.

The actual work was confined to one day, under conditions similar to that obtaining in a regular newspaper office. The Associated Press and City Press Association gave freely their news. A city newspaper, at cost, lent their offices and printed the paper. At nine o'clock in the morning the work started.

In the company of regular city reporters the student reporters rushed off, while the others stayed in the office writing editorials, or sifting and compiling incoming matter.

All day long the stories came in, and towards night the excitement ran high. The news was coming in fast. The news editor was taking up matter and putting it in concise form and condensing it according to the importance of the different events. The telegraph editor was receiving and sorting the telegrams at a rapid rate. As fast as matter was completed it was sent down to the composing room. Working at this high pitch, the news editor hit upon the idea of turning the disconnected telegrams from Washington into a connected correspondent's letter. This he did with a remarkable and pleasing effect. But the climax was reached at ten minutes short of one o'clock. All matter was in and the typesetting done, ready to be locked up, when in rushed a bearer of an important telegram of the Russo-Japanese war. This must be inserted. By a clever rearrangement the item was placed on the front page, throwing a less important telegram to a back page, which, in turn, crowded out a less important bit of news. At six minutes after one o'clock, only six minutes late, the forms were "locked up." The tired journalists dispersed, probably willing to rest until the papers were circulated at noon the next day.

Severe tests of any description on a group of individuals reveal much of the unexpected. Prof. Vincent says that some of the students fulfilled his expectations, others lamentably failed, still others, of whom he expected little, arose to the occasion in a remarkable manner. This bears further testimony to the undeniable fact that scholastic attainments are at best but a roughly approximate criterion for the judging of a student's ability "to make good" in life's struggle.

In a way the paper was a success. Very few serious blunders were made, in fact the recognized laws of journalism were but in one instance really broken. But the spirit of the paper was largely negative. A few more mistakes would have been readily overlooked if more originality had been exhibited. The incessant imitation of other writers in the desire to attain a professional style, temporarily at least, robbed the students of whatever freshness of thought they may have possessed.

Prof. Vincent is trying to build up a valuable course. If he is able to increase the efficiency along present lines, to make the course fuller and at the same time devise some method by which the spark of originality may be nourished and stimulated; if he can do all this he will be doing something truly worth while for the profession of journalism.

E. F. Cohoe, '08.

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Editorial Notes.

The end of the first term of the College year is at hand, and the mind of the student naturally turns to Christmas festivities—and mid-year examinations. The Monthly extends the season's greetings to all its readers, and hopes that during the holiday weeks, as all through life, the joys may greatly overbalance the sorrows.

Reference is made in the Student's Department to the munificent gift which Mr. Rockefeller has placed in the hands of the University authorities under easily fulfilled conditions. Suffice it to say that, representing the undergraduate feeling, The Monthly is sincerely thankful to the donor for his broad-minded generosity.

Correction.—On page 60 of the November number the name of the president of the Tennysonian Society should read J. C. Sycamore, '96.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: D. A. MACGIBBON, '08.

"Some said 'John, print it,' others said, 'Not so,'
Some said, 'It might do good,' others said 'No.'"

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S GIFT.—McMaster students were delighted on Tuesday, December 4th, when Chancellor McKay at chapel service announced that Mr. John D. Rockefeller had expressed his intention of giving $60,000 to McMaster on conditions that can easily be fulfilled by the friends of the institution. Mr. Rockefeller intimated that the money should be used in erection of a new building on the west end of the McMaster grounds. The building will provide several class rooms, dormitories for fifty students and a gymnasium. The building will extend out towards the street, the same distance as Castle Hall, and thus give a quadrangle. The conditions are simply that the $75,000 of the forward movement and the $55,000 for the new science building be secured. All of the former has been pledged and a large part of the latter, and in both instances much of this money has been paid in. The conditions, it will by this be seen, are by no means onerous, and should be easily met. Mr. Rockefeller's gift is the result of steps which were taken about three months ago, when a statement was sent to him, showing McMaster's needs and requesting the amount which he has now put within its reach. As a rule, it is said, requests of this nature go unanswered for nearly a year, and then, if received favorably, the amount offered is frequently one half of that requested. The fact that this request was answered so soon and the amount not cut down bodes well for McMaster when its growth will entail further expenditure.

NOUGHTY-NINE CLASS MEETING.—Petite sophette repeatedly declining an office. Gallant Sophomore—"Mr. President, I object. Do not press Miss Blank further." Sentiment loudly cheered by the class. President and Miss Blank both put in a disclaimer.

The Lit.—The popularity of the Literary Society was evidenced by the large attendance at the regular meeting on Friday evening of November 9th. After the transaction of some routine business the president introduced a programme, which proved most interesting. The opening number, an instrumental duet by Misses C. L. Murray and A. McIntosh, '08, was played with good tempo and fine expression. Mr. C. R. Duncan rendered one of Drummond's habitant selections. The vivid description of "A Drummer's Experiences," by Mr. N. Shaffer, '10, produced much merriment with pathos intermingled. Miss B. E. Shields, '07, sustained her reputation as a reader in "My First Recital," and gave as an encore one of Kipling's short poems, "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted." The final number was a vocal solo by E. J. Bingham, '08, which was encored.

Mission Study Classes.—Mission study classes have been organized in connection with the Fyfe Society. This year it is proposed to make a close study of the conditions which obtain in India from the standpoint of the missionary. Meetings will be held fortnightly. Three classes have been formed. The two senior years in Arts organized on Tuesday, November 20th, and the first meeting took place on December 4th. Mr. Charles Duncan, '08, has been elected class leader. The junior years met on November 15th, when Mr. H. S. Mullowney, '09, was elected leader, and Mr. Albert Bingham, '10, secretary, and the first meeting took place on November 23rd. The students in the faculty of theology compose the third class, and they have chosen Mr. W. L. McKinnon, B.A., as leader. All three classes look forward to a profitable season's study.

The High Kakiak.—If there is one man more than another who is made the recipient of all sorts of communications it is the High Kakiak. All the members of the Anvil Chorus get out their hammers when they see him approaching. If a freshman gets a notice from the librarian of an overdue book on which there is five cents to pay he hies to the Kakiak to hear how this imposition can be justified. A student forgets to raise his window when he goes out for a walk. When he returns he finds his room seems stuffy. At once he is a personage to steer clear of—he is a man with a grievance! Someone misplaces a magazine in the reading room. Ye literary man comes in and cannot find it. After storming around the reading room for half an hour and disturbing every person else, with the remark that "this college is on the rocks," he goes off to see the High Kakiak. He is insistent that the latter will expatiate on the heinousness of this misdemeanor from his position in the dining room. We

once heard of a freshman who asked the head of the student body to hunt up a pair of blankets which the sophomores had concealed. Another occasion is on record of a High Kakiak carrying a mattress that had been dropped down the shaft up two flights again, and would have carried it up three if the jokers who dropped it down had not become ashamed of themselves and relieved him of the burden. So the daily round goes. The High Kakiak learns to classify all these things under the heading, "The Day's Work"; the thoughtless as the "emoluments of office." Next month we will write of the president of the "Lit."

THERE'S MANY A SLIP.—One of our football heroes was hurt at a recent inter-year game and confined to his room for a few days. While in this condition a kind-hearted young lady friend sent her little brother to find out how badly he was hurt. The little fellow found him in his room-mate's bed, which happened to be nearer the window than his own. Two days later the boy was sent again to see him. This time he carried with him a large parcel filled with rosy-cheeked apples and all sorts of delicacies. In the meantime, however, the injured sophomore had recovered sufficiently to attend classes, and the boy found the room empty. So he put the parcel under the pillow of the bed where his friend had been lying the last time he visited him, and left, thinking it would be found there. As the reader will surmise our hero's room-mate fell heir to the spoil. This gentleman, with his friends, made merry until everything was consumed. As for the unlucky student, he did not learn of the error that had been made until he was able to call on his young lady friend again.

MESSRS. A. F. Smith, '09, and M. H. Long, '08, have been appointed press reporters for the morning and evening papers, respectively. Mr. Chester New, B.Th., will look after the athletic news.

"THE only taint about John D.'s gift of money to McMaster is 'taint enough!" This is an old chestnut, but it sums up excellently the attitude of the student body.

MR. OWEN GRAY, B.A., represented the Fyfe Missionary Society at the third triennial convention of Y. M. C. A.'s in theological institutions, held at Dayton, Ohio. The meetings began on December 6th and ended on the 9th.

NOT A DICTIONARY.—Senior (to a freshman using five-syllabled words)—"You will have to speak simpler. I am only a senior. There was a time when I knew everything."

Mrs. Hubbard's Lecture.—Castle Memorial Hall was crowded to the doors on Friday evening, November 23rd, when Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., told of her 600-mile journey through the wilds of Labrador. Mrs. Hubbard, before her marriage, was a Canadian school teacher, and is a personal friend of several members of McMaster Faculty. Through their interest Castle Memorial Hall was placed at her disposal for this lecture, and the returns from the sale of tickets remitted to her as an honorarium. She was introduced by Chancellor McKay, who told the story of the first Hubbard expedition, in which Mr. Hubbard lost his life. Mrs. Hubbard stated the reason she had undertaken the expedition was that her husband's name should reap the fruits of the service which had cost him so much. Then she detailed how, on June 22, 1905, with a larger crew and more provisions, she set out from Northwest River port, and in a journey of sixty-two days explored the Nascaupee River to its source in Lake Michicimau, and canoed down the swift-flowing George River to the Hudson Bay post at its mouth. At the conclusion of the lecture Mrs. Hubbard exhibited on canvas a number of very fine pictures taken by her while in Labrador.

Student (reading the bulletin announcing Mrs. Hubbard's lecture)—"A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador!" "Well, a woman ***will*** **have her** own way, even through Labrador."

Mr. Clarke L. Timpany, B.A., has been appointed censor of the bulletin board.

Founder's Day.—On November 30th McMaster held its annual celebration of Founder's Day. The function, it goes without saying, was an unqualified success. As McMaster grows so does the importance of Founder's night increase. This year about nine hundred friends of the University were present, and the evening was pleasantly spent by all. Between eight and nine o'clock a reception was held in Castle Memorial Hall, and the guests of the evening were welcomed by the Chancellor and Mrs. McKay, and Mr. W. E. Mathews, head of the student body. Promenading commenced at a quarter after nine. There were ten promenades. Music was supplied by two orchestras, one in Castle Hall and the other on the second flat. This year the students' rooms on three floors were open to the visitors instead of on the first and second as heretofore. During the evening light refreshments were served in the dining room. Very quickly sped the pleasant hours for the gay throng of promenaders, and twelve o'clock had come and with it "God Save the King" before the pleasures of the evening seemed half realized.

As usual the corridors of the hall were gay with bunting and flags, and the rendezvous, decorated by the different years, vied with each other in beauty and originality of conception. The seniors chose Room 1, and excelled themselves in producing a soft, rich effect. The room was hung with Oriental curtains and further had a circular divan in the centre, after the manner of the East. In Room 3 the juniors evolved a scheme of decorations which conquered the difficulties involved in the use of blue, the class color. The walls were hung with blue bunting and paneled in white, and were decked with German shields. The juniors were unique in the possession of an exceedingly fine McMaster shield and the Matthews' cup, of which latter they are the present holders. The number of cosy corners in each of these rooms made them the popular rendezvous of the evening. On the second floor everyone admired the reception room, which the sophomores had turned into a bower of loveliness. Charming features were the profusion of yellow chrysanthemums on the walls, the lighted fireplace and the mellow light from the electric bulbs concealed in large cocoons. The freshmen decorated Class Room 11. This is a rather difficult room to beautify, but the year ten brightened it up very effectively, by draping the walls and ceilings in green and white. Theology, as usual, had the reading room, and were not behind previous years in giving it a cosy, tasteful appearance. In all the rooms the class banners were conspicuous. The students' study rooms also came in for a good deal of attention. The committee who had the arrangements in charge are as follows: From the Faculty, Messrs. McLay, Ten Broeke, Cohoe and G. Campbell; from the student body, Messrs. W. E. Matthews, Theo.; C. L. Timpany, Theo.; G. G. Vichert, '08; N. S. McKechnie, '08, and R. D. Moyle, '08. These gentlemen are to be congratulated on the success which crowned their efforts.

The following gentlemen have represented McMaster at the functions of sister institutions this term: Messrs. C. E. Burke, Medical School banquet on November 29th; A. W. Ross, Victoria conversat, December 7th, and J. G. Ferguson, Knox "At Home," December 6th.

McMaster students learned with regret of the death of Rev. Thomas Bone, the Sailor's Missionary, at St. Catharines on November 22nd. Mr. Bone was a favorite with the boys here, and usually addressed the student body when he came to McMaster.

A Clincher.—A finical theologue and a junior were discussing tainted money with reference to Mr. Rockefeller's recent gift to McMaster. The theologue wound up his arguments by

asking, "Couldn't the Baptists themselves provide the $60,000?" "Well," responded the junior, "John D. is a Baptist, and he is doing what little he can to help."

"Eating, sleeping and drinking, but the greatest of these is sleeping," wrote a sophomore, and for 'steen mornings an austere senior came in and pulled him out of bed about seven o'clock.

All lectures were called off on Friday, December 2nd, in order to decorate and prepare for Founder's night. In announcing the fact Chancellor McKay threw a new light on professorial character when he said some members of the faculty desired two days off instead of one. In regard to professors we had always supposed that even "their failings leaned to virtue's side," and that far from desiring a day's relief from lectures they would welcome anything which would enable them to get in several extra hours a subject per week.

The Debating Society.—The subject of debate on Saturday, November 10th, was: "Resolved, That the United States would be justified in annexing Cuba." Two doughty freshmen led the discussion, Mr. A. C. Bingham, affirmative, and Mr. T. E. Richards, negative. The judge, Mr. C. E. Burke, '07, awarded the decision to the affirmative. Prof. I. G. Matthews, as critic, made apparent some errors into which impromptu speakers are likely to fall. His hints were timely, forceful and much appreciated. "Resolved, That Hindoos entering Canada should be placed under the same restrictions as the Chinese," was debated on Saturday, November 17th. In upholding the affirmative Mr. R. G. Trotter, '07, by winning the day, proved himself a worthy son of his father, Dr. Thomas Trotter, late of Acadia University. His opponent, Mr. C. D. Jones, B.A., argued strongly and earnestly for the unrestricted admission of the poor, benighted Hindoo. The fates, however, were unpropitious, and ordained that the Hindoo enter Canada on the same footing as his yellow cousin, our "heathen Chinee." In his criticism Dr. Findlay laid stress on the importance of easy, graceful gestures as effective factors in public utterance. Mr. A. E. White, '07, was judge. He filled his arduous position to the satisfaction of all—except, perhaps, the leader of the negative. The proceedings on November 24th varied somewhat from the usual order. Addresses were given without previous preparation, on subjects furnished by the executive. Mr. C. D. Jones, speaking on "Bells," averred that his voice should have a metallic ring to give a successful exposition of his theme. Among other speakers and subjects were Mr. A. C. Bingham, '10, "Matrimony"; T. Wearing, '09, "Grammar"; A. F. Smith, '09, "Gee-Whiz"; R. G. Trotter, '09, "Force," and N. Shaffer, '10, "Picture Postal Cards." The critic for the day

was J. B. McLaurin, B.A. The originality and quaintness of his remarks found great favor with everyone present. The meeting was a decided success. This term is now almost completed, and thus far the meetings have been well attended. We congratulate President Harkness and his co-adjutors on the excellence of their labor. Interesting and well-chosen subjects have been presented for debate and have attracted the attention of our students in a singularly successful manner.

Twenty mission fields are having their pulpits supplied by McMaster students this winter. Of this number ten are within the city. During last summer sixty students from McMaster spent their holidays preaching.

During the term quite a number of parodies have been sung around the hall to the tune of "John Doe." The latest one appears, *apropos* Mr. Rockefeller's gift to McMaster. It is very aptly entitled "John's Dough."

Class Room Humor.—Student (reading aloud in class, hesitating)—"Professor, there is something left out." Professor—"Well, proceed, don't attempt to read that."....Cupid's Toll—Professor in Psychology (discussing the fringe of consciousness)—"Now, Mr. Blank, when you hear a street car going by, of what do you think?" Mr. Blank—"Of the tickets I have to purchase." Professor—"Ah, you must live at the Junction." Mr. Blank—"No, but—" and the class laughed heartily, for although this sophomore lives in residence he calls on a "friend" at the Junction once or twice a week....A Chestnut (discussion on the Divinity of Christ in Second Year History)—Sophomore (cuttingly)—"Why, even the very demons acknowledged Him." Professor (blandly)—"Thank you, personal testimony is always valuable."....Professor—"Mr. Blank, I want you to think for two weeks." Junior (interrupting)—"Impossible, Professor, I have to spend the next two weeks plugging Bible."

Successful Open Lit.—Castle Memorial Hall was well filled on Friday evening, November 16th, at the autumn public meeting of the Literary Society. Students in the gallery succeeded in putting everybody in good humor before the programme commenced. President D. J. McPhail occupied the chair. Among the excellent musical numbers were a vocal quartette by Messrs. White, Benson, McKechnie and Edwards; an instrumental quartette by Mrs. G. H. Campbell, Messrs. E. G., F. N. and W. L. Blackadar; a cornet solo by Mr. A. B. Newman, and selections by the McMaster Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. E. C. Fox, B.A., '06. Miss B. C. VanSickle, in a reading, "Matinal Musings," was well received. Mr. F. S. Beddow gave an address

on "Hellenism and Hebraism." With one exception the talent was confined to graduates and undergraduates of McMaster. The former Minister of Education for the Northwest Territories. Mr. D. J. Goggin, M.A., D.C.L., was the speaker of the evening, and his subject was "Success." In a series of word pictures at the outset Dr. Goggin won the admiration and attention of the audience, and retained it throughout. Our ideas of success differ with our standards of measurement. The success of a master artist, statesman, general and financier was set forth each by itself; and some most excellent advice was given as to choice of a calling in life. Dr. Goggin struck the keynote of his address when he said. "Success lies in what we do for others rather than for ourselves." Dr. Goggin was warmly applauded. Mr. A. B. Newman's rendition of "The Lost Chord," by Sullivan, and also of a very exacting encore deserves special mention. Mr. Newman has already, as a cornet soloist, achieved success to a marked degree. The singing of "God Save the King" brought to a close a programme which reflected credit upon the Literary Society.

A Set-Back to Philanthropy.—A conscientious young theologue who attempts to carry the golden rule into all walks of life received sorry encouragement in his efforts to do good on Founder's night. Perceiving an elderly spinster in Castle Hall, this young Bayard gave her one of his promenades. The experiment will probably never be repeated; out of a full card she alone failed to make connections.

Notes on Founder's Night.—One gentleman could not understand how the sophomores' room was so cold with such a nice bright fire in the grate....The stewardess lost a pair of scissors in assisting the theologues to decorate their room. The room is not a large one, but the scissors are nowhere to be found....We are informed the freshmen's room was supposed to represent fairyland....The football man and the skeleton on the top floor attracted much attention. Both were cleverly set up....The sophomores went Nature one better. Vari-colored autumn leaves and glittering icicles hung side by side....Critical people were making inquiries as to the reason for the inclusion of a large Union Jack in the room decorated in Oriental style. We understand it is because King Edward is Emperor of India.... Noughty-eight's room was distinguished by the number of its cosy corners. The juniors seem peculiarly proficient in the gentle art of providing well-sheltered, well-cushioned retreats.... Some of the theologues thought the freshmen had used more white in their color scheme than was lawful. When the year ten learned of this objection, they made the room indubitably

green by keeping one of their number in it throughout the evening....A University course is already having a beneficial effect on the freshmen. The mistakes in spelling on their banner have been corrected....The theologues had a piano among the impedimenta in their room. One young lady attempted to play the evening hymn, but learned that, like some theologues, it "sounded better when silent."....The number of yellow chrysanthemums around noughty-nine's rendezvous made it look like headquarters for the Hamilton Tigers. This effect was heightened by the enthusiasm with which the whole class regarded their work, indeed, in this respect, they easily excelled the Tigers' rooters....The biological exhibits were a source of wonder and surprise to the unsophisticated. One young lady who looked through the microscope at a drop of water, confidently affirmed she saw the sun and moon successively without even changing the slide....The congestion around the gentlemen's cloak room at the close of the evening in previous years has been a source of some delay and annoyance. This year Mr. McKechnie, '08, had these arrangements in charge, and by an ingenious system of checking, kept everything working smoothly, for which he especially deserves to be complimented.

Student Volunteer Band.—During the past month the Student Volunteer Band has shown a steady increase in membership; the meetings have been well attended and of an especially interesting character. On November 9th Mr. H. S. Mullowney touched the hearts of those who heard him in a thoughtful talk on a "Call to South America." At the next meeting Mr. C. Duncan, who spoke concerning the "Spiritual Requisites of a Missionary Candidate," left a deep impression on the Volunteers and a determination to be more faithful at home to the Gospel work for which they are preparing abroad. After Mr. Duncan's address the Band had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Farquhar, the National Student Secretary for India.

A confiding freshie met a self-satisfied soph. in the corridor. The freshie looked worn and ill, and he told the soph. he was suffering from a headache. The latter was unsympathetic. "I did not know there was anything in your head to ache," he observed. "What," retorted the suffering one, "have you never heard of an aching void?" Then the sophomore stepped into an empty class-room and "swatted" himself a "few."

How welcome a gymnasium will be to McMaster students may be inferred from the fact that this year a number of men have joined the gym. at the Central Y. M. C. A. That the new building will be available for the year '07-'08 is the ardent wish of many students who do not indulge in skating or field sports.

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: M. BLANCHE EDY.

"Woman must ever be a woman's highest name,
And honors more than 'lady' if I know right."

LADIES' LIT.—At the regular meeting of the L. L. L. on Friday afternoon, November 16th, the Sophomores presented "The Home Guard," a one-act farce. They represented the village women who had been left at home while all the "men folk" had gone to the parade. "Who'd have thunk it! All the men gone and left us poor women critters here alone. They say that women like to parade before the public eye, but men will show off before *both* eyes whenever they get a chance." This was stated by "Mrs. Long," a frightened old lady who "hadn't ought to be scared at all," but it seemed to be the general opinion. The acting was admirable and the old-fashioned dresses very funny.

Another meeting was held on November 23rd, Miss Kennedy, '08, Vice-President, occupying the chair. The main feature of the programme was a very interesting talk on the city of Geneva by Prof. G. H. Campbell. Other numbers were a duet by the Misses Murray and MacIntosh, '08; a reading by Miss Denovan, '10, and a vocal solo by Miss Gladys Jackson.

On December 7th the third year girls gave the first act of "Cranford," which has lately been dramatized. They wore the quaint costumes of the early twenties; bonnets, calashes, hoops and graceful draperies. The scene was a tea given to the Cranford ladies who, by the way, were chiefly widows and spinsters. A Scotch visitor, Lady Glenmire, asked what the Cranford gentlemen were like. For a moment there was consternation, then the boast was proudly made that "It is a matter of unfailing congratulation to the ladies that there are no gentlemen in Cranford! For settling all matters of dispute the Cranford ladies are quite sufficient in themselves!" There were a number of visitors at this meeting, and all voted it a success. Mrs. Arnton very kindly assisted both the second and third year girls in the preparation for the plays. The meeting closed with "Thy Praises, McMaster."

The Y. W. C. A. meetings of this term have been exceptionally well attended, and have proved very interesting and help-

ful. A Sunday morning Bible study class has been organized, and Dr. Harris' course of study of the Gospel of Matthew is being taken up. A number of the Wednesday afternoon meetings have been addressed by outside friends, while others are taken by different ones among the girls themselves, two being appointed to provide the programme for each meeting. Dr. Farmer took up the subject of systematic Bible study at our first meeting, and impressed the necessity and benefit of systematizing our study of the Bible, as well as that of any other course of study. At the meeting of October 24th, Miss Rankin gave a very earnest talk on the subject of prayer, one that could not help but influence those who listened to it. The missionary topic of the month was "The Lives of Girls in Non-Christian Lands," and three papers on the lives of Chinese, Japanese and Indian girls were read by Misses May Davies, Muriel Farmer and Elsie McLaurin. This way of taking up the topic brought out in a very interesting way the similarities and differences of a girl's life in these lands. On November 28th Mrs. Cowsert gave us an earnest talk on the three things that might be learned at the feet of Christ. The topics of the other meetings of the term were "The Gift of the Holy Spirit," "Character," "Systematic Giving," and "A College Girl's Influence."

A Freshette's Ideas.

You have successfully passed your matriculation. You are sure of that, for you have seen your name in the paper, and it is a happy custom to omit all names of unsuccessful candidates. You choose McMaster in which to pursue your University course, because McMaster is the best. You are reminded many times by your juniorette sister or senior brother that you will be only a Freshette, and much advice is gratuitously given long before the day of opening arrives. However, the great day comes at last. You are to begin your university course. Lucky are you, now, if you have an elder brother or sister to pilot you safely to Room Four. Suppose, though, that you haven't—that you must run the gauntlet alone through all those men who love to cluster round the entrance way—for what purpose I am not prepared to say. Well, then, you have to make the best of it, and at least look very brave. If you can possibly look like a Sophette, all the better. Of course, most of the men know that you are not, but the Freshmen are as green as you are. That's one consolation! As I said before, though, you are lucky if you have a more experienced sister to chaperone you. You walk into the corridor together; you timidly keeping as close as possible to her, and wondering if you will ever have the courage to bow and smile to right and left as she is doing. You reach Room Four and you

heave a sigh of relief to find a few girls who attend McMaster. But if you have a big brother, especially if he is a Senior, you are still luckier, for you feel secure when you enter the hall, and behold, to your dismay, a great many men. You realize then that, surely, at McMaster, they hold the maxim, "Girls should be heard, not seen." For you can certainly hear the girls before you reach the room marked "Ladies."

It seems to you, though, that when you arrive at that room, your troubles have just begun in another direction. You know only two or three girls. You are taken around the room, and duly introduced to each one. When you have "gone the rounds" (to speak colloquially), you sit down on a sofa, feeling rather weak. (Don't think that it is the sofa that is feeling weak, unless, indeed, the poor Freshette is as corpulent as she is green.) You wonder rather vaguely if you will ever be able to remember all those names. The Sophettes, the Juniorettes and the Seniorettes are very glad to see one another again, and (well, you envy them for this) they seem perfectly at home. You wish that you were almost anywhere under the sun except in Room Four at McMaster University. However, you comfort yourself with the thought that next year you will not feel like crawling into a small hole and pulling it in after you. Another Freshette, who sees that you are looking rather lonely, and who, in truth, can heartily sympathize with you, begins to talk to you, and you are secretly very glad to find someone like yourself.

Just there is excitement among the girls. It's time to go to Chapel! You walk demurely in with your partner, and wish the girls had had sense enough to go in first, as you feel rather shy. You are glad when you reach your seat, and the Chancellor announces the hymn. But you suddenly find yourself relying on your memory for the words, for you have no hymn-book. Your partner whispers to you, "We didn't get a hymn-book as we came in. That shows how green we are!" However, a kindly Juniorette hands you her book. After the service, you register.

You realize now how lucky you are to have someone to tell you what subjects are easiest to take. When you have given in your registration slip and the piece of blue paper on which you write down everything worth knowing about yourself, you find your way as quickly as possible to the door, and are glad to be outside once more.

The next day dawns bright and clear. You have an eight-fifteen. You are so afraid of being late for your first lecture that, much to his disgust, you hurry off your brother, who has become hardened to being late, and arrive at Room Four before anyone else. It is probably eight-five, and you wonder what you will do with yourself, "a stranger in a strange land," until the

bell rings. But you finally find yourself in the right class room. And so you attend the lectures, and do your best to write as fast as the professor talks. You are initiated into the mysteries of permutations and combinations, until you think your mind is performing permutations and combinations. You feel very virtuous, when, in biology, the professor tells you that brown bread is better than white, and you remember that you always eat brown bread. Yes, until you hear the end of the sentence "—— for growing children!" And so, as the days go on, you become accustomed to attend lectures, to spell (correctly or otherwise) long Egyptian names, and—shall I write it? You really do, you must confess it—you become accustomed to being late for lectures. In fact, you are not very much surprised when, some morning on which you have actually reached the lecture room in good time, the professor calls a Freshette, who has come late, by your name.

Some day, when you wish to use the telephone during an hour when you have no lecture, in spite of the fact that you have often heard that the telephone enjoys the dignity of being the sole occupant of a very small room, you make directly for the usher's office. When the door is opened, and the usher looks inquiringly at you, you ask very demurely if you may use the 'phone. The usher very politely says "Certainly," and turns again to his work, probably wondering if you have gone crazy. You look around the office and can't discover any telephone. Then, luckily, light suddenly breaks upon the usher, and he shows you where the telephone is. You thank him and also your lucky stars for the fact that there were very few men in the hall. And you vow that you will never be so green again.

You attend the meetings of the L. L. L. and the Y. W. C. A. On Convocation Night you feel decidedly foolish with a cap on your head, in spite of the fact that a Juniorette tells you that you look very wise. You feel still more foolish on Field Day, when it is your solemn duty to blow a tin horn. However, you feel fully rewarded for your discomfort by the glorious victory of the Freshmen over the Sophomores. After that you can safely retort when a Sophette begins making complimentary remarks about the "little Freshies." You gradually become initiated into all the ways of college life. You don't feel quite so frightened every time you enter McMaster; you know where the telephone is; and you can bravely walk down the hall alone without affording an opportunity for a jolly Juniorette to say, probably because of the timid look on your face, "Little Freshettes aren't allowed to walk around the hall alone." In fact you lose your green look, and McMaster has to wait until the next year for the Freshettes to do acts of foolishness.

Laura Craig, '10.

The Poetry of Sarogini Naidu.

In a recent number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* there is an interesting review of a volume of "Indo-English Poetry." The authoress, Mrs. Sarogini Naidu, is one of those high-caste women of India who have had the advantage of an English education, and who are showing what Indian womanhood is capable of doing. "The Golden Threshold," as the volume is entitled, contains some forty poems which Sarogini Naidu was "with great difficulty persuaded to publish" by an English friend who recognized their beauty and worth. There is a wonderful command of the English language shown in these poems, and the sweetness and music of the style may be seen from the following selections.

The first is from her "Cradle Song":

"From groves of spice,
O'er fields of rice,
Athwart the lotus stream,
I bring for you,
Aglow with dew,
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fire-flies
Dance through the fairy *reem;*
From the poppy-bole
For you I stole
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good night,
In golden light,
The stars around you gleam;
On you I press
With sweet caress
A little lovely dream."

Another, the "Song of the Palanquin Bearers," with which the volume opens, shows the authoress' richness and aptness of metaphor:

"Lightly, O lightly, we bear her along,
She sways like a flower in the wind of our song;
She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.
Gaily, O gaily, we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Softly, O softly, we bear her along,
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song;
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,
She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.
Lightly, O lightly, we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string."

Sarojini Naidu is still a young woman, but much of her life has been spent in pain and disappointment, the traces of which are found in some of her poems. At the age of fifteen she was sent to England to break her attachment to Dr. Naidu, the difference in their castes making both families opposed to the match, but her health broke down under her studies and on her return to Hyderabad, "to the scandal of all India she broke through the bonds of caste and married Dr. Naidu." The eager tone of appeal in her poem "To Death" is in remarkable contrast to the verses written during her term of exile, and shows that she has once more found life worth living:

Tarry a while, O Death, I cannot die
While yet my sweet life burgeons with its spring;
Fair is my youth, and rich the echoing boughs
Where *dhadikulas* sing.

Tarry a while, O Death, I cannot die
With all my blossoming hopes unharvested,
My joys ungarnered, all my songs unsung,
And all my tears unshed.

Tarry a while, till I am satisfied
Of love and grief, of earth and altering sky;
Till all my human hungers are filled,
O Death, I cannot die!

E. McLaurin, '09.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: J. D. CRAIG, '07.

SPORTS DAY, OCTOBER 16TH.—Anyone sailing in a balloon over the city of Toronto, on the afternoon of Tuesday, October the sixteenth, would have noticed a scene of strenuous activity on Varsity Athletic Field. It was McMaster disporting herself on her annual field day. Everybody was there; that is, everybody of any account. The theologs were there, with all their "white innocence." The Seniors were there, in all the glory of crimson flag and flower. The Juniors were there, although for some time it seemed very doubtful if they were ever going to arrive. The Sophomores were there, with a whole brass band to keep their courage "screwed up to the sticking point." The Freshmen were there; ask the Sophomores! And last, but not least, the Moulton girls were there, with their smothered smiles and six teachers.

The competition in the various events of the day was fairly keen, the rivalry running very high in several events.

A very regrettable accident occurred in the pole vault, when Mr. A. E. White, of '07, sprained his ankle, thus disabling him from entering the remaining events. Mr. White won the first Association medal last year, and he was picked as one of the probable winners for this year.

A notable feature of the day's events was the breaking of two records in the weight events. Mr. George Tomkinson, of Theology, was the winner of this distinction, breaking both the records, the one in the hammer and the other in the shot. George also won first place in the sprints, viz., the hundred and two-twenty yard event.

The following is a list of the successful competitors:

One hundred yards: G. E. Tomkinson, Th.; A. E. White, '07; H. A. Newell, '09; time, 11 seconds. High jump: F. Weston, '08; N. McNaughton, '07; H. J. Bryce, Th.; 4 ft. 9 in. Half mile run: A. E. White, '07; W. J. Hayden, '09; H. J. Bryce, Th.; time, 2 min. 13⅘ sec. Broad jump: C. S. Robinson, '10; L. H. Wilkes, Th.; N. McNaughton, '07; 18 ft. 2 in. *Pole vault: B. Ritchie, '08, and W. J. Hayden, '09, tie for first place; A. E. White, '07. Throwing 16-lb. hammer: G. E. Tomkinson, Th.; N. McNaughton, '07; N. S. McKechnie, '08; 75 ft. 11¼ in.

*The tie was divided, each man getting four points.

(record). 220 yards run: G. E. Tomkinson, Th.; H. A. Newell, '09; F. Weston, '08; 25⅘ sec. Mile run: W. J. Hayden, '09; H. J. Bryce, Th.; L. Werden, '07; time, 5 min. 35 sec. Putting the 16-lb. shot: G. E. Tomkinson, Th.; N. McNaughton, '07; N. S. McKechnie, '08; 34 ft. 3 in. (record). 440 yards run: H. A. Newell, '09; F. Weston, '08; C. N. Curtis, '10; time, 1 min. Throwing the discus: G. E. Tomkinson, Th.; N. S. McKechnie, '08; N. McNaughton, '07; 83 ft. 8¼ in. Hurdle race, 120 yards: C. Chadwick, '10; W. J. Hayden, '09; B. Ritchie, '08. Team race: '09; '10; Theology.

Winner of the McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal, G. E. Tomkinson, Th. Winner of First Association Medal, N. McNaughton, '07; winner of Second Association Medal, W. J. Hayden, '09.

Points toward the Matthews' Inter-Year Cup: Theology, 34; '09, 29; '07, 21; '08, 19; '10, 14.

N.B.—The points are awarded as follows: First, 5; second, 3; third, 1.

Saints vs. Seniors.—In the finish of the Inter-Year Rugby matches, which was played off on Tuesday, the sixth of November, the champions of Script and Scribe met the staid Seniors in mortal combat. The conflict was a strenuous and bloody affair, much spirit was shown by both sides, the Theologs especially evincing much of that consideration and brotherly love for which they are famous. The game was played in quarters, and the Theologs opened the game by winning the toss, and electing to play with the sun, wind and slope in their favor! However, even with this advantage, they were unable to make good in the first quarter. Even in the second quarter, it was only a fumble by the Senior fullback that gave them their only score. No more score was made until three minutes to full time, although the Seniors were hard pressed at several points of the game. In the second half some grandstand plays were indulged in, Bob Roberts, who played left scrimmage for the Seniors, making several brilliant plays, winning the encomiums of the vast throng who witnessed the game. W. E. Matthews, High Kakiak and Minder of the Morals of the Freshmen, pulled off a particularly scintillating stunt in the last quarter, when he dove head first into a mass of arms and legs and secured possession of the ball for Theology. An incident worthy of the Victoria Cross was one of the features of the game. C. E. Burke, of '07, who sustained a fractured rib in the second quarter, refused to leave the arena, but continued his plucky fight to the end of the game.

We regret, however, to state that Mr. Burke did not discover that the rib was actually broken until some three weeks after the game.

When but three minutes' time remained, Bensen made a long punt for Theology, and following up his own kick secured a try for Theology, which they failed to convert, leaving the full time score Theology 6, Nought Seven 0.

The teams lined up as follows: Theology (6)—Full, New; halves, Bensen, Gray (captain), C. Holman; quarter, McKinnon; scrimmage, Matthews, Constable, Wilkes; wings, Nobles, Parker, Freeman, Mavzes, Bryce, McLaurin.

Nought Seven (0)—Full, Craig; halves, Young, S. R. McEwen (captain), White; quarter, G. C. McEwen; scrimmage, Roberts, Ross, Challen; wings, McNaughton, Burke, Cohoe, Telford, Harkness, McPhail.

Sophs and Freshmen at It Again.—On Thursday, the eighth of November, the Sophomores and Freshmen renewed their old hostilities in the second of the series in Inter-year Rugby. Contestants were so eager to jump into the fray that it was all that the referee could do to hold them in leash until a sufficient number of special constables had been sworn in to preserve peace and order.

The Freshmen were the first to draw blood, McKay kicking the ball, on a free kick, fifteen yards out from goal, to Hayden, who was forced to rouge.

Soon after '10 again irritated the Sophs. This time scoring a try on a run by George, making the score 6—0.

Just about this time two of the players began to take such a lively and personal interest in each other that they were ordered to the side lines, in order that they might be able to take a calmer view of the situation. Others were also disciplined during the course of the game. Our reporter interviewed these gentlemen and secured their photographs, which, we regret to say, we cannot publish this month owing to lack of space.

Shortly before half-time the Freshmen scored another try, which was converted, bringing the score up to 12—0.

No scores were made in the second half, although the play became very strenuous and many casualties resulted. Scott, who captained the Sophs., had his knee wrenched, and had to be carried off the field, Routledge taking his place.

An Innovation.—This year the Athletic Association has taken one more step forward, by establishing the precedent of holding an athletic open meeting on the night of Sports Day, at which are presented the prizes, in the shape of the cups, medals and badges, which have been won during the competition of the afternoon. This not only brings the Association before the public, but it also does away with the ancient and

unsatisfactory custom of holding back the medals and cup from the winners until the very end of the year.

The first of these "Athletic Nights," was held on the evening of Sports Day, and proved a decided success.

Dr. Ten Broeke, the Honorary President of the Association, occupied the chair, and in his opening address briefly outlined the history and aims of the Association, pointing out that its work was a very important factor in university training.

After two much-appreciated solos had been sung by Mr. R. D. Norris, the tenor at Walmer Road Church, A. B. Newman, '09, gave one of his inimitable cornet solos, and delighted the audience with the way in which he handled the instrument.

The donation of the cup and medals was the next interesting ceremony. Chancellor McKay presented the McNaught Cup and the Chancellor's Medal to the champion athlete of the day, Mr. George E. Tomkinson, of Theology. This is the second time Mr. Tomkinson has won the championship, and much credit is due him for the splendid records that he has established in the school sports. He now holds three of the College records—the one hundred yard record, which he won in 1904, and those in putting the shot and throwing the hammer, which he established this year.

The Rev. C. H. Schutt presented the two Association medals to their winners, Mr. N. McNaughton, '07, and Mr. W. J. Hayden, '09.

Mr. E. R. Fitch, B.A., last year's president of the Athletic Association, presented the badges to the successful competitors, a complete list of whom will be found elsewhere in this column.

Special mention must also be made of the very clever and entertaining work of a squad of young men from the Central Y. M. C. A. Their feats on the German horse, and in tumbling were worthy of special notice.

The singing of the national anthem brought to a successful close the first Athletic Night of the Athletic Association. Here's to a long line of others to follow.

Inter-Year Association.—The games in Association this year have been characterized either by very close play or else by an extreme lack of practice. We incline rather to the second view, for there have been five tie games played in the series. The first scheduled game was played on the seventh of November, between Theology and Nought-Nine. This game met the fate of most of the others, and resulted in a tie, neither side scoring, although the Sophs. made many rushes through the mud, only to shoot wide of the mark.

On the eleventh these same teams met once more, but with the same result as in the previous game; neither side was able to prove its superiority.

Finally, however, on the nineteenth, in a steady drizzle, and with the mud four and three-quarter inches deep all over the field, by actual measurement, the Sophs. won out by a score of one to zero, in a rather slow game. The following are the teams:

Sophomores (1)—Goal, Sloat; fullbacks, Hayden, Lang; halfbacks, Jury, Lewis, Newell; forwards, Bissett, Mullowney, McLaurin, Rutledge, Detlor.

Theology (0)—Goal, Benson and Beddow; fullbacks, Tomkinson, Constable and McLaurin (J. B.); halfbacks, Ward, Freeman, Nobles; forwards, McKinnon, Wilkes, Gray, Holman, Mayzes, Pettit.

The Second Series of ties in Association was that between '08 and '10. These two years started their struggle on the ninth of November, and finished up on the twenty-seventh, playing off an intermediate installment on the twenty-first. The only points worthy of notice in this round of games, are the facts that the ground was ideal for football, so soft to fall on, and also that in the game on the twenty-first two goals were (actually) scored, one by each side, which caused rather a flutter of excitement. The final game was gained by '08 winning from the Freshmen by one goal to nothing. The teams who thus distinguished themselves were:

On the Junior Team—Moyle, Jordan, Vichert, Raithby, Bingham, Waters, Cohoe, Curtis, Weston, Ritchie, McKechnie.

The Freshmen Team—Bingham, Firstbrook, C. McKinnon, Shaffer, George, Chadwick, J. Wearing, Kelly, Bissett, Robertson, Burrill, Crowe.

Semi-Final.—On November the twenty-eighth, the stalwarts of the Senior Year, donning their armour, went up to the field to bury the victorious Juniors in the mud. During the first half, the play was pretty even, but in the last half, when darkness fell, fell also the fortunes of '07. A goal was scored by the Juniors, with about ten minutes' time left. During this last ten minutes it became so dark that whenever the ball was kicked all stood around silently, waiting anxiously to hear the dull splash of the ball, in some nearby mud puddle, when there would be a wild rush in the direction of the sound. The Juniors scored a second goal just before time was called, winning the game by a score of 2—0. As far as could be made out through the darkness, the teams were as follows:

Nought-Eight—Moyle, Jordan, Vichert, Raithby, Bingham, Waters, Cohoe, Ritchie, Curtis, Weston, McKechnie.

Nought-Seven—Burke, S. R. McEwen, Telford, Wor[illegible]
Cohoe, Challen, McPhail, McNaughton, Ross, Craig, White.
played off on the twenty-ninth of November. The Sophs. and

The Final Game in the Inter-Year Association series was

Juniors were the contestants for the title. A stiff fight was put up by both sides. The unexpected happened, when the Sophomores secured the only goal scored during the game, thus winning the honor of being champions in Inter-Year Association football for the year 1906-07. The teams.

Nought-Nine—Sloat, Hayden, Lang, Jury, Lewis, Newell, Bissett, Mullowney, McLaurin, Rutledge, Detlor (captain).

Nought-Eight—Moyle, Jordan, Vichert, Raithby, Bingham, Waters, Cohoe, Ritchie, Curtis, Weston (captain), McKechnie.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: R. C. Benson.

PERHAPS no year on graduation has left behind a better record of achievements than the invincible Noughty-five. Individually and collectively they have contributed much to every side of the University's life. Perhaps their greatest strength was in athletics, and here they easily outclassed all opponents and safely guarded the Matthews' Cup for three successive years of their course. On the platform they captured a goodly share of victories in debate, and added their quota also to the literary, social and spiritual life of the institution.

No year has exhibited greater zeal and enthusiasm in furthering the interests of Alma Mater. Truly some did not spare the hammer, but even the "Knockers' Union" sometimes serves a purpose. Noughty-five had opinions and they expressed them, and while other years were dreaming of the glories of the past they were making history for the future. They did things in their own unique way, and to-day McMaster bears the strong impression of their genius and originality. Seldom passed a week that did not see them in secret conclave until the class meeting became the *sine qua non* of their existence, and ominous of great things to come. It was a time when every man unloaded his surplus energy in heated discussion and debate. The meetings were always spicy and protracted, and the temperature rather high, but here it was that new ideas were evolved and theories propounded which afterwards found practical expression in the life of the University.

To-day the members of '05 are scattered throughout the continent. Some are filling positions of importance and trust, some are delving into theological mysteries in our own institu-

tion, while others are pursuing post-graduate work in other universities.

W. G. Carpenter is principal of the Bowmanville Collegiate Institute.

Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has laid hold of E. A. Helie. Euclid is doing Ph.D. work in philosophy.

The following are in the B.Th. course in McMaster: W. E. Matthews, O. C. Gray, G. E. Tompkinson, J. G. Whiten and J. B. McLaurin.

J. A. Janes is watching the Baptist flock in St. Mary's.

Earl Clarke teaches in Victoria, B.C.

C. H. Fountain is a theologue in one of the American universities.

E. C. Jordan, having yielded to the lure of the West, is teaching in the Regina Industrial School.

J. H. Cranston is the private secretary of J. E. Atkinson, editor of The Toronto Star.

The ladies of '05 are teaching. Miss Hartley at Yonkers, N.Y.; Miss Senior, at Grande Ligne, and Miss Windsor at the Aurora High School.

Cyrus S. Eaton has had charge of a church in Cleveland, Ohio, but is at present resting from the arduous labors of the pastorate. When last heard of "Cy" was riding bronchos and roping steers somewhere on the plains of Saskatchewan.

G. S. and H. H. Johnson are at the Hamilton Normal College. George is the popular president of the O. N. C. Literary Society.

T. H. Peine is in the head office of the Dominion Express Company at the Toronto Union Station. We are glad to see "Teddy" again in the city.

Noughty-five is represented in the ministry by five others of her sons: E. R. Fitch, is at Wingham; W. J. Grigg, at Chilliwack, B.C., and "Eph" Viens is laying down the truth at the Capital; D. A. McGregor preaches in Westport, and Huson Wright is proving his doctrines orthodox in the town of Goderich.

J. B. McArthur is in business in the city. "J. B." has been official referee in the O. R. F. U. for the past season, and has officiated at many important games.

D. L. MacLaurin is teaching in Victoria, B.C.

D. G. Munro is again attending the School of Science. "Gar." ever prominent in athletics, held down left outside wing on the Varsity Senior Rugby Team this year in a most acceptable manner.

Bert Vining is in Toronto.

George Gorman's address is Petrolea, Ont.

Harry Parker is completing M.A. work in mathematics in attendance.

George Young recently resigned the pastorate of the New Liskeard Church, and is now serving up Baptist doctrines at Bobcaygeon.

This ends the whereabouts of a class who were continually yelling: —

Pogga Wogga! Pogga Wogga!
Meda Meda Naw!
Noughty-five! Noughty-five!
Yaw! Yaw! Yaw!

On May 14, 1906, the graduating class in Arts assembled in Room I for the final class meeting of their course. At that meeting it was unanimously decided to organize the class permanently and to have a grand re-union every five years. Messrs. Chave and Fox were elected President and Secretary, respectively, and the gathering dispersed with a full chorus of "Hashamayim."

F. C. Mabee, '04, is pursuing a course in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.

Newton Centre Theological Seminary claims another son of McMaster—F. M. Armstrong, '01.

S. M. McLay, '03, is studying medicine in the Provincial University.

Rev. J. J. Reeve, Th.D., is professor of Hebrew in the Kansas City Seminary, to succeed Dr. Morton, deceased. Dr. Reeve is a full graduate of McMaster University, of the Divinity School of Chicago University, and received Th.D. from the Seminary here.—*Baptist Argus.* The Monthly most heartily congratulates Dr. Reeve on his appointment.

J. A. McDonald, '01, formerly Superintendent of Instruction in Canon City, Cal., is engaged in the study of medicine at 'Varsity.

P. C. MacLaurin, '01, was united in marriage to Miss L. E. Williamson, October 24, 1906, at Vankleek Hill. Mr. MacLaurin is in the lumber business in Montreal.

Hymen has claimed still another victim in the person of L. A. Vail, '04. "Les" was also recently up before an ordination council and was given the prefix "Rev." Congratulations! for both these achievements.

Rev. A. W. Torrie, '02, has resigned his pastorate in Midland, where he has been for the past two years. Mr. Torrie has begun evangelistic work among the Home Mission Churches of the Province, under the direction of the Local Board. The first town visited was Preston, where his work was attended with marked success. Mr. Torrie is the possessor of peculiar evangelical gifts and a wealth of experience in evangelism that should admirably equip him for such a work.

Rev. F. J. Scott, '99, B.Th., '04, of the Murray Street Baptist Church, Peterborough, has recently accepted the appointment of Missionary to South America. Mr. and Mrs. Scott will leave for Bolivia in the spring to supervise the work of the Baptist Mission in La Paz.

In the early part of November last the Young Men's Clubs of St. Thomas, met to organize a debating union for the winter months. G. N. Langdon, '03, was elected to the presidency, and Dr. C. C. Lumley, '03, and Principal F. E. Lumley, of the Disciples' College, for two years a member of '05, McMaster, were made *honoris causa* members of the union.

A letter received by the editor from N. A. Harkness, '04, from Chicago University, informs us that this year also that institution is not without some of the "Osciwow-wow" spirit. Mr. Harkness has his eye on a Ph.D. degree in philosophy. Other McMaster men who are studying for the Doctorate are: D. C. McIntosh, '03, in theology and philosophy; John McLauchlan, '03, in church history; R. H. Mode, B.D., '02, in semitics, and H. L. McNeill, '94, in classics. Perren Baker, '00, is taking lectures in theology, and J. W. Hotson, '01, M.A., '02, is pursuing advanced work in botany.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MARY STILLWELL.

WE were glad to have Miss Norton with us at our Missionary Prayer Meeting this month, and to hear her speak of the work done by our Home Missionaries in the small towns and outlying districts of our great Province.

A NUMBER of the girls had the pleasure of attending the concert given by the La Scala Orchestra, under the direction of Ruggero Leoncavallo, in Massey Music Hall, and also the concert given by the famous contralto, Mme. Schumann-Heink.

ALTHOUGH the third Friday in the month is the day set for the meeting of the Heliconian Society, we were glad that we were able to postpone our meeting in order to attend the open meeting of the Literary Society of McMaster University.

A VERY successful recital was given this month by the pupils of Mrs. Bradly and Mrs. Arnton.

ON November 30th we were delighted to have Mrs. Hubbard, the noted woman explorer of Labrador, lecture to us in the College Chapel. Mrs. Hubbard spoke chiefly about the different tribes of Indians that she had met when on her trip of exploration, describing their appearance and customs. At the close of Mrs. Hubbard's lecture some splendid views were shown of quiet lakes, plunging, tossing rapids, bleak, forbidding shores and rough, unbroken portages, which told their own tale of hardship and endurance for the one who first had crossed that land.

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR: A. L. THERRIEN, B.A.

OUR Principal, Arthur E. Masse, was in his bed for about two weeks just before the school opened. It took something of the nature of rheumatic fever to bring him down to that. On the 2nd of October, however, he was at his post ready to welcome the boys and girls, and to shoulder his heavy task with the same characteristic vim that he has displayed right here for the last eighteen years. Nobody can estimate the value of that man and of his brother, Dr. Massé, to our institution.

AT a temperance meeting, held here on the 2nd of November, the important item on the programme was an address given in English by Dr. G. N. Massé. It was a rare treat to hear him. In substance Dr. Massé told the boys they ought to sign the pledge, because: First, It is the safe course to follow; second, it would add to their influence; third, the cause needs their help, and that makes it a duty.

WE have a rare singer in the person of Miss Lillie M. Senior. We venture to say that she never had more enthusiastic auditors, even at McMaster, than she has in the boys and girls of Feller Institute. We also have a male quartette; that you may judge of its quality I have only to name the men, Messrs. Brouillet, Roy, Allen and Therrien, and to add that they are all McMaster men; that is, Allen will be, very shortly; the others have been.

WHEN Allen goes to McMaster we want to send Ed. Tyson along too. He hails from Atlantic City. His father is a Baptist preacher down there, and that's just what he is going to be. His sister is here too, just to keep him from becoming too much of a Canadian, and incidentally to be the assistant music teacher to Mrs. Massé.

OUR football team travelled to Montreal on the 10th of November, and beat St. John the Evangelist School, 16 to 6. They did it by excellent line-bucking. The way the backs went through the openings made for them by the forwards was a feast to the eyes.

THE Literary Society is very much alive, and our young men show earnestness in their desire to get all the benefit possible

from it. The membership is cosmopolitan. There are French-Canadians, English-Canadians and Americans. To the observer they present types that recall Papineau and McDonald, and—well, one of the Americans who claims to be "getting to look more and more like Napoleon every day," will perhaps be a Daniel Webster some day, and then, maybe he can prove to the conviction of his hearers that gold is of more value to the world than iron.

Here and There.

EDITOR: M. H. LONG, '08.

WE are in receipt of the following exchanges for November: *Queen's University Journal, McGill Outlook, Acadia Athenaum, Mercerian, Presbyterian College Journal, University of Virginia Magazine, Philomathean Monthly, O. N. C. Monthly, Lux Columbiana, Manitoba College Journal, College Review, Collegian, Acta Victoriana, University Monthly, William Jewell Student, Vox Collegii, University of Ottawa Review, O. A. C. Review, Vox Wesleyana, Viatorian, Trinity University Review, Bowdoin Quill.*

ONE of the most charming and pathetic of the stories which brighten and humanize the pages of history is that of the love of Abelard and Eloise. The story is beautifully and touchingly told in "Abelard and Eloise" of the Temple Classics Series. To those who are seeking holiday literature we can recommend this little volume as one of high worth. From the *Bowdoin Quill* for October we have culled this sonnet:

ABELARD AT ST. MARCEL.

Maid of the winning ways, as I sit here
  In the twilight and dream of days gone by,
  Softly thy shadow floats before mine eye,
Sweetly thy voice falls now upon mine ear.

Ah, Sweetheart, what sad changes brings each year!
  Now you and I have drifted far apart;
  No more with passion's fire glows my heart,
As in those wild sweet days when thou wert near.

Caught in the charms of love divinely sweet,
Unheeding the word of the law, our feet
  Ran the wild race that leads to grief and tears.

Rashly we sowed. Ah, sadly we reaped and know,
Alas, too late, that from love's seed can grow
  No lasting fruit on fields that passion sears.

—P. H. P., '08.

The November exchanges abound in effusions to the departed beauties of summer, the glories of the autumn time and the bleak heraldings of the oncoming winter. The verse, however, is for the most part mediocre. From the *Notre Dame Scholastic* we have made a selection which possesses a fair degree of merit.

WHEN THE SNOWBIRDS SING.

When the lark and thrush and robin
Flee before the winter wind,
And the last sweet bloom has faded
That the summer left behind,
There's a sadness unexpressive
In the storms that winter brings,
There is sorrow in the music
That the snowbird sings.

Out across the whitening meadows
Where the children used to play,
Steal the heavy clouds of even
Robed in penitential gray;
All is dark and cold and gloomy
Where we oft did roam in spring,
And my heart is filled with sadness
When the snowbirds sing.

The *McGill Outlook* is one of the most readable of the exchanges which we receive. The paper is a weekly, with a staff composed entirely of students, and the atmosphere of life and optimism which pervades the reading matter is quite refreshing. The editorials are well written and pertinent, while the student news is handled in a fashion at once original, witty and exhaustive. The more serious tone of the paper is partially sustained by a series of articles written by prominent men on such topics as "Public Speaking and University Education," "The Profession or the Trade," etc. If we may be permitted to offer a kindly criticism, however, we would suggest that this phase of the *Outlook* would be further improved by an occasional article of some literary pretensions from the undergraduate pen. A bright, short story now and then, or a few poems rising above the class of doggerel would also be well placed. With these additions we think that the *Outlook* would take a high place among college journals.

From a copy of *The Varsity* that reached our sanctum through a friend, we learn that the Exchange Editor of that journal considers the October number of The Monthly "exceedingly wearisome to outsiders." Why, bless your simple soul, dear brother editor, you do not expect college papers, even at their best, to be interesting to outsiders, do you? If you do, per-

mit us to warn you that a year's experience in your present capacity will disillusion you. If they can but interest insiders sufficiently to tempt the coy dollars from unwilling pockets, they surely have done all that can be fairly expected of them. We cannot say whether *The Varsity* is interesting to outsiders or not, for though it formerly came to this office its present editors do not send it in exchange for our magazine, though the latter goes regularly to them. We should be glad to receive *The Varsity*, but in its absence we have more time to read the excellent weekly and monthly papers that come from McGill, Queen's, Chicago, Columbia, Princeton, Notre Dame, Virginia and other Canadian and American colleges.

From the aforesaid chance copy of *The Varsity* we conclude that on the whole it must be an excellent example of a college weekly, and that in all likelihood it is thoroughly interesting to its undergraduate readers. With hand upon our heart we declare, however, that it is not particularly interesting to us. But then, why should it be? It is not written for our edification. We are, we must say, deeply pained to find the exchange column of the said stray number disfigured by such misprints as "imoortal" and "apropas," and by such a careless sentence as "within was only shallow criticism and short stories, etc." Dear brother editor, what would Mr. Burnham do to a Freshman's essay containing that sentence? These are, of course, only trifles, but would it not be wiser to spend on them some of the time devoted to criticising the work of your confrères in Winnipeg, Wolfville and Toronto? Such criticism as you have indulged in is poor business; leave it to the Niagara *Index*, the well-known bully of college journalism. Take our word for it, too, that a weekly or monthly column of such stuff will be of practically no interest at all to your subscribers; at best it will engage the attention of a few exchange editors.

As to your opinion of the number of THE MONTHLY you criticise, we hereby take oath that we are inclined to share it. Our October number was an historical number pure and simple, and as such was intended neither for exchange editors nor even for our undergraduate readers, but primarily for graduates. We Baptists have been carrying on education work in this province for fifty years, and we have been publishing THE MONTHLY for fifteen years. In our simplicity we thought the time opportune to review the history of these years; the result was the number upon which you have so cruelly fallen. Why could you not have permitted us our mild satisfaction? Why did you destroy our simple dream by proclaiming to the great world your dread sentence? Why, oh why, did you judge THE MONTHLY by *The Varsity*, and mentally compare the sober gravity of our his-

torical articles with the lively fancy and coruscating wit of the poetry and prose that adorn your pages. Why, indeed, did you go so far from home for comparison? Surely there is one well-known publication issued from your University that every month partakes of the nature of an historical number, and that like our number is "excessively wearisome to outsiders." There have been historical numbers of *The Varsity* and will be others; a knowing little bird tells us that these have been and will be "excessively wearisome to outsiders." *Verb. sap.*, good brother.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content poor heart,
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loosed may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."
—*Unidentified.*

Try Brains.—"Mamma, I's got a stomach-ache," said Nellie, six years old. "That's because you've been without lunch. It's because your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it." That afternoon the pastor called, and, in the course of conversation, remarked that he had been suffering all day with the headache. "That's because it is empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel much better if you had something in it."—*Judge's Magazine of Fun.*

A Partial Hint.—A good story is told of a very mild North-of-England vicar, who had for some time been displeased with the quality of the milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly: "I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me." "Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman. "I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively and not for christening."—*Tid Bits.*

The University of Virginia Magazine is perhaps the best of the exchanges which have yet reached us. The cover is original and attractive and it encloses some seventy odd pages of reading matter. The stories are well written, sustaining the reader's interest throughout. The more purely literary tone

of the magazine is maintained by an essay on "Tennyson and Lucretius" and by a number of poems of some merit. Altogether we must congratulate the University of Virginia Magazine upon its initial number for the term. We quote from its pages:

EX PARADISO AMORIS.

We stole together into that New Land,
Where everything was glad and strange and fair;
And fresh-caught garlands filled each eager hand,
While endless music seemed to scent the air.

We were life's children, lost in Paradise,
Fearful, reluctant, loving—I and thou;
The dream of all the future in thine eyes,
The crown of youth immortal on my brow.

No words we spoke, save now and then to still
The rapture that did over-hush the heart.
Sometimes our living lips would slowly spill
The broken melody of kisses, and then part.

We recked not of the Angel and the Brand,
For we were caught in some too-soothing spell.
Day darkened, night was present, silence, and
We learned youth's olden death-word "Love, farewell."

—LEON RUTLEDGE WHIPPLE

TWO IS COMPANY.—Aunt.—"Oh, Tommy, how cruel! Why did you cut that poor worm in two?" Tommy—"Oh, 'e seemed so lonely."—*Punch.*

WHEN IT WAS THROUGH.—"Did the sermon produce much of an effect?" "Well, it was followed by what you might call 'a great religious awakening.'"—Ex.

A hen was cackling loud and long;
Said I to her, "How strange your song!"
Said she, "It's not a song. In fact
It's just a lay, to be eggs-act."—*Ex.*

AN ANTIDOTE.—Martha's mistress often boasts of her readiness of resource. "The best nursemaid in the town," she calls her. One day she came home from a drive, to be confronted with the startling news that the baby had swallowed a button. "And what did you do, Martha?" she asked in some anxiety, although trusting that it had been the right thing. "Why," said Martha, "I made him swallow a buttonhole right away."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE
McMaster University Monthly
JANUARY, 1907

BROWNING'S "PARACELSUS."

II.

The third scene finds Paracelsus at the summit of his fame —appointed the first professor of science at Basel University. While there he is visited by his old friend Festus, and the two spend an entire night in a conversation that is of enthralling interest. Paracelsus confesses to a conviction that he has utterly failed; although he is the object of the people's admiration. He has pursued an ideal so splendid that his actual performance seems nothing. In what that ideal consisted he does not say precisely. (It might, perhaps, be said to be the attainment of knowledge (i.e. power) so absolute as practically to end "Evil." But all have felt in some measure that disappointment. Endeavor after the ideal is its own reward. To adapt the words of Festus, the most successful men feel,

> "A restlessness of heart, a silent yearning,
> A sense of something wanting, incomplete—
> Not to be put in words, perhaps avoided
> By mute consent."

His friend encourages Paracelsus by enumerating some of the scientific triumphs of the latter, saying:

> "Death retires before
> Your presence—when the noblest of mankind
> Broken in body or subdued in soul,
> May through you still renew their vigor, raise
> The shattered frame to pristine stateliness?"

And, referring to the discovery of laudanum,

> "When men in racking pain may purchase dreams
> Of what delights them most, swooning at once
> Into a sea of bliss or rapt along
> As on a flying sphere of turbulent light?"

But it is impossible for his old friend quite to subdue the pessimism that assails the soul of the great chemist, and Paracelus says,

> "I shall rejoice
> When my part in the farce is shuffled through,
> And the curtain falls: I must hold out till then."

It is Festus who is much the nobler of the two in this memorable dialogue. He falls back at length on the reflection,

> "It is our trust
> That there is yet another world to mend
> All error and mishance."

And the pessimist replies with a humane passion,

> "Another world!
> And why this world, this common world, to be
> A make-shift, a mere foil, how fair soever,
> To some fine life to come? Man must be fed
> With angels' food, forsooth; and some few traces
> Of a diviner nature which looks out
> Through his corporeal baseness, warrant him
> In a supreme contempt of all provision
> For his inferior tastes—some straggling marks
> Which constitute his essence, just as truly
> As here and there a gem would constitute
> The rock, their barren bed, one diamond.
> But were it so—were man all mind—he gains
> A station little enviable. From God
> Down to the lowest spirit ministrant,
> Intelligence exists which casts *our* mind
> Into unmeasurable shade. No, no:
> Love, Hope, Fear, Faith,—these make humanity;
> These are its sign and note and character,
> And these I have lost! Gone, shut from me forever,
> Like a dead friend safe from unkindness more!"

This scene represents Paracelsus,

> "In the midway of this our mortal life."

It is the storm and stress period of his life. It is the thick of the battle between the forces of light and darkness, Doubt and Faith, and the battle-field is the soul of a great man. Festus succeeds only partially in cheering his distinguished friend, but begs him in parting to call for him if he (Paracelsus) found light on the mystery which beclouds him.

> "If this mood
> Shall pass away, if light once more arise
> Where all is darkness now, if you see fit
> To hope and trust again, and strive again,
> You will remember—not our love alone—
> But that my faith in God's desire that man
> Should trust on his support, (as I must think
> You trusted) is obscured and dim through you:
> For you are thus, and this is no reward.
> Will you not call me to your side, dear Aureole?"

It is in reply to this appeal that in the fourth scene Paracelsus, when exiled from Basel, in Colmar, in Alsatia, does send for Festus. He has ceased to teach and has begun his old journeyings and studying, his old search after knowledge again. He is in a strange state of elation, freed from the irksome care of his professorship. He is delighted to be free. We hear him sing, for he is a poet as well as a philosopher, an allegorical song representing his past life. He has attained knowledge and Love, but his endeavors were coldly received by humanity whom he wished to bless. This is his song,

> Over the sea our galleys went,
> With cleaving prows in order brave
> To a speeding wind and a bounding wave,
> A gallant armament:
> Each bark built out of a forest tree
> Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
> And nailed all over the gaping sides,
> Within and without, with black bull-hides,
> Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,
> To bear the playful billows' game;

So, each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view.
But each upbore a stately tent
Where cedar pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,
And an awning drooped the mast below,
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide nor starshine
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,
Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar;
But when the night wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the voyagers from afar
Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
And with light and perfume, music too:
So the stars wheeled round, and the darkness past,
And at morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast.

Now, one morn, land appeared,—a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky:
"Avoid it," cried our pilot, "check
"The shout, restrain the eager eye,"
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh:
So, we broke the cedar pales away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
And a statue bright was on every deck.
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbor thus,
With pomp and paen glorious.

A hundred shapes of lucid stone!
All day we built its shrine for each,
A shrine of rock for every one,
Nor paused till in the western sun,
We sat together on the beach

To sing because our task was done.
When lo! what shouts and merry songs!
What laughter all the distance stirs!
A loaded raft with happy throngs
Of gentle islanders!
"Our isles are just at hand" they cried.

"Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping;
"Our temple-gates are opened wide,
"Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping
"For these majestic forms" they cried.
Oh, then we awoke with sudden start
From our deep dream, and knew, too late,
How bare the rock, how desolate,
Which had received our precious freight:
Yet we called out—"Depart!
"Our gifts once given, must here abide!

"Our work is done; we have no heart
"To mar our work," we cried.

In this song Paracelsus intimates to his friend Festus that he considers himself to have wasted his affection and his labors upon the people. But as the beautiful specimens of art set up on the barren island might not be removed, so he would not, could not, alter the past. But he is still longing, still aspiring, still unsatisfied as every great nature must be, peering into Life's mysteries. When Festus tells Paracelsus that Michel his wife is dead, Paracelsus turns comforter and tells Festus that one supreme mystery he has explored—namely Death.

"Now, do you know,
I can reveal a secret which shall comfort
Even you. I have no julep, as men think,
To cheat the grave; but a far better secret.
Know, then, you did not ill to trust your love
To the cold earth; I have thought much of it:
For I believe we do not wholly die.
Nay, do not laugh; there is a reason
For what I say: I think the soul can never
Taste death. I am, just now, as you may see,
Very unfit to put so strange a thought
In an intelligible dress of words;
But take it as my trust, she is not dead."

This utterance just closes the fourth scene. It is a ray of sunshine in a day of clouds.

In the fifth scene Paracelsus, having been struck down by enemies is dying. His life of fierce struggle with superstition, prejudice and ignorance is closing. And it finds him a victor through Faith. That confidence in God and Immortality which he had enjoyed only at rare intervals in his stormy career, is calm and settled at the close.

"At evening time it shall be light."

Festus is watching by him, listening to his delirious talk. Toward the end there is a long interval of full consciousness. Then he fully discloses his heart to his one friend. He acknowledges that he has not better succeeded because he has believed too little in man. He wanted suddenly to raise them to his own vantage point—a task impossible, so he had turned from his work in despair.

"And why?
In my own heart love had not been made wise
To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
Of their half reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts.
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him.
. . . Now if I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day.
You understand me? I have said enough?"

In the fifth scene the full glory and splendor of the heart and mind of Paracelsus are disclosed. Death strips away his wilful reserve and he discloses to Festus his theory of life

which he had thought his fellows unready to receive. It is splendid, ravishing. There he gives his wisdom of the universe being prepared for the advent of man through the ages. He shows that man is the consummation—though "man is not man as yet." This scene must surely be regarded as one of the most beautiful things in our literature, and repays a hundredfold the closest study. It contains the theory of Evolution in a poetic dress. Paracelsus is represented as having anticipated that theory. The world, he explains, had no meaning until the advent of man. When He appeared all nature became significant.

> " Thus God dwells in all,
> From Life's minute beginnings, up at last
> To man—the consummation of this scheme
> Of being, the completion of this sphere
> Of life; whose attributes had here and there
> Been scattered o'er the visible world before,
> Asking to be combined, dim fragments meant
> To be united in some wondrous whole,
> Imperfect qualities throughout creation,
> Suggesting some one creature yet to make
> Some point where all those scattered rays should meet
> Convergent in the faculties of man."

Very early in his long life of seventy-seven years, Browning once for all made up his mind upon those subjects that are recognized among us as of supreme import. In his case his very earliest poems are, in the view of life which they present, prophetic of all his future work. He ever finds the solution of the mysteries of pain, of sin, and of death, in the thought of an overshadowing Love disciplining an undying soul. This faith constituted practically the whole of his religion. It sufficed for him and accounted for his unwavering optimism. He had these deeply seated convictions and clung to them to the last. To show this—

In 1835 he wrote the poem I have been reviewing. In 1864 in his poem, "Apparent Failure," he writes—

> " It's wiser being good than bad ;
> It's safer being meek than fierce :
> It's fitter being sane than mad.
> My own hope is, a sun will pierce
> The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ;

That after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched ;
That what began best, can't end worst
Nor what God blessed once prove accurst."

And the very last poem we have from him, published on the day of his death, shows that he died in the same faith in which he had lived.

He says he was,

" One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

CONCLUSION.

In this beautiful poem, his masterpiece, Browning depicts for us the Truth-seeker, the Reformer.

The Reformer, whether his work be religious, social or political, has three great obstacles to overcome. We hear generally of only one; but he must be armed with "triple brass."

In the first place, in the case of Paracelsus, friends whose goodwill was everything to him would importune him, sometimes with tears, to desist from his perilous search after truth. This was an awful strain upon the heart—to feel that there were those who were sincerely anxious for his good, and yet unable to sympathize with him in his pursuit of the "pale gleam." Nothing could be finer than Browning's portrayal of this in the parting of Paracelsus from Michal and Festus.

In the second place there were the more overt and pronounced enemies of his new movement, viz.: those who were committed irrevocably to tradition.

In Browning's poem Paracelsus battles single-handed against the prejudices of a thousand years—a labor of Hercules! What a sinecure in comparison, is it to hand down established traditions!

Paracelsus was in young manhood, the embodiment of the youth described in Longfellow's poem,—"Excelsior." He attempted grandly, and although he at last died of a broken heart, he yet died the reformer of medicine and the father of

modern physics. Reformers are too impatient. The world is slow to change—but it changes.

The third and most formidable enemy of the Reformer is himself.

As the years passed on Paracelsus found that he had set himself a task that in his lifetime could not be accomplished. He fell into despair and so found an enemy within greater than all the bigots without. It is hard to believe in one's self against the opinion of the world. The "Fightings without" are as nothing to the "Fears within."

Terrible indeed must be the experiences of the independent investigator. His outward struggles are very great, but they are as nothing compared with the inward conflicts. We follow with bleeding hearts the outward toils and struggles of Christ—the Reformer, but who witnessed his conflicts when led up by the Spirit into the wilderness? To some extent all the world's pioneers have shared his sufferings and this poem is a splendid, a successful attempt to paint the soul-struggles of one devoted to the service of men, but only weak and human, unsustained by a sufficient faith.

The picture is great and is very touching.

"It may be
Something is hidden in the mystery,
Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was. And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vague regret.
But still *our place is kept*, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late:
No star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been,
Since Good, though only thought, has life and breath,
God's life—can always be redeemed from death;
And Evil, in its nature, is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away;
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,
May be the truer life and this the dream."—*Proctor.*

B. W. N. Grigg.

MANITA, AN INDIAN LEGEND.

THE story of Manita is one of the most beautiful legends of the Huron tribe of Indians. It has been handed down a great many years, perhaps more than two centuries, to the few of their descendants who still rove about Sturgeon Lake and Scugog River, of North-eastern Ontario. At Sturgeon Point, almost on the shore of the lake, a circle of flat, smooth stones marks the graves of the Huron Princess, Manita, and her lover, Ogemah, the Iroquois Chief.

The story of these two lovers is preserved for us in a short poem written by William McDonnell, who spent much of his life in that district, and who was interested in gathering from the Indians their legends of what took place before white men invaded the country. It is the purpose of this paper to give the story found in this poem.

It was the close of a sultry summer's day. The ruddy glow of brilliant sunset was fading in the west, and shadows were lengthening and deepening along the shore. Tall oaks seemed listening to lisping wavelets that kissed their feet and lapped the pebbly strand. Distant objects grew faint and dim in the lessening light, while—

> "The lone crane that to its covert flew
> Scarce stirred the calm air in its lazy flight,
> The hush was deep and all around was still,
> Save for the hum of insects o'er the lake,
> Or for the quick notes of the whip-poor-will,
> Which came as if to keep the woods awake.
> A lone cloud, fringed with light, stood upon high
> Like some night guardian of the silent sky,
> Stars came out one by one, as if to see
> How like to Paradise the place could be."

As the twilight deepened the light of a fire on Sturgeon Point brightened in the oak grove, its curling smoke floating out among the green branches which sheltered the tents of the Huron camp. The Chief sat beside the camp fire puffing his pipe, without a care, for it was a time of peace, and his fear-

less, faithful band of warriors was near at hand. But his daughter, Manita, was standing on the high bank in the shadow of a pine, anxiously gazing across the water for the misty shape of a canoe. Her lover, Ogemah, the brave Iroquois Chief, a month ago had sent her a message that he would meet her this very night. The moon had now risen, and—

> "A moonbeam stole upon her face,
> Revealing features wond'rous fair,
> Her proud neck wrapped in raven hair,
> And from her eyes, at times, a light
> Gleamed as from fire-flies in the night."

Uneasy, and dreaming of danger, she watched down the lake towards Treaty Rock, and across the water to the mouth of the Scugog.

> "But nothing came to greet her view
> Like Ogemah or his canoe;
> Nor voice, nor sound, yet reached her ear,
> Save when the night-hawk plunged quite near,
> Or when some startled wild bird's cry
> Was echoed in the summer sky."

But Ogemah was coming. His strange canoe was gliding down the Scugog, bearing no unfriendly weapons, but rich gifts of wampum belts, curious pipes and embroidered leggings for the Hurons, whose Princess he was seeking for his bride, for she had thrown a spell around his heart. With sturdy stroke he paddled on to reach the lake, and as the sun was setting he saw its "crimson breast and the purple hues around the shore." But sad thoughts crowded upon him as Bald Point came in view, the place where his father's tribe had fought a fierce battle with the Hurons, in which they were victorious, but lost their own Chief and captured the Hurons'. Many were slain or captured, and few were shown any mercy, but Ogemah pleaded for the old Chief and his daughter, Manita, until they were made his prisoners. His tribe journeyed far into the West, and for fifty moons he retained his captives. No Iroquois did them injury; for Manita had a power to charm, and the children and maids loved her. Ogemah loved her from the first, and sought to gain her friendship by teaching her the

signs and wonders of the wood. Together they hunted the beaver in the deep streams, or practiced with the bow and arrow, though none of hers ever disturbed a bird's nest. At last the captives were freed, but Ogemah had won Manita's love, and before they parted she promised him that no rival would take his place till they should meet again.

And now Ogemah was coming to see if she were faithful, and to claim her for his own. His canoe grated on the shore, when, looking around for someone to greet, a water-lily fell at his feet.

> "'Ah, Manita!' he cried, 'Still true,
> I know this emblem comes from you.'"

He raised the flower, and she came out from the shadows. He rushed to clasp her to his breast, and pressed his lips upon her brow—

> "And, oh! what rapture in each face,
> What words of love with each embrace;
> They sat upon the gravelly strand,
> Beneath the moonbeams, hand in hand,
> And then he told her wond'rous things,
> The future should have golden wings,
> A wreath of hope should span the sky—
> The Rainbow vision up on high—
> That every hour and every day
> Should fling but sunlight in her way,
> That with her he should ever stay."

Then Manita told her lover how she had watched for him on the bank all day, listening to the squirrel, which came near chattering his name, "chic-chic, Ogemah," and the swallow twittering over her head, reading her secret thoughts, and at evenings the robin singing his soft, sweet, lone song for her. She told of how she had watched until his canoe had touched the shore, and she had thrown the lily from her hiding place behind the oak—

> "And when you cried,
> 'Ah, Manita'—quick to your side
> I ran, and lost all bashful pride—
> Why should I blush to tell my love?
> The sunlight coming from above
> Brings not more rapture to the sight
> Than you bring to my heart this night."

Then with words of love and embraces Ogemah reviewed his lonely months since their parting. If she had not greeted him this night, he said, such deep affliction would have brought but death. "Hush, of that dark chief do not speak," said Manita. "Death is like the night, like the bleak winter which stills the tongue and dims the eye, stops the pulse and chills the blood." She told him of her terrible dreams of some enemy wounding her dearest friend, and of a danger which she feared for him. There was another suitor for her hand, Kenabeek, a dark and treacherous knave, who would bribe her father for her and be a wily, dangerous foe to him if he suspected their purpose. She warned Ogemah to beware of his rival until the braves had met in Council and had sanctioned their vows. Thus they talked till midnight, when Manita led him to her father's tent.

Little did the happy lovers suspect that Manita's suspicions were so well founded. Kenabeek had been waiting near Bald Point with a score of dusky warriors to seize Ogemah, but had missed him. The next evening he called his braves to a secret Council and laid his treacherous schemes before them. He claimed that Ogemah had come to seize their Chieftain's daughter; that his tribe might sacrifice her to their vicious, angry god, Manitou, who would lay his rod fiercely upon them if they did not offer up the daughter of a king. Their Medicine-man in a dream lately had heard Manita scream, and had seen her gagged and bound, and no dream of his ever failed to come true. Kenabeek urged his warriors to save their Princess from one of a tribe which had lately been their bitterest enemies, that she might not be sacrificed a victim to their deity. The braves were deceived, and grasping their scalping knives in hand, they vowed a swift vengeance on the Iroquois traitor. With savage yells and the loud war-whoop they set out in their canoes for Sturgeon Point, while a heavy thunderstorm was rolling down the lake.

The zig-zag lightning and the loud crashing of *Annemeekee's drum, had swept the sky, but now—

*Thunder.

"'Twas calm again, the wind was hushed,
The flowers looked up as if ne'er crushed,
The moon arose as bright and clear
As if no cloud had dropped a tear."

The lovers once again were sitting on the high bank under the moonbeam's silver sheen, whispering of to-morrow, their bridal day, which should blend their lives forever, and of the future, in which all would be peace and happiness. But now and again Manita glanced into the shade, a nameless fear clutching at her heart that danger was near and this bliss was not for them. Again it was time to part, but—

"Each felt reluctant to prepare
To leave the place and say 'good-night.'
Manita, speaking softly, said,
'May future meetings be like this,'
While in her eyes Ogemah read
Her heart, and gave his parting kiss
And said, 'When we again meet here,
No further parting need we fear.'
Alas! how close to them lay spread
A dark abyss they well might dread!"

A cloud stole over the moon's bright face and the night wind began to sigh as if another storm were coming up. Then suddenly a dreadful shout and the fierce Indian war-whoop sounded along the shore. Turning quickly from their parting embraces, the lovers saw an enemy lurking behind each tree, and Manita in wild dread cried, "Ogemah! quick! leave this place or you are dead!' He would not turn in flight, but faced the enemy, scarcely realizing that there was cause for fear or need of action. For one moment a moonbeam streamed through a cloud, revealing to Manita her dreaded enemy, Kenabeek, slowly take aim, and the next moment there was a crimson proof that his deadly arrow had reached Ogemah's heart. He staggered but a step nearer and faintly called her name, but she had fallen in a swoon, her hopes for happiness forever doomed.

The gray dawn of the next morning found Manita sitting on the gravelly shore beside her lover, now cold in death. Now she kissed his pale, cold lips, then gazed at him fondly with calm pride. But in her face there was no trace of fear or sorrow, for her reason had fled. She could not believe that he

was dead, but only asleep, and so she softly crooned a tender, childish lullaby. To those who came near she whispered, "Hist, hist, he is asleep," and they left her in peace that day.

The Huron Chief had heard of Kenabeek's base threat too late, and before he could rush to Ogemah's relief the Iroquois Chief was slain. But ere another day passed Kenabeek, too, met his death, and his body was sunk in the lake, where none might find his grave.

A grave was dug for Ogemah beneath an old oak, and Manita, thinking it was for a bed, made it soft with branches of white and red berries, moss and wild flowers. Just as the sun was sinking in the west she placed more flowers around his head and gently pressed his cold lips for the last time. Then they laid his Indian weapons and belts of wampum near his hand, ready when he should join the band of spirits, and covered the grave with moss and birch bark.

As time passed on, day by day, Manita lingered at the grave, fancying her lover would soon waken from his sleep. The children brought her flowers, which she scattered around the sacred place, and many came to hear the song she sang at times the whole day long—

"I have a little friend
Up in the tall pine tree,
In the sunny air he sings,
Sits and sings with folded wings;
Sings low and soft down by the lake,
Lest he should Ogemah wake.

I have a pretty friend,
The red-breast in the tree,
All day for me he sings,
Word from Ogemah he brings,
And often warbles by the lake
To see if he is yet awake.

My pretty little friend
Will always stay with me,
While each simple song he sings
To my memory often brings
Something once told me by the lake,
When Ogemah was then awake.

Years fled by and still the faithful Manita spent her restless days culling flowers and crooning her lullaby, always with the grave in sight. And when her step was growing slow and the silver threads were coming in her hair, yet she always watch-

ed by her lover in his sleep, beneath the old oak, where once they had been so happy.

One autumn evening, just at sunset, she asked a child to gather the fragrant flowers, and when she had strewed them slowly around the grave, she said:

> "'I'm wearied now, and here must rest,
> Here for a while I shall a slumber take,
> Arouse me if Ogemah should awake.'
> * * * * * * *
> Then on the flowers her fading form she laid,
> The children heard in silence what she said,
> And when to camp 'twas time to have her led,
> The faithful Manita was cold and dead;
> And Ogemah, and Manita, his bride,
> At Sturgeon Point are lying side by side;
> And the rough waves that oft rush up the shore
> Seem wailing out a dirge for evermore."

EMMA KENNEDY, '08.

EXIT JOE.

Whiz! and sumfin ha'd
  Hit 'im in de haid;
Darkies in de ya'd
  Put 'im in his baid.

Cocky in de mawn
  Call 'im wif his crow—
Gabri'l wif his hawn
  Couldn't waken Joe!

Boss, he shake his haid,
  "Dere's de co'n to shuck,
Dere's de sile to spraid,
  Dere's de gin to wo'k!

Drap 'im in de groun',
  'Long ob Daddy Jones,
Cyant be foolin' roun'
  Totin' nigger's bones!"

Preacher say he know
  'Bout dis darkey's libin',
And dat long ob Joe
  Dey is glad in Heaben.

M. A. MAITLAND.

A GENTLEMAN UNAFRAID.

First Prize: Graduate Story Competition.

I.

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
* * * * * * * *
I was ever a fighter, so, one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold."

—Browning: *Prospice.*

WE are men together, Lawton—Don—and you have urged it, and—oh, God, old man, I've never had a case like this where I couldn't be steadily professional, for the patient's sake. But you—you're my chum, and you're Donald Lawton, steel-true, clear-hearted always, and I'd a hundred times rather be hit myself. You know I mean it. And, Don, I may be wrong. Remember that. Almost any other physician may tell you I'm wrong."

"You're not wrong, Frank. It's not your way to be wrong. You know, and you say it. But tell me how you know. I've got to get adjusted as soon as I can. Things will need quick planning I imagine."

"Let me be professional again, then, Don. It's the aorta—an aneurysm of the thoracic aorta. I suspected it six months ago. Now I'm almost sure. The old signs are nearly all present, but more markedly. During to-day's examination you

showed great laryngeal distress, and every other symptom confirmed the diagnosis. I speak, as I said a moment ago, professionally, and professionally I am prepared to abide by the reasonable accuracy of my conclusions. Yet I'm bound to say that the case has some perplexing features, and even now I can't go further than I have. It's true that I've long leaned toward the opinion I've given you. Perhaps I should have told you some time ago all I feared, but—''

''No, Frank; you have done as I would have you do—as I would have done. . . . I suppose there's not much more to be said. . . . Only, it taxes a chap a bit. How—how much longer do you give me?''

''Donald, I can't say; I dare not say. You may live several weeks, though probably not; perhaps but a few days. It's impossible to determine.''

''Might it be—hours, Frank?''

''It—might be hours.''

''Thanks, old friend. . . . It's straight and clean, the way Death strikes out—for me, anyhow. And you mustn't think I'd have it otherwise. I shall not last longer than the shortest time you give me. And—it's all right; it's all right. How can he hesitate—a pupil when his name is called, a soldier when the bugle blows? Frank, do you remember the long hours we used to spend over Hamlet? He knew—that man knew—how to face it: 'If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all; since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.' That's the note, old man. I don't think Death's a very heavenly thing, but yet it isn't the other. It's—it's a test, a great moment, a great silent moment, but after all, an eternal one—Death quelling Life, Life resisting Death, each nobly itself, each striving, striving. I always saw it so, at least; but I'm pressed into the battle now, no longer a looker-on, and I can feel the stress of it, and I can't back up Life as I would have done twenty minutes ago. I can't even want so much to back it up. It's a time to act one's part, to fight a bit, but a time also to watch the Conqueror's hand extended after the finish, and to clasp it in honor and amity.''

"Don't, Don! Heaven knows you're right; but man, man, how can you meet it so?"

"Would you have me weak or craven, Frank? . . . I can be both. . . . Put all the world out of you, old fellow, and come to my need once more. I don't want your words—only the old loyal look and the hearty grasp. . . . God bless you, boy! Now, leave me alone a little. No, don't go out. I only want to sit here and watch the sunset, and afterward you'll let me go, Frank, and no more words."

II.

"The woman to love rarely coincides with the hour for loving."—Adapted from Hardy: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.*

Mrs. Lawton sat restlessly before the fire, turning over the pages of a department store catalogue, tapping her feet on the hassock, and frowning almost imperceptibly. What kept Donald so late? He ought to have reached home an hour ago at least, and he himself was always insisting, in his quiet way, on punctuality. Mrs. Somerville's party that afternoon had certainly been a brilliant one, but it was disgraceful that that young widow Wallis had made so free with the punch. Still, breeding would always show itself, in one way or another. Everyone knew that Mrs. Wallis—rich and handsome as she might be—had no antecedents worth mentioning, and that she had married poor, senile Mr. Wallis while he was childishly fatuous about her charms. Some women have no heart. And even if she thought nothing of Mr. Wallis' memory, she ought to have remembered that she was a widow. But the proprieties mean less and less to some people. As for herself, if Donald were ever to die—though, of course, he wouldn't, not before herself at any rate—she would certainly show becoming grief. That was a striking design for a mourning suit on page 37. But how very ridiculous! Donald was strong and well, and even if he weren't, she couldn't bear to think of such a thing. Although she did wish it were a little easier for her to understand him, or rather, him her, since, to be sure, she saw into him clearly enough for all his reticent ways and kindly evasions. He loved her immensely, she was certain of that, but he never had under-

stood her. He thought, dear, strange fellow, that women couldn't enter in, that they were different somehow, that one must defend himself against the very ingenuousness of their love. Well, let him have his way. It would be best, no doubt, to continue to meet him on the ground of his own theory of womankind. Still, sometimes his eyes would look so large, so lonely, that they seemed to have appeal in them, and reminiscence almost. But men are difficult creatures at the best, and there must be many things that no woman—however willing and able—could learn about them. There could be no doubt that she understood him sufficiently for the needs of both—that must suffice—and no one could say that she had failed at any point to be to him a model wife. . . .

And Mrs. Lawton's memories trailed off into a gratulatory review of garments made and mended, meals carefully prepared, church-goings, home-presidings, and graceful if mentally tangled acceptances of the brief confidences concerning business vouchsafed her, but rarely, during the after-supper smoke.

She came to herself with a start, mental and physical alike, on hearing the front door open and her husband's slow, firm steps bringing him from the entry to the dining-room. Glancing in turn at the table and the mirror, she rang the bell for the servant, and walked quickly to meet the man whose life she had touched thousands of times—but never entered, whatever her thought—during eight long years. She saw nothing now in his face, heard nothing in his subdued greeting that appeared to her unusual. She rallied him a little on his tardiness, and soon they sat down to a well-served supper.

That he somehow ate little, and that little with deliberation, she seemed dimly to perceive, but was conscious of a slight—a very slight—feeling of irritation rather than of wonder and regret. She was herself perfectly comfortable, and desired a corresponding satisfaction in all about her. She half resolved to chide Donald, as hostess no less than wife, on his too dignified way of eating, but the thought rushed into her mind suddenly of what she really wanted to talk about—the party; the tipsy widow; the new high school teacher, and his rough carelessness of local traditions; his wife's very ordinary taste and appearance; her own eager desire for the handsomest fur

boa she had ever seen in Letford, not excepting even Mrs. Somerville's; the calls she proposed making as soon as other engagements would permit; the important reception to be given on the morrow; her letter from cousin Fanny, and the reply in detail that she would like to make, though she supposed that she must modify it here and there in the interest of family peace; her plans for holiday entertainments; and her hope that the coming Christmas would be a green one, like those of the milder climate in which as a child she had been nurtured.

If her husband responded verbally she did not hear him. Enough for her that he was there before her—cool, stately, kindly deferential—and that this was the hour when the domestic budget—whether social, financial, or both—had recognized right of way in utterance and reception.

"Caroline," she heard her husband saying to her at length, as the trim, decorous maid cleared the table, "I must go to the office again to-night and conclude some business that cannot wait. The need is urgent. I would regret, my dear, to leave you here alone." (Afterward she never forgot the quality of tone he put into these words). "But it is certain that I shall be detained a long time, so I have rung up your brother Ralph and have asked him to bring his wife and to keep you company. Under the circumstances, I thought it best to invite them to stay for the night. Do not sit up for me, and on no account lie awake. I may possibly find it necessary to remain in town after finishing my work. If the night is to tax me somewhat, I wish that you shall not suffer on account of it. I wish that you shall not suffer. Pray observe these suggestions, my dear."

Mrs. Lawton looked at her husband a little blankly. "Oh, Donald," she cried, "put it off until to-morrow. Surely your horrid old business can wait. I was planning to sit and sew and talk to you all this evening, and I have so much to tell you. And besides, Donald, if you should happen to stay away all night, why, to-morrow I shan't see you at all, for I'm to dine out, and there's that big reception I must attend, from six to eight. I have to help receive. And your Board meeting comes to-morrow night, you know, and will probably keep you out late again. It nearly always does."

"Caroline," he said patiently, and almost tenderly, "it is not a matter of choice with me. I must go. Don't worry. Just sleep—sleep as soon as you can. Good-bye, my dear. 'Good-bye' is a beautiful word, Caroline," he went on, with a sudden access of feeling in his manner, "whether for the parting of a moment, or of a day, or even of a lifetime. You know its meaning—'God be with you!'"

His hat was in his hand, his overcoat lying loosely upon his arm. His words, though for the most part oddly constrained, seemed to his wife to have something of a new vibrant power in them. She regarded him with a half-vexed, half-admiring smile of surprise playing about her juvenile mouth and normally dispassionate eyes.

"Well, good-bye, Donald; it is a beautiful phrase. Good-bye. You are right, of course. It will seem strange to lose you for all to-night and the next day, but I'll look forward so anxiously to seeing you again, for I know I'll have loads to tell you, and maybe you'll tell me a little, too—I can't ask it now, but then—of the work you must do to-night, and your experience to-morrow while I'm away and you're virtually wifeless. I suppose parties and Board meetings must be kept going after all. So good-bye, Donald, dear, and take good care of yourself."

The door closed. There was no tear in Mrs. Lawton's eye. Her light smile hovered a few moments as she stood in the entry; then she sighed once or twice, and turned to the telephone.

"I must make sure that Ralph and Louise will be here soon," she said; "I just hate to be alone."

III.

"Pensive and faltering,
The words, *the dead*, I write.
[illegible]ng are the dead;
[illegible] the only living, only real,
And I the apparition, I the spectre.)"
—Whitman: *Leaves of Grass.*

After Lawton had reached his office he opened the safe, took out some papers, and settled down to his desk. Selecting

one of the documents—his will, made the previous year—he read it through carefully and placed it in a fresh envelope, which he sealed and endorsed. The other papers were deeds and certificates, the order of which he found to need little readjustment. The last packet he took up was a slim one, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with white ribbon, both dingy with age. He undid it and disclosed a photograph.

An hour or more passed, and still he sat looking at the picture with intent eyes and set lips. He stirred slightly only as the City Hall clock warned him of the passing of time. The prolonged booming of twelve at length aroused him anew. He held the picture to his breast, but thrust it back with a sudden gesture, considering it once more through half-shut eyes as though he would draw into his brain and being what virtue the mute thing had. Then he rose, walked evenly to the grate, and, striking a match, slowly burned the card to ashes.

He returned to his desk, and began to write a letter to his wife. He wrote on for many minutes. The vast night, still and silent, lay about the blacker mass of the office building, whose one light gleamed like a little candle in an immense and inscrutable darkness.

The light burned on cheerlessly. But though the bowed figure still brooded low upon its task, its hand had ceased to move, and the pen had slid uselessly down across the stiffening fingers.

George Herbert Clarke, '95.

A SACRIFICE TO THE GODS.

First Prize: Undergraduate Story Competition.

I.

NOON, on a June day in India. The sun swinging high in the brazen heavens, glares fiercely upon the gasping earth beneath. Far up the lonely stretch of the village street the tortured air quivers and dances over the dusty red of the Kunkar road. Over all lies a great silence, the silence of a heavy, torpid, brown haze of heat. This is without the village. Within the walls, to the stifling heat is added the still more stifling compound of all the evil odors that an Indian village can brew in a day during the hot season. The high house-walls radiate the heat in palpable waves, and from side gullies fetid breezes eddy that would poison all else but an Indian buffalo. But the buffaloes, shrouded in stoical calm, parade the streets with stolid indifference, blowing heavily through their ponderous muzzles.

Then silence falls again—the silence of noon day, that is full of the subdued noises of the habitations of man. The monotonous drone of a guitar is faintly audible. Farther away the occasional hollow tinkle of a bell, hung around the neck of a sacred bull, is heard. A little farther down the street the noise of conversation is distinct, punctauted by long-drawn, laboring groans. Within the hut three figures are bending over a low spring bed, on which is lying a young Hindoo, tossing about and struggling in the clutches of the demon, delirium. Lying half across the bed is his wife, a lithesome young girl of seventeen, with the tears hanging heavily on the long black lashes, which lie close along her cheeks. She is not crying aloud. It is too hot for that. The other two persons, the young man's mother, and a priest, are talking in low tones.

"Well, mother, you think he cannot last the night out?" growled the priest, passing the back of his hand across his steaming forehead.

The woman, an old hag, with wrinkled face and twisted figure, leaned forward over the bed, her bracelets clinking on her withered arm. "'Twill be by the gods' own interference

if he does! The fever devil has laid fast hold upon him, and we can do naught. Nay!" as the *guru* made a movement to pick up the still smoking branding irons, "it is of no use, he is nearly dead now. I spoke to Mahbub this morning concerning wood for the burning. He says all will be in readiness at midnight."

"That is well," grunted the *guru*, stuffing his mouth with "pan" and "beetle."

"Know ye that the great Lowrie Sahib has departed for Nudadavol?" queried the old woman.

"What—what is this?" ejaculated the priest, his coarse, bloated face gleaming in the half-light of the darkened room. "What say ye? Is it so?"

"Of a truth it is even so. Yea, did not Pirzai Kotal himself tell my niece, and did she not tell it to me but last evening?"

"Then thou knowest," returned the *guru*.

There was silence in the room, disturbed only by the broken babbling of the sick man, and the low, sighing sobs of the girl.

The old woman crept noiselessly over to a dark corner of the room, where the water-pots were kept, and pouring herself a drink, squatted on her heels in the damp earth surrounding the jars. The *guru* soon waddled over to join her, grunting noisily, his fat legs quivering beneath the weight of their load. Pulling over a stool, he placed his hulking body on it, making it creak most dolefully. A look of low cunning caused his puffy eyes to twinkle.

"Concerning this thing whereof ye have just spoken, *amma*," he commenced, in a rasping whisper. "Of a surety the gods are displeased, and we are in much disfavor with Indra, the Rain-Giver. Else why are our lands drying up, and the heavens as dust in our faces? Ye know the time of the rains is with us, yet Indra sends them not. Why is it, amma? Ye know why. Since these cursed white Sahibs have come among us—may ten thousand pukka devils seize upon them—we have had no suttee*. This is why our gods are deaf, and ye know it is even as I say. Speak, *amma*, is it not so?

"Thou hast spoken, O Holy One!" replied the woman.

*The burning of the widow upon the funeral pyre of the husband.

"Now hear me, *amma*," the *guru* went on, "the white sahib is away. There is none to stop us. Thy son dies to-night; therefore it is meet that thy daughter-in-law die this night also, and enter heaven with her husband. By this will they gain much *punya* (merit) and thou shalt be exceedingly bl—"

Suddenly the sick man threw the jemakona off his face, raised himself with the terrible, bubbling, meaningless yell of delirium, then sank back and lay motionless. The girl screamed in terror. The mother and the priest ran to the bed, but the fever devil had claimed its victim.

II.

It was midnight. But still the heavy heat hung like a pall over the earth. Overhead blazed the hypnotic eye of the moon. Even its light, that it poured in a flood over the plain, seemed to beat upon the parched earth in waves of heat. The witchery of the moonlight gave a fantastic appearance to the few scattered casserina trees that dotted the plain, throwing queer blotches of inky shadow on the white ground. The clumps of palm trees looked like glistening skeleton hands stretched out from the baked soil for coolness sake. A large flying fox, like some weird spectre, flapped heavily away to a distant grove of tamarind trees. The call of a jackal rose mournfully in the distance. Then silently and swiftly the shadowy form of its mate glided out from the shelter of a casserina, squatted on its haunches, and lifting its nose to the moon, sent forth the long, doleful reply.

Suddenly the roll of tom-toms becomes audible, beating rhythmically upon the still air. The jackal gives a startled yelp, then slinks swiftly back into the sheltering shadow of the trees. The dancing twinkle of torches in the direction of the village shows a procession streaming out across the plain. Slowly it winds its way to the burning-ground, where a large pyre lies freshly piled. Four coolies carry a bier, upon which lies the body of the Hindoo who had died that day in the village. Following her dead husband comes the young wife, her black hair all unbound and floating about her face. She is chanting in a piercing voice the funeral lamentation:

"Wherefore hast thou forsaken me? my husband! my husband!
Thou who protected me, my husband! my husband!"

And so on, and so on. Now rising, now falling, the mournful wail rings far over the plain.

Walking close beside the girl, and carrying a torch lighted at the sacred fire in the temple, comes the priest. His white loin-cloth gleams in the moonlight, and the blaze of the torch flashes back from the oily surface of his broad, black chest. Now the crowd has reached the pyre and quickly surrounds it. The guru and his acolytes place the body of the dead man upon the pile, and turning, grasp the girl. The tom-toms are beating upon the air with a hoarse roar. The weird strains of the pipes rise higher and higher. The girl looks wildly around her, but all eyes are burning with fanaticism, for is she not to appease the wrath of the gods and bring the blessed rain to the parched paddy-fields? Although her shrieks cannot be heard above the din of the tom-toms and pipes, she is seen to struggle wildly, her long tresses all dishevelled about her. But she is bound and placed beside the corpse of her husband, upon the pyre. The guru raises his hands to heaven, mutters an invocation, then swiftly stooping, throws his torch upon the wood. The girl, at sight of the flames, shrieks in terror and calls upon all her gods to deliver her.

And swiftly were they moving to her aid. Far from the south-west the monsoon had swept across the bay, and now in its swift advance covered the sky with heavy black clouds. While the frenzied priest and his minions were continuing their fearful rites the storm clouds blotted out the moon, the lightning played along the horizon, and the thunder growled ominously. But the crowd beneath never heeded. Then, with the roar of a field battery going into action, the gale came sweeping over the plain, driving the rain in league-long sheets before it. Just as the zealous guru was placing a faggot upon the pyre there was a blinding glare, a crash that shook the heavens, and the avenging thunder-bolt sped earthwards. . . .

The rain poured down ceaselessly through the darkness. It fell with a steady roar for days and days, and the thirsty earth drank and drank. Far out on the plain a cluster of sodden and rain-soaked vultures gorged and fought over three shapeless forms. And on one was the saffron string and mystic amulet of a guru. And still the rain poured down from the low-hanging clouds. The gods were fully appeased.

J. Dixon Craig, '07.

LIFE ON THE UPLANDS.*

"Life on the Uplands," by the Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A., a series of meditations on the twenty-third Psalm, is a book of unusual merit. It is rich and suggestive in thought, picturesque and poetic in style, and has the marks of originality and force in every chapter. It is illuminating, highly interesting, and inspiring. The author interprets the famous Hebrew Psalm into the thought of his time, and applies with singular insight the universal elements of religion taught therein to the deep needs and aspirations of the hosts to whom the weariness and the contingencies of life are so grievous.

The titles of the chapters suggest the artist's power, and the contents fully sustain the promise of the headings: "A Life in a Love," "A Morning Meal on the Meadows," "A Mid-day Rest at the Well," "An Afternoon Climb on the Paths," "Adventures in the Shadowed Glen," "Supper on the Darkening Wold," "Twilight at the Sheepfold Door," "Night Within the Gates," "Foregleams of the Heavenly Dawn."

While the book springs from the author's own mind, and is not dependent for its power on the productions of others, it shows tasteful and accurate acquaintance with the best literature and with the philosophic and religious teaching of the age. In the chapter, "A Life in a Love," the title of one of Browning's poems, for example, he considers the problem of faith as affected by the modern view of the universe. The heart of the subject is opened in his quotation, "All's love, yet all's law," and the author leaves the reader rejoicing in the glory of the world, as made and upheld by God, and also with a vivid sense of God's personal presence and individualizing love."

Want of space prevents us from making more extended reference to this welcome book, which, we believe, will take a very high place as a classic treatment of the age-old Psalm. We congratulate the author, and shall hope that the success, already assured, of his first book, will encourage him to give us other fruits of his study. We are glad to learn that an American

*Life on the Uplands. By John D. Freeman. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

edition is to be published immediately by A. C. Armstrong & Sons, New York. We cannot close this notice, however, without referring to Mr. Freeman's admirable tributes to two men, whom we recognize, though no names are given, as the late Hon. A. F. Randolph, of Fredericton, and the late Chancellor Rand, of McMaster. Of Dr. Rand, he says:

"There comes to mind two men of my acquaintance, men who honored me with their friendship, who were notable exhibitors of the reviving influences of a twilight anointing. One was an educationist. In the realms both of secondary and of higher education, he was a master. He wrought out for and established in two Canadian Provinces their splendid system of free schools. In a third Province he gave great impetus to the thought that resulted in the creation of a vigorous Christian University. For a brief period he stood at its head. Then, realizing that his strength was broken, he suddenly stepped aside. With a single step he passed from noon to twilight. Those of us who knew him intimately knew that the pain of the twilight was acute in his heart. But the compensations were sweet and satisfying. The Master held out to him the brimming cup of joy—

> "Then purged with euphrasy and rue
> The visual nerve, for he had much to see.

And he told us what he saw in kindling speech. The fountain of song was unsealed within his heart. For the few years that were left to him he moved among us like a winged spirit. He was our nightingale, singing in the twilight. He was our inspirationist, our prophet, our guide, philosopher and friend. The beauty, the richness, the literary fruitfulness of those years were the marvel and the delight of all who saw. In the twilight of his day God crowned him with loving-kindness and tender mercies; he satisfied his mouth with good things, so that his youth was renewed like the eagle's."—E. M. K.

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Editorial Notes.

PRIZE STORY AWARD.

ALTHOUGH the number of stories submitted for THE MONTHLY competition was not as large as last year, we are safe in saying that those gaining the prizes are fully up to the standard of quality set in other years. We would wish that the undergraduates would take more interest in these contests, as we cannot expect to get the best results in the way of stories without sufficient competition among the students. The prizes were awarded as follows:—

UNDERGRADUATE CONTEST.

1st Prize. Mr. J. D. Craig, '07.
2nd Prize. Mr. D. A. McGibbon, '08.

GRADUATE COMPETITION.

1st Prize. Mr. G. H. Clarke, B.A.
2nd Prize. Mr. F. S. Beddow, B.A.

ON account of lack of space we have been obliged to omit news from the affiliated colleges this month.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: D. A. MACGIBBON, '08.

"The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on."—*Omar Khayyam.*

EXAMINATIONS.—Examinations began on January 9th and ended on the 16th. The grind began about a week earlier. One by one the students began to arrive after the first until Monday, the seventh, when they came in larger numbers. All told tales of the joyous holidays, and few had followed out the golden resolutions to study they had made before going home. With the return, however, the pace grew strenuous, and

> "But to think was full of sorrow
> And leaden-eyed despairs."

Subject after subject was disposed of, however, and the busy week came to an end at last. The usual number of amusing incidents has occurred in connection with this period. In Castle Hall, where the examinations were written, an eager Freshman, filled with a knowledge of the question at hand, assumed a half-standing attitude, bending over the table. When he completed the question he dropped back to his seat, but missed it and went to the floor. Omens, however, no longer are portentous, and this does not signify by any means that the examiners will take a fall out of his paper. In New Testament Greek, in Theology, a question dealt with the textual criticism of two passages which were cited. The instructions read: "Translate, weigh by all kinds of evidence, and give your judgment." This was not sufficiently clear to one aspiring divine, and to be perfectly sure, he translated the instructions into Greek also. Perhaps the best incident illustrative of those kinks which appear in the make-up of some people around exam. time, is told of a gentleman who is an excellent student in French. He came up to the Hall prepared to write off a first. As he was a little early, he went to the reading room to pass the time away. There he became engrossed in a story, and read on, quite oblivious of the fact that the gong had sounded and the examination was in progress. Finishing his story, with a care free mind he left the reading room and called on a friend in residence. Then he decided that he would go skating. As he was starting, he met the students

who had written coming out. Not till then did his mind revert to examinations, but it was too late to retrieve his position. It is quite needless to remark that in the ensuing exams. this gentleman was one of the first to receive his paper from the attendant at the door and begin work. With the lightening of the pressure the Hall has brightened up again, and lectures are once more in full swing.

At the Rink.—Freshmen rush in where Theologues fear to tread.

Evangelistic Band.—The students of the University have again organized for evangelistic work during the current College year. Hitherto the McMaster Band has existed as an entirely independent organization. This year, however, the organization has taken place under the auspices and control of the Fyfe Missionary Society. It was decided to take this step only after a lengthy discussion as to its advisability. Many felt that independence and spontaneity were essential to the most successful work. A larger party felt, however, that all the Christian effort of the University should be centralized in the Fyfe Society. After the student body had decided to organize the Band in this way, a meeting of the Fyfe Society was called for purposes of organization. Some discussion took place as to the nature and extent of the control which the Fyfe should exercise over the Band. A Nominating Committee was then appointed to suggest a leader. At a subsequent meeting of the Fyfe Society this Committee unanimously nominated Mr. R. C. Benson, B.A. This recommendation was heartily approved by the Society. Since that time Mr. C. E. Burke, '07, has been appointed Secretary of the Band. Several services have already been held. The first was in the Hayter Street Mission, on Sunday evening, November 25th, and the second was held in Christie Street Baptist Mission on December 2nd. On Sunday, December 9th, the Band went to Clinton Avenue Mission, and on December 16th to Parliament Street Church. All these meetings were attended with good results, and the prospects are bright for a successful winter's work.

Skating is as Popular as ever with McMaster students. On the whole, the ice has been much better than last year, and it is hoped that it may continue so. The arrangements at Victoria College rinks are decidedly unsatisfactory for season ticket holders. As a rule, provisions are made whereby boxes may be obtained to store boots, etc., in during the season for a nominal sum. Nothing of the sort is obtainable at Victoria, and a fre-

quent result is that skaters have to leave the rink in a pair of shoes or rubbers belonging to someone who has taken their pair in mistake. It is passing peculiar that a rink which enjoys the patronage that Victoria does should not provide the usual conveniences.

The First Returns from exams. had just been announced in the class of year ten. When the class was dismissed a buzz began. "Did you go under, did you go under?" anxiously asked one student of another member of the class. "No, I got a star," the other answered with a bright smile. And they hadn't the heart to disillusion him.

The Need of a Pseudonym for the High Kakiak reveals itself at times. When we speak of the Governor-General we may refer to him as "His Excelleney," and even the Mayor of a little two-by-four village is "His Worship." Why should we not have a similar appellation for the High Kakiak? Someone suggests "His Sunniness." This might do, did he only appear on Founders' Night, and even then could not be worn gracefully by every person who might hold the position. It must be an attribute of the office rather than the incumbent. With this in mind, we offer as a suggestion, the use of the words, "His Dignity."

Star Students are not always the brightest, and in some cases stars seem fixed in a student's firmament.

They were Discussing "Blushing" in the Freshman Class in Biology. One believer in the Darwinian theory inquired if blushing were "healthy." In the laugh that followed the question remained unanswered.

The President of the Lit.—The Presidency of the Literary Society is no easy position to fill with success. It requires a man of parts—one who can adapt himself with supple ease to various situations and duties. He must carry himself effectively on the platform. This is necessary if he wishes to have that repect and sympathy of the student body so essential to the success of the Society. Cases have not been unknown where a slight lack of taet in dealing with some trifling incident has jarred the susceptibilities of an audience and as a consequence a really excellent programme, the result of much work and thought, has been but half-heartedly appreciated or enjoyed. This is one phase of his work; another appears when the Executive is in Committee. It is here policies and programmes are discussed and decided upon. The President requires quick in-

sight and good judgment. He may be absolutely deficient in original ideas, but if he is quick to grasp and sound in his appraisement of the schemes and suggestions of other members of the Executive, the programmes during his term of office may be fresh and acceptable. And freshness, although the word has a rather doubtful connotation in college, is an essential to a Lit. programme. Too much of one thing, too many of the old songs, too strict adherence to routine, produces an atmosphere of stale familiarity which must be avoided. There may be a Programme Committee—there usually is—but very frequently it depends on the personal work and solicitation of the President whether such or such a desirable number shall brighten up a programme. It is in his work here that he will stand or fall.. If he has not already acquired, or nature endowed him with an agreeable platform style, it is unlikely his fellow students will honor him with the position. As a rule, it is in regard to the second phase of his duties that his abilities are unknown. Another proposition he has to meet during the year is the banquet. The elements which determine his success elsewhere are operative here, although frequently some unforseen disappointment, for which no one is responsible, may bring to nought well-conceived plans. This little study has insensibly become more sober than was intended, but attention, in concluding, must be drawn to the criticisms which are leveled at the Lit. Executive, and which, as usual, are focussed on the President. There is quite an amount of gratuitous, unthinking—some of it quite unthinkable, by the bye—criticism, by those who are often in absolute ignorance of the circumstances. A student audience is an exacting audience to appear before. It is extremely difficult to secure good talent week after week. It is a difficulty which exists in much larger Colleges than McMaster. Given two hundred students, but a small number of these possess gifts which make it possible for them to aid in a Lit. programme. And of these there are always some who are unavailable. In criticizing this fact should be given due consideration. The next gentleman to come under review will be the Curator, the third great man around McMaster.

There Still Seems to be some hesitation as to what the members of the class of nineteen hundred and ten will call themselves. Onety-nought, the year ten, the upper ten, and the tenners, as one callow youth with the commercial instinct suggested, has each its advocates. For the first year of their course in College, how would the TENderfeet do?

The Passing of the Old Bell.—Ever and anon we are called upon to mourn the loss of an old friend. One by one the

old landmarks pass away. Slowly but surely the links that bind us to the past are broken. This time 'tis the old bell that has gone. For many a year its clangor has summoned sleepy students to their morning meal, tired ones to their noon repast, and hungry athletes to their evening dinner. For many a year it has struck terror into the hearts of Freshmen, as it summoned them to appear for the first time in the examination hall. Many a time it has filled the erstwhile conceited Sophomore with dismay, as it bade him leave that Hall of Judgment while he still wrestled with the vagaries of Arnold's Latin Prose. Solemnly pealing, the old bell ofttimes was the signal which assembled the grave and reverend Theologs in their weighty conclaves. It has been said that the bell was what modern English terms "a knocker," but when the nature of its duties is considered, we feel that its provocation was sufficient. Of late there has been trouble. Sometimes the one-time clarion tones were hoarse and muffled. Sometimes the bell denied its office and for days hung moody and silent. There was a combination of diseases which in the human body would be known as laryngitis and locomotor ataxia. The end came on January 16th. The bell had failed to make its tones heard in times of need. Its usefulness was gone, and the old bell was replaced by a new one, clear of tone but of brazen appearance. The old bell is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

The First Chapel Service of the Easter term took place on Thursday morning, January 17th. Chancellor McKay presided, and Rev. Dr. Perry read the Scriptures and led in prayer. The Chancellor announced that on account of illness Professor Gilmour, who was to have commenced his work here this term, had been granted leave of absence until next year. The Chancellor also announced that Mr. Elmore Harris, Honorary Lecturer in English Bible, would be unable to deliver the course of lectures he had planned for the same reason. The subjects that these two gentlemen would have covered will be carried by other members of the Faculty of Theology.

Professorial Witticism.—Taking the Monthly Board picture. One member of the staff, having difficulty with a refractory lock of hair, attributes his trouble to a shower bath, Consulting Editor overhearing him.—"Remarkable, very remarkable; altogether new manifestation of your character; never suspected it of you."

First Intercollege Debate.—On Tuesday evening, December 11th, about one hundred McMaster students, marshalled by E. J. Bingham, '08, proceeded to hear the second debate of the

first Intercollegiate series. After storming the gates of Wycliffe accession was gained to their Convocation Hall, which was later vacated in favor of the Varsity Gym. Here the wearers of green and black entertained themselves and the assembling audience with a number of the most popular songs, interspersed with lusty repetitions of the College yell. "That a general high license law is preferable to a total prohibition law" was the resolution upon which the representatives of University College and McMaster pitted their arguments. The affirmative was taken by Messrs. M. F. Dunham and S. M. Fields, of University College, and the negative by Messrs. H. R. Nobles, B.A., and J. B. McLaurin, B.A., of McMaster. The judges were: Rev. W. G. Wallace, D.D.; Prof. Ballantyne, D.D., and Mr. J. E. Atkinson. Mr. Dunham, who opened the debate for the affirmative, endeavored to show that high license was more in accord with public opinion, that the saloon ministered to a deep-rooted want in man, that high license lessened the drinking evil, suppressed low, illicit selling, and put the business in the hands of a better class of men; that there was a better observance of the law under high license than under low license or prohibition. Mr. Nobles argued that prohibition was right in principle, that it was effective in operation, and that it had a number of attendant benefits. His well arranged speech was brilliantly given. Mr. Fields strengthened the side of the affirmative very considerably. He contended that prohibition interfered with the rights of the individual, that it was wrong in principle, ineffectve in operation, led to contempt for law, interfered with the wholesale trade, and resulted practically in a system of license.

Mr. McLaurin concluded the argument for the negative in a masterly and forceful speech. He urged in rebuttal that high license was wrong in principle, ineffective in operation, and had certain attendant evils. Mr. Dunham closed the debate with a five-minute reply. Professor Ballantyne, in giving the judges' decision, said there was not much to choose between the two sides in point of argument, "but when style was taken into consideration, the judges were unanimous in favor of McMaster." Two cornet solos by Mr. A. B. Newman, '09, McMaster, and a vocal solo by Mr. H. Pickup, were highly enjoyed during the evening.

Just So.—The Arts men in the room were discussing Dorcas Societies—what was their place in a church, when did they come into existence, etc. Finally they appealed to the Theologue in the room with the question: "Who founded the first Dorcas Society?" The latter was deeply immersed in the columns of the "Ladies' Home Journal," and the question had to be put twice;

when, however, it was properly understood, he answered lightly, with a wave of his hand: "Why, Mrs. Dorcas, of course!"

Limericks.—The great literary outburst that took place in England in the days of Elizabeth has been attributed largely to the deep relief of the people after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. "The impulse which sprang from national triumph," says Green, "from the victory over the Armada, the deliverance from Spain, the rolling away of the terror which had hung like a cloud over the hopes of the people," stirred them to their very depth and found vent in many forms of literary expression. The feeling of relief engendered by the conclusion of mid-year exams. has had somewhat a similar effect on the staff of "Around the Hall." and the result of an evening's industry appears below.

Old "Plug" was a terrible cram,
Before each and every exam.
He'd eat nothing but ham,
And some cold apple jam,
And of standings he'd take off the palm.

A Freshie conceited and simple,
With his nose in the ice made a dimple,
For a Soph, jumping high,
To beat he did try,
Now he's not so conceited—just "simple."

A student was studying Hebrew,
His paradigms thoroughly he knew,
But a poor little dot
Brought his hopes all to 0,
So in vengeance he married a she-Jew.

A noughty-ten mathematician
Was filled with a mighty ambition
To lead all his class,
But was beat by an "ass,"
Whose work was in better condition.

A Freshman less fresh than antique
Plugged and crammed very hard at his Grique,
When class standings were heard
He had made a low third,
And he said, "I am piqued at this Grique."

A serious-minded young Theologue
For his throat took a ginger and egg-nogue,
But it went to his head
And his face grew quite red
As he preached on the sins of the decalogue.

A Freshman just learning to skate
Was at the rink early and late,
He tripped and he fell,
And he said "I'm not well,
But—this is going some and I'll learn to skate if it breaks my neck."

Noughty-nine Again.—The first inter-year debate of the season was held on December 7th, when the Junior debaters fell before the argumentative ability of the representatives of the Sophomore year. The Juniors were represented by Messrs. G. G. Vickert and N. J. Ware, and Noughty-nine by Messrs. R. G. Trotter and H. A. Newell. The subject debated was: "Resolved that the present tendency towards early specialization in higher education is undesirable." The debate was fought out along two lines—whether the present educational tendencies would have specialization commence, at the beginning of an Arts course, or after two years of general studies; and secondly, whether specialization should take place during the last two years of an Arts course or not. It was pretty well established by the negative that the present tendency was for specialization to begin with the Junior year in College, but they failed to show that specialized work in these two years was more needful or desirable than work of a general nature. The judges were: Messrs. Hogg, Matthews and Newcombe. Before the debate Mr. Wilkes, Th., gave a fine exhibition of illuminated club swinging, and while the judges were coming to a decision Miss Denovan, '10, charmed the audience with a recitation: "The Jackdaw of Rheims."

Motion Before the Literary Society that a Marshal be appointed for the inter-college debate. Member—"I move that Mr. Blank be Marshal. We will all be quite willing to follow him that evening." Mr. Blank objects to being so highly honored, and it is learned that his proposed route to the place of assembly is more devious than direct. After an inward struggle, however, he consents to allow his name to be placed before the meeting, and the election proceeds.

A Vain Wish.—Freshette at the inter-college debate, listening to a speaker on the negative—"Oh, my! I wish I could talk as fast as he does and say something."

Messrs. E. R. F. Fitch, B.A. and F. S. Beddow, B.A., are McMaster debaters for the semi-finals of the inter-college debates. The debate will be against Knox and will take place on February 12th.

Quite Profane.—One Junior to another, looking at the board—"Taking a cursory look at the work for this term?" The other—"Yes, I should say it is cursery."

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: M. BLANCHE EDY, '08.

"Woman must ever be a woman's highest name,
And honors more than 'lady,' if I know right."

ON account of the Christmas vacation, which was followed, all too closely, by the mid-year examinations, there have been no regular meetings of the Y. W. C. A. or Literary League during the past month. As soon as the girls recover from the effects of exams. and from the shock of results, the ordinary duties and pleasures of College life will be resumed.

Y. W. C. A.—On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 20th, a meeting of the Y. W. C. A. College women of the city was held in Annesley Hall. It was very well attended, though the resident girls evidently formed a large part of the meeting. Mrs. Kilgour, President of the Dominion Y. W. C. A., was in the chair. Miss Ruth Paxson, the Travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, was the speaker of the afternoon. Miss Paxson's theme was the "Realistic Christian Life," based upon the verse: "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Her experience with College women has given her insight into their lives, and her address meant a heart-searching to everyone present. After the singing of the hymn: "Behold I Stand and Knock," the speaker made an earnest appeal to those present who were not Christians to accept Christ, and to the Christian girls for a fuller surrender of their lives. It was a most impressive few minutes, and those who were present could not but aspire to a life of fuller service.

ROOM IV. DURING EXAMS.—How strange to see such industrious girls; four sitting around the table, with their fingers in their ears, trying to study; another sitting on the window-sill repeating Anglo-Saxon declensions, and still another curled up on the sofa trying to straighten out mathematical problems. Such groans and sighs! A Senior enters, who calmly removes her coat and hat, trying not to look flustered. She, grown wise through experience, says: "Oh, girls, there is no use cramming in the last few minutes!" Then she glances at her watch.

"Oh, horrors! only three minutes left."

In spite of advice, out comes a note-book, and down she flops on a pile of coats that have been conveniently tossed on a chair.

"Do stop saying that Anglo-Saxon. I'm getting it all mixed up with my Apologetics. You have been repeating that same declension ever since I came in, so you must know it by this time! . . . Two minutes left! Come down to the library!"

Immediately there is a wild rush out of the room and down to the library.

At last the gong does ring, and then there is a mad scramble for note-books.

"Don't go in yet! Stay and go over the glaciers. We are sure to have something about them. No, the rocks are more important!"

"Ye gods and little fishes, I don't know anything!"

"My brain is so crammed full that it won't hold any more."

"I never could understand Mathematics, and some of these problems are so hard to memorize!"

"Come on out for a walk and get your head clear."

"No, I won't! I don't want to get my head clear. What do you think I have been cramming for?"

"Oh, if I can only get through! I'm not working for honors. It makes a girl look old and homely to study too hard!"

"Be still, girls, just one minute, till I collect my thoughts."

"Oh, come on, it's five minutes since the bell rang, and you know, 'the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.'"

Then silence reigned in Room IV., except for the murmuring of one frightened Freshette in the corner, going over her Latin declensions for the last time.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: J. D. CRAIG, '07.

THE past month has been what we might call the "slack" season in Athletics at McMaster. It is the transition period from football to hockey. The last Rugby match has been played long ago, and the first hockey match is still in the future—in the very near future to be sure, as the date set for the game is the twenty-sixth of this month, when we meet Varsity II. in the first of the series of the Intermediate Intercollegiate hockey.

When one of the hockey enthusiasts of the school saw the opening sentence of the above paragraph he immediately raised a strong objection to the expression "slack." He said it was rather a season "pregnant with great possibilities." This particular gentleman evidently has his eyes on the silverware at present in Kingston.

When THE MONTHLY interviewed one of the members of the hockey team he also took objection to the word "slack," saying that he didn't see anything particularly slack in getting up at seven in the morning and taking a cold shower. When questioned as to whether all those who expected to make the hockey team were as strenuous as he was, he replied, "Yes—that is, all except those in authority and the mascot of the team." He was then asked who "those in authority" were, but refused to answer. However, he finally remarked that Mr. Chester New, well known in sporting circles in the school, had been appointed Professor of Dietetics to the hockey team. This led to the introduction of an innovation into the dining room, namely, the setting apart of a training table for the players on the hockey team. Although it may seem rather a late date to start such a course, the leaders in the movement are optimistic, and look forward to good results. The diet on which the players now have to subsist consists chiefly of raw meat, rubber pucks, and hockey sticks. While the remainder of the students eat pie for dessert, the dietists try to look happy over a dish of rice pudding. Some other rules under which the hockeyists now labor are:

1. Get up at seven and take a cold bath.
2. Always to bed at ten o'clock.
3. No smoking *aloud* (of course, if you do it on the quiet—).

4. No more evening calls at Moulton.

And the pity of it all is Mr. New has to get up at seven in order to call the others.

The Dead Ball Line.—Owing to lack of space in the last issue of The Monthly, a record of the games between '08 and Theology and '08 and '10, for first place in the Rugby series, had to be omitted. As the Juniors won out in each game, they hold the inter-year Rugby championship. Nought-eight is to be congratulated on their record in the series, as they downed their opponents in every game with a goodly number of points on the right side. Theology and the Freshmen played off for second place, the Theologs winning out after a hard-fought contest.

So ended the last of the Rugby games at McMaster for the year 1906.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: R. C. Bensen, '06.

OWING to the rush of Christmas examinations and the life of seclusion from this world's affairs, which they entail, no doubt many doings of our graduates have passed us unnoticed. However, from an accumulated mass of press articles and contributions from friends of this corner of the magazine we gather a few items of interest.

S. R. Tarr, '95, M.A., '97, left recently for Montreal, to become editor of "The Chronicle." Mr. Tarr was for some time head of the Canada Life reinstatement department in this city. The Monthly wishes him every success in his journalistic career.

Two of our recent graduates have gone through the process of ordination—E. B. Cameron, '03, B.Th., '06, at Osnabruck Centre, and J. B. Pengelly, '06, at Markham.

Married.

Rev. Troward H. Marshall, of Mount Vision, N.Y., was united in marriage to Miss Grace Her, '98, on Nov. 6, '06.

On Dec. 27th Rev. W. E. Bowyer, '02, was married to Miss Ethel Robinson, of Toronto.

R. J. Currie, '06, also departed from the single state in December last.

Rev. J. E. Pengelly, '01, has resigned the pastorate of the Ponoka, Alta., Baptist Church to take charge of work in the Lloydminster district. The church in Ponoka has secured the services of Rev. R. E. Guyatt, '01, B.Th., '03 Mr Guyatt, in a recent visit to the Hall, was loud in his praises of the West.

The beginning of the new year finds many pastors on new fields of labor.

Rev. A. R. Park, Theol., '98, having severed his connection with the Claremont Church, is pastor of Parliament Street Church, Toronto.

Rev. E. A. Brownlee, '01, B.Th., '03, is with the Midland Baptists.

Rev. E. J. Stobo, B.A., B.D., has gone to Winnipeg to serve the Logan Ave. Church in that city.

Rev. D. M. Mihell, B.Th., '92, began work Dec. 1, '06, in Oshawa.

Rev. D. W. Terry, B.Th., '97, lately of Louisville, Kentucky, has accepted a call to the work in Coaticook, Quebec. Mr. Terry was a McMaster representative at the Dayton Theological Convention.

Rev. Walter Daniel, '98, who for the past two years has rendered efficient service in Red Deer, Alta., has been appointed Field Secretary of Western Missions for Ontario and Quebec. Mr. Daniel brings to his new work a thorough knowledge of Western life and conditions, and this, in conjunction with his pleasing manner and earnest enthusiasm, should ensure for him the warmest reception wherever he visits.

McMaster in Oxford.—Mr. R. V. Bellamy, '02, Rhodes Scholar, of Oxford University, has won distinction in his work in the field of Economics. This announcement, made by Chancellor McKay at a recent chapel service, was greeted with prolonged applause by the students.

Mrs. J. T. Marshall, '97, of Berlin, is delivering a course of lectures on literary subjects during the winter months in the King Street Baptist Church of this city.

A prominent member of year '05 says that the name of his trunk is "Ulysses," in remembrance of the characteristics Tennyson gave the hero of that name. He says he knows where he is and what he's doing, but is not at present saying anything for publication.

H. E. Jordan, Ph.D., is instructor in Mathematics at the Michigan State College of Mines, Houghton, Mich.

A. H. Fairchild, '01, has lately resigned his position as Mathematical Master of the Glencoe High School, to become Principal of the Elora Collegiate Institute.

From Beyond the Rockies.—C. C. Sinclair, '02, who has been with the Great West Life Insurance Company in Vancouver, is promoted to the head offices in Winnipeg, Man.

"Fred" Dickson, '03, has accepted a position with the Vancouver Board of Education, and the Principalship of the Kaslo High School, made vacant by his resignation, goes to L. C. Fraser, '03.

B. R. Allen, '03, is teaching in Victoria.

Rev. A. W. Gazley, '01, is acting pastor of the Baptist Church in Chilliwack, from which charge W. J. Grigg, '05, recently resigned.

Rev. H. W. Piercy is pastor of Mount Pleasant Baptist Church, Vancouver, and is doing excellent work. Mr. Piercy's geniality and zeal have won for him a large place in the hearts of the Baptists of British Columbia.

Here and There.

EDITOR: M. H. LONG, '08.

THE Christmas exchanges which have reached us contain a plethora of verses, and verses, too, which in our opinion compare very favorably with those in the larger popular magazines of the month. It has been our policy to let our exchanges, as far as possible, speak for themselves, only adding comments where the occasion seemed to demand them. Accordingly, we will proceed directly to quote those offerings which appealed to us as the best, hoping that they will also commend themselves pleasurably to the reader's taste.

AND ALL FOR THEE, MY LOVE.

And all for thee, my love, I go
With sword and ringing shield
To bear thy glove through gage and strife
Of war, and siege and field;
Let all the force of battles strike
This helmet and this arm—
For thee I fight—for thee I win—
Thy glove shall be my charm.

And all for thee, my love, I come
Upon my buckler borne;
I brought thy glove through gage and strife
E'en though my heart were torn.
The forces of the battle struck
This helmet and this arm—
For thee I fought—for thee I die—
Thy glove shall be my charm.

—JAMES C. BARDIN, *in University of Virginia Mag.*

We are indebted to our ever entertaining friend, the *Bowdoin Quill*, for the following little gem :

WHERE SPIRIT VOICES FLOW.

Pale points of light are gleaming
In the sky,
The hazy night lies dreaming
O'er the land,
The Druid woodland rests in twilight grand,
While shadows flutter by.

The evening wind is roaming
Thru the trees,
And in the quiet gloaming
Let me go,
Serene, alone, where spirit voices flow,
And I am one with these.

—*A. B. Roberts*, '07.

From the effusions on December, Christmas, the New Year, and sundry other subjects pertaining to the time of snow and merry-making, we have made a selection from the Nassau Lit., which we venture to think possesses the true ring of winter verse:

MERRILY WAGS THE WORLD.

Whirl, skirl, twist and twirl,
Merrily falls the snow;
It eddies round in the fitful gust,
And sprinkles the pine-trees with diamond dust,—
Whirl, skirl, twist and twirl,
Merrily falls the snow.

Joy and tinkle, tinkle and joy,
Merrily ring the bells;
The cutters speed o'er the firm white street,
The greeting is joyous as drivers meet,—
Joy and tinkle, tinkle and joy,
Merrily ring the bells.

Glow and crackle, flame and flare,
Merrily burns the fire;
A-glint with its red are the andirons bright,
And cosy the home at the coming of night,—
Glow and crackle, flame and flare,
Merrily burns the fire.

—*C. W. Vernon, Jr.*

"Allisonia," the publication of the Eclectic Society of Mount Allison Ladies' College, comes to us in a neatly designed cover, artistically worked out in blue and white. The reading matter is excellent. We particularly enjoyed the department headed "Biographies," which gave us such a delectable account of the estimable qualities of a large number of young ladies—whose acquaintance, alas, cruel fate has not permitted us to make—that it drew an involuntary sigh from our susceptible editorial bosom. However, further revelations were in store. We had always heard the beauty of the girls of the eastern provinces praised in glowing terms, but we shrugged our shoulders and remained a heretic. We must confess we have been converted. The "Allisonia" is accompanied by photo-engravings whose testimony cannot be gainsaid. We capitulate—horse, foot and artillery. But that which served to round off, to consummate as it were, the interest of this number, was a column giving the particulars of the marriages of forty-seven ex-students and two teachers. Such a gigantic oblation to Hymen would in itself be sufficient to stagger the ordinary mortal, but when taken in conjunction with the amiable expressions on the preceding photos, it carried poor "we" quite off our balance. The only thing which kept dinning itself into our ears as at all

worthy of the occasion was the slogan of a well-known Toronto ladies' school, which we would respectfully submit to Mount Allison:

"Are we ready? Well, I should smile,
We've been ready—for some time."

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges: Acta Victoriana, College Index, Oracle, Bowdoin Quill, Notre Dame Scholastic, Queen's University Journal, McGill Outlook, Presbyterian College Journal, Mercerian, St. Andrew's College Review, O. A. C. Review, William Jewell Student, University Monthly, College Review, Manitoba College Journal, Viatorian, Acadia Athenaeum, University of Ottawa Review, Advance, Prince of Wales College Observer, Acta Ridleiana, Philomathæan, Vox Wesleyana, Trinity University Review, O. N. C. Monthly, Cap and Gown, Sibyll, Nassau Literary Magazine, University of Virginia Magazine, Mitre, Vox Colegii, Allisonia, Hya Yaka.

BIOLOGY.

You never hear a bee complain,
Nor hear it weep nor wail;
But if it wish it can unfold
A very painful tail.

ANATOMY.

He cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone;
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone. —*Ex.*

He Worked like a Trojan for them, Too.—"Wonder who was the first woman to get her gowns from Paris?" "Helen of Troy, no doubt."—*Boston Transcript.*

Prof.—What animal is satisfied with least nourishment?"
Bright Senior—"The moth, it eats holes."—*Ex.*

"There are just three objections to chapel orations; in the first place they are too long, in the second place they exceed the proper limit with regards to time, and in the third place the speaker does not stop soon enough after getting started.—*Ex.*

"Can you tell me how the chapel is heated?" Student—"Hot air, Sir."—*Ex.*

Cheap as Dirt.—"You fellows charge an exorbitant price for pulling teeth," said a real estate dealer to a dentist. "Oh, I don't know about that," was the reply; "we charge only a dollar an acher."—*Ex.*

A SUMMER ADVENTURE.

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim;
I waited for the railway train, the light was low and dim;
It came at last, and from a car there stepped a dainty dame,
And looking up and down the place, she straight unto me came.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, "Oh, dear old Jack!"
And kissed me as she spake.
Then looked again, and frightened cried,
"Oh, what a bad mistake!"

I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair, for I am not your Jack,
And as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightway give it back."
And since that night I've often stood upon that platform dim,
But only once in man's lifetime do such things come to him. —*Ex.*

A clergyman twice refused to marry a couple who came before him, because on both occasions the bridegroom was intoxicated. The clergyman said to the bride: "I cannot understand why you come to church with a man who is to be your husband in a state like this." The young woman burst into tears and said: "I cannot help it, sir. He won't come when he's sober!" —*Ex.*

In Queen's College, Oxford, England, there is an old custom still kept on Christmas Eve, called the bringing in of the Boar's Head. The legend is that a student of that college was walking in a neighboring forest, studying Aristotle, when a boar rushed out at him. The student was cool-headed and immediately crammed the book down the boar's throat and choked it. Being a lover of good books, he wanted his Aristotle back, so he cut off the Boar's head, and after dislodging the book took the animal's head to college, where it was roasted and eaten.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"I sometimes think I'd rather crow
And be a rooster, than to roost
And be a crow. But—I dunno.

"A rooster, he can roost also,
Which don't seem fair when crows can't crow,
Which may help some. Still, I dunno.

"Crows should be glad of one thing though,
Nobody thinks of eating crow,
While roosters, they are good enough
For anyone, unless they're tough.

"There's lots of tough, old roosters, though,
And, anyway, a crow can't crow,
So, maybe roosters stand more show;
It looks that way. But I dunno." —*Ex.*

THE

McMaster University Monthly

FEBRUARY, 1907

HINDU PHILOSOPHY.

A Curious and Famous System of Thought which dates back Twenty-five Centuries, and which not only obtains in India to-day, but is appearing under New Forms in the West.

I.

REGULAR compendiums of philosophy do not include, in their expositions, an account of Hindu philosophy, so that this system of thought has been left to the exploitation of popular systematizers who cater to that large class which delight in the new and curious. For the Hindu system easily takes first place among systems which are novel and startling, as this philosophy is famous not only on account of its peculiar doctrines, but equally on account of its complete subjugation of the Hindu mind, as well as the fact that it has begun the subjugation of the Western mind under the guise of Christian Science and such like cults. It is the purpose of this article to briefly sketch the rise, development and the crystallization of this famous system which has held undisputed sway over a great people for more than two milleniums, and which is scarcely relaxing its sway even under the fierce attack of present-day quickening intellectual activity.

The Bible of the Hindus, the Source of Hindu Philosophy.

Hindu Philosophy grew out of the Hindu Scriptures. For the Hindu Scriptures not only furnished the philosophy with its ultimate principle, but very materially affected its whole development. To understand, therefore, the Hindu system, some

account of the Hindu Scriptures is necessary. These Scriptures are enshrined in certain ancient volumes called Vedas, which are written in Sanscrit, the sacred language of India. There are four Vedas. Each Veda is composed of three parts, which may be roughly designated as a Hymnal, a Ritual, and a Commentary, these parts originating in the order mentioned.

The earliest hymns were composed and sung somewhere about fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, and their composition continued through some three or four centuries. The hymns are addressed to deified powers of nature, such as the Sun, the Wind, and the Rain; and show that, at the time of their composition, physiolatry was the regular cult. Some of the hymns are well worth preservation, for the style is simple and forcible, while the sentiment is beautiful, not infrequently reaching the sublime. They are clothed in metaphor and allegory and the reader needs only intelligent sympathy with nature to readily interpret their figures. Many of the hymns, however, are very inferior, and there were, even then, as interpreted in the light of later development, symptoms that the trend towards Pantheism had set in.

After a time the poetic afflatus died out, and the Hymnals reached completion; while in the course of a few generations, the language of the hymns became obsolete. Then there sprang up a class of priests, corresponding somewhat to the Pharisees of the time of Christ, who became custodians of the hymns, transmitting them orally from generation to generation, and during the period of transmission formulating a burdensome and cumbrous ritualism descriptive of the various ceremonies to be performed, of the sacrifices offered, and of the particular hymns recited at the sacrifices, with the value and right enunciation of sacred words. A vast mass of literature thus came into existence called Brahmanas, *i.e.*, Brahman rituals. The domination of the ritualistic party, which emphasized the letter at the expense of the spirit, and made the efficacy of worship to consist in intonating, posturing, and the observance of times and seasons, ended in a reaction started by a school which set about a study of the Hindu Scriptures—at this period composed of Hymnals and Rituals—in order to elucidate and bring out their spiritual meaning.

These interpreters fully accepted the priestly doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures, which they set themselves to expound, so that their work was received with favor, and finally obtained incorporation in the Hindu canon. These expositions, or rather rationalistic disquisitions, were called Upanishads, *i.e.*, interpretations designed to destroy the letter-bred ignorance and thereby bring out the spiritual meaning of the Hymnals and Rituals. These Commentaries on the Hymnal and Ritual text closed the canon of inspiration, so that the inspired Vedas or Scriptures of the Hindus are of a complex composition, consisting of Mantras or Hymns, Brahmanas or Rituals, and Upanishads or Commentaries. The canon, as thus formed, constitutes the Bible of the Hindus, and was completed about five or six centuries before the Christian era.

Some Doctrines of the Hindu Scriptures.

During the composition of the various portions of the Vedas, certain doctrines gained ascendancy which influenced all subsequent Hindu thought and action. As the Hindu began to rationalize upon the efficacy of substitutionary sacrifice, he came to feel that sacrifice, as he knew it, fell short of what conscience demanded, and he taught that everyone must receive in his own person the reward of his deeds, whether good or bad. This necessitated a future existence in which the reward would be meted out. But prior to any action at all, it was painfully evident that there were inequalities in the present life which, it was maintained, could be justified only on the ground of a previous existence, the deeds of which were the cause of the present inequalities. In some such fashion the Hindu wrought out his great principle, the transmigration of souls.

Moreover, the Hindu readily saw that the life of the favored few, even of those who had lived righteously in a previous existence, and who therefore were enjoying the fruit of good deeds, was far from complete. The cause of this incompleteness he held to be the association of a pure soul with an impure material body, an association which would continue through an almost infinite number of existences, and render perfection impossible. The problem, therefore, that naturally presented itself

was how to obtain emancipation from corporeal existence? Transmigration, if left to itself, would eventually exhaust itself, when emancipation would follow, but in the interim was there no means of shortening the process, or at least of ameliorating it? This was the question that philosophy undertook to answer.

There also came to the surface, at first shadowy and vague but gradually assuming shape and definite form, the doctrine that existence is the manifold manifestation of a single substance, a doctrine that found expression in the famous Hindu classical phrase: One without a Second. These principles, and others, found expression in the Hindu Scriptures in a variety of forms, but as yet there was no systematic exposition of them, a work that was left to the schools of philosophy.

The Commentaries were, accordingly, more than mere interpretations of the text of the Hymnals and Rituals, but included rational disquisitions on the problems which meet every people on the threshold of thought. With the Commentaries, the canon of Scripture reached completion, and the Vedas as thus constituted became the Bible of all succeeding generations.

Rise of Philosophy.

The canon was not well completed before there began to spring into existence almost simultaneously various philosophical compositions, which were accorded inspiration, but of a lower grade than that ascribed to the Vedas, and so of inferior authority. The pious interpreters of the Hymns and Rituals had loosed a spirit which they soon ceased to control—the spirit of inquiry. This spirit was characterized as good or evil, according as its philosophical disquisitions accorded with or antagonized the Hindu Scriptures. But even in the orthodox class there was a wide divergence in teaching arising from the fact that the unscientific compositions incorporated in the Hindu Scriptures were often vague, and even contradictory, and so afforded ample scope for the most diverse theories. Some of these systems were dualistic, some trialistic, but as the extra principles were mere external accretions with no organic connection with the system, they practically all taught Monism, some of the schools making a material principle fundamental, while others contended for a spiritual principle. The controversies between

the schools were carried on with great spirit and heat, the contest at times becoming so hot that, in some instances, the rival disputants are said to have come to blows. Ultimately, out of these clashing and warring systems, emerged one that not only supplanted all competing systems, but obtained such complete sovereignty over the Hindu mind that it crystallized into a mould into which, for more than two milleniums, Hindu thinking has been cast. This regnant philosophy is a spiritualistic Pantheism of a very special Oriental type, thoroughly indigenous and entirely unknown, except as an importation, outside of India.

The Famous Illusion Theory.

Philosophy, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is pure rationalism. And if the philosopher departs ever so little from pure reasoning and derives any part of his system from authority, whether of tradition or of revelation, his system is no longer philosophy, but has degenerated into dogmatism. Hinduism is not, therefore, strictly speaking, philosophy, and consequently not included in regular compendiums of philosophy. For the Hindu theorist takes his first principle from the Vedas, as something already given, and in no wise to be questioned Yet, as the Vedas teach Monism, and as Monism is a habit of the rationalistic mind, it is evident that the teaching of the Vedas rather made for its acceptance, so that the unphilosophical nature of the system is readily accounted for. Moreover, Monism is of two kinds, spiritualistic and materialistic, and here again the Hindu Scriptures, which taught a spiritual Monism, anticipated the idiosyncrasies of the Hindu mind, which is introspective and at home in abstractions.

The reader will readily understand this sympathy of the Hindu Scriptures with Hindu thinking when he is informed that the Hindu philosopher drew his inspiration altogether from the expository or philosophical portions of the Vedas. The Vedas, as we have seen, are composed of three widely different productions, the Hymnals, the Rituals, and the Commentaries. The Commentaries, as previously explained, are rationalistic expositions of the text of the first two portions, with discursive digressions on the problems which, in every age, have excited thought;

so they furnished material for the building of systems. These expositions, or Upanishads as they are called, are the only portions of the Vedas which are now studied by educated Hindus, as they so readily sympathize with their Pantheistic interpretation of existence.

Thus the Hindu philosopher arrived at his fundamental principle, which defines Spirit as everything there is, and resolves Matter into mere appearance or illusion. The system does not commend itself to the Western mind for it is wholly transcendental, repudiating all connection with experience. It is about the dreariest failure of an explanation of the universe that can be imagined. For the system denies absolutely the existence of all that really is, erecting in the place of reality a purely abstract and lifeless thing. Hindu Pantheism is a standing illustration of the fatal facility the human mind possesses, when undisciplined in the sciences, of losing itself in the intricacies of its own logic. For the Hindu, in the course of his reasoning, finding the facts of his experience and his logic in antagonism, makes choice of the path of logic, and rejects that of reality. His philosophical creed runs as follows: "There is only a single substance, spirit. Spirit is the cause of all that is. Like can only produce like. Spirit cannot produce matter, for matter is unlike spirit. Matter, therefore, is illusion only." Naturally there were only two alternatives to the Hindu, who started with a spiritual Monism, and whose principle of development was "emanation," namely, either matter must be of like nature with spirit, or matter must be illusion. And when his logic failed to bring matter within the category of spirit, the Hindu embraced the famous "Illusion Theory"—the theory recently adopted by the founder of Christian Science. The Hindu term for "illusion" is Maya, and there is no commoner expression in India to-day than "Everything is Maya"

This, it is true, is an advance on the teaching of the Upanishads, which inculcate a simple Pantheism, and describe existence as the manifold manifestation of a single spiritual substance. The earlier philosophers of this school endeavored, by ingenious descriptions, to deduce matter from spirit, delineating the processes by which spirit, through variant emanations, ultimated in matter. But the attempt did not commend itself to

the average consciousness, which persists in testifying, even in the face of logic, to a difference between the substrate underlying mental phenomena, and that underlying material phenomena. The Hindu, who is generally credited as having possessed par excellence the metaphysical mind, failed in his attempt to deduce existence from a single spiritual principle, because he conceived his absolute as an infinite simplicity containing within itself no principle of difference, and therefore incapable of movement. The natural sequence was an impassable chasm between the absolute as thus conceived, and the world of complex reality. Modern philosophers have succeeded better. Kant, the famous German metaphysician, rejected the abstract reasonings of earlier thinkers, and taught philosophy to deal with the concrete; while Hegel, detecting, by intuition as it were, where his predecessors had failed of reaching a perfected theory of existence, conceived his universal substance—not as a simplicity, after the Hindu fashion, to be distributed by emanation—but as a unity, containing within itself the principle of difference; and by adopting evolution as the mode of becoming he traced the unfolding of the absolute into the world of reality, including nature and spirit. But the Hindu, through inability to formulate this larger conception of the absolute, failed in his attempt to deduce concrete reality from his principle, and, in the exigencies of his theory, accepted the daring alternative of denying the reality of matter.

Matter is Maya.

This denial was in the very face of universally observed fact, and, as may be imagined, was not readily accepted; for to question one deliverance of consciousness, was equivalent to discrediting consciousness altogether, a consequence that even the hardiest could not lightly contemplate. Nevertheless, Hindu logic was in no wise intimidated by facts, no matter how well attested, and gravely persisted in its denial of matter. The Hindu contended that this particular testimony of consciousness to the reality of matter is to be rejected. He made good his contention with arguments which have recently in this country been made to do like service. His first argument was based on his metaphysical conception of being, which defined spirit as an

absolute simplicity. Now the material universe is an infinite complexity and, therefore, manifestly could not arise from spirit as thus conceived, for it was the conception which was at fault. fundamental concept, with unparalleled naivete, proceeded to But the Hindu, wholly unsuspicious of the fatal nature of his draw the conclusion that matter is non-existent. His second argument was based on his theory of emanation, the only theory of becoming that the Hindu could formulate so long as his conception of the absolute obtained. According to this theory, that "like can only produce like," matter could not emanate from spirit, and again the conclusion was drawn that matter is non-existent. Thus far we have only intellectual difficulties, which would scarcely have sufficed to support our philosopher in his bold negative had there not emerged a moral difficulty of supreme value. This was the problem of evil, one that has never yet received a perfectly satisfactory explanation, and which will probably continue through succeeding future ages to give pause to philosophizing minds. The Hindu's solution—tantamount to confessing that the problem has no solution—consisted in a denial of the reality of matter and, therefore, of the reality of evil, for, according to Hindu definition, evil is inherent in matter and has no affinity with spirit.

Thus the Hindu, inheriting from his Scriptures certain conceptions, which he never revised, wrought out within their narrow limits his celebrated system known as the "illusion theory," a system which maintains that matter has no reality, but is only "illusion."

Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B.A.

THE CORNFLOWER AND OTHER POEMS.*

A VERY dainty little volume is the collection of Jean Blewett's latest poems which has recently appeared under the distinctive title of "The Cornflower." There is something refreshing about the very sound of that title. Is it possible, we ask ourselves, that there is to-day a woman writer who finds a satisfying mission in singing the songs of the simple life? Is it possible that there is such an one who cares to write us stories and poems on the subjects that warm men's hearts and cool their brains? And we open the dainty book hurriedly and find that here, indeed, is a singer who has not outgrown the themes that the poets loved in the earlier days, one who leaves ghastly situations and harrowing surmises and unhealthy problems to someone else, and does not deceive us when she calls us to listen to a song.

Mrs. Blewett has been called the most popular of the Canadian poets. The reader of this new volume readily understands why. We are caught to-day, all of us, whether willingly or unwillingly, in the whirl of the strenuous life. There are doubtless those, here and there, set apart to the pursuit of learning, who have time and opportunity to dig and delve for treasures of thought amid obscure language and oracular utterances. But much of the world may not pause to do this, even if it would. We call to-day for condensed news columns, and single paragraph sermons, and we do not read three volume novels any more. And yet, underneath all the rush and stir of the busy world, the blare of commerce, the clarion cries of science, the kaleidoscopic whirl of thought, hearts are still hungry, and it is a grateful thing to hear a voice singing of home and of love, of peace and of plenty and of God. Such a song is like that of the robin in a sordid city square—through the din of wheels and street cries, singing a low, sweet, persistently cheering song that penetrates to the ear of the tired worker and warms his heart anew.

*The Cornflower and Other Poems. By Jean Blewett. Toronto: William Briggs.

It is the Scotchman who has the gift of second sight. I wonder if two natives of bonny Argyleshire did not have a share of it? I wonder did they not hand it down, perhaps in a slightly altered form, to a daughter born in a younger land? If not, why should she look at the home and the farm and the hearts of men and women, and see there what many never guess at? Perhaps it is all the poetic insight, but we may be forgiven if we imagine that the inborn influence of the land of lochs and glens and faithful clansmen had a little to do with the conception of the quaint pen pictures, the shrewd sayings and the strong emotional studies of our writer.

There is no sameness in Mrs. Blewett's work. She does not make herself a rut, however smooth, and drive her Pegasus relentlessly along that. She draws home pictures for us. She makes us laugh with her quaint characters. She carries us along on soaring flights of fancy. She thrills our blood with indignation over some wrong, or irresistibly calls out the patriotism of a people. And again she draws us below the surface into emotions we feel but cannot express.

She is the sweet singer of the simple life. And lest any think that such a characterization is belittling her talent or her work, let us remind ourselves that the simple life is the life where there is time to feel great emotions and to think deep thoughts. The simple life is the life that Wordsworth loved to tell of and that Shakespeare lingered over in a way that has made his verse hold its live interest for humanity while decades rolled up into centuries.

The poem, "The Cornflower," from which the book takes its title, is a sweet little love story that holds the interest from the first line to the last. The young teacher living in the home of her chief trustee rouses in him new ideas as to his school responsibilities, and at the same time new ideas as to womankind. We realize that her disappointment over his obstinate refusal to better the sanitary state of the school is doubly bitter because it is a disappointment in the failure of the man to rise to the appeal, as well as in her own failure to win the improvement of her scholars' conditions. And we feel a little amusement when the sturdy farmer, past the age of fleeting fancies, gives the girl her fanciful name, "Cornflower," and owns—

"I called her 'Cornflower' when she took
To wearing 'em in her belt.
The young chaps were all in love with her—
And I knew just how they felt."

The volume contains a goodly number of these charming little stories in verse. They occur largely in the early part of the book, and are specially full of human interest.

Very enjoyable is "The Old Man's Visit," spoilt for him by the crumpled rose-leaf of a daughter-in-law who was that thing

. . . "Of all things provoking,
A woman around who sniffs when you're smoking."

"Soldiers All" touches a more pathetic note—

"They're praying for the soldier lads in grim old London town;
Last night I went, myself, and heard a Bishop in his gown
Confiding to the Lord of Hosts his views of this affair.
" 'We do petition Thee,' he said, 'to have a watchful care
Of all the stalwart men and strong who at their country's call
Went sailing off to Africa, to fight, perchance to fall.'
'Amen!" a thousand voices cried. I whispered low: 'Dear Lord,
A host is praying for the men, I want to say a word
For those who stay at home and wait—the mothers and the wives.
Keep close to them and help them bear their cheerless, empty lives.' "

Turing a few pages we see and fall in love with "Daddy's Boy," with his black eyes and his coaxing ways. Every "daddy" will welcome this sketch and laugh as he lives over again a kindred experience to the one the little rogue describes—

"I tickle him under the chin—just so—
And I say, 'Please can't I, dad?'
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say no
To his own little black-eyed lad."

Other pleasing poems in this narrative class are "Chore Time," "The Criticism," and "The Preacher Down at Coles'."

The most pathetic story of all the poems classed in this way is the one called "Jack." Its story is told by Jack's boy chum, and its boyishness is so sincere and so entire that one's sympa-

thies go out involuntarily to the lonely laddie so loyal to his lost friend. It is impossible to do it justice by quoting an extract, the train of the boy's thought is so natural, and the story of the mother's sorrow so closely interwoven with it.

How like a boy these words are:—

"An' neighbor women's sure to come
A visitin' a feller's home,
An' talkin', when they look at me,
'Bout how thick we two used to be,
A stealin' off from school, an' such,
An' askin' do I miss him much,
'Till I sneak off outdoors—you see;
They just can't let a feller be!"

How we sympathize with his suffering under the tactlessness and how glad we are when he and the sorrowing mother meet.

We have not pored over the book very long before we get a hint of Mrs. Blewett's Scotch ancestry. No one but the Scot, born or bred, can do justice to the Scot. There are quite a few Scotch poems in this collection which are especially pleasing. "The Wooing o' Katie," "Fool's Luck," "Janet." "The Lad from Inverness," are all poems which the kilted chief and his clans will love. "St. Andrew's Day" shows us the Scotch-Canadian with his enthusiam kindled over both old home and new, pledging the "hames o' Canada" in one breath, and in the next calling—

"Ho, lowlanders! Ho, hielandmen!
We'll toast her a' the gither,
Here's tae each bonny loch and glen!
Here's tae her hills and heather.

Here's tae the auld hame far away,
While tender mists do blind us,
We'll pledge on this, St. Andrew's Day,
The land we left behind us!"

"Thail Burn" is a loving tribute to "Burns, the Bard o' Ayr," trysting with Highland Mary. Seemingly Mrs. Blewett loves Burns' song for just the same world-wide heart qualities for which others love her own.

"For He Was Scotch and So Was She" is a humorous picture of the so-called Scotch characteristics as shown in the case

of a well-contented couple, of canny mind and candid opinions, who lived and loved as such strong souls can—

> "They're loving yet, in heaven, maybe—
> For he was Scotch, and so was she."

A character cleverly sketched who will live in our thoughts along with Sairy Gamp and Becky Sharp, and Kipling's "Soldiers Three," is Christy of "Christy and the Pipers." She is an irrepressible old Scotch body, the very marrow of whose bones is stirred by the skirling of the pipes. As the music's sound brings back old scenes to her, she laughs and she cries and she taps her toes until her more discreet husband is scandalized, and then she completes his bewilderment and horror by picturing "the pipes" in the place of the orthodox harps of heaven.

> "There are only harps in heaven, I'm told,
> And maybe I shouldn't say it,
> For a harp of gold's a wondrous thing
> In a hand that's skilled to play it.
>
> But those highland lads, 'twas the pibroch's call
> They heard morning, noon and even,
> And the pibroch's call, I believe in my heart,
> They will hear in the streets of heaven.
>
> I told this to Donald late that night;
> He said, as he sipped his toddy,
> 'Do you ken ye shocked the elder the night?
> Yersel' is the doited body.
>
> And are ye speaking o' bagpipes in heaven?
> Ah, Christy, I'm that astoonded
> I'll hae the guid meenister speak tae ye
> For, Christy, ye're no weel groonded.' "

Much, however, as we may enjoy these poems already mentioned, we must not judge either our volume or our writer altogether by them. There is yet left us a rich store of poems of riper thought and graver measure, songs of the growth of souls. And while once or twice in the narrative poems there occur expressions which might perhaps be bettered, in the division headed as "Miscellaneous Poems," there is nothing that does not

mark a high class of work. The language is very beautiful and the descriptions are fine and forceful.

Three very pretty poems are, "The Mullein Meadow," "Her Mission," and "Chrysanthemum's Court."

"The Mullein Meadow" takes us back to childhood days in the country when, playing in just such a meadow, we would have been puzzled to tell whether there lurked more charm in the little golden blossoms or in the downy flannel leaves of the mullein.

"Her Mission" is a sweet picture of a woman well content with the old and honorable "sphere" of mother, wife and home-maker. The haunting little refrain is full of the satisfaction of a manly heart as it sings in answer to questioning—

> "O, then, I say, in the pride untold,
> And love beyond degree,
> This woman with the heart of gold,
> She just keeps house for me—for me,
> She just keeps house for me!"

"Chrysanthemum's Court" is a description by a nature lover with a poet's gift of imagery of those glorious blossoms of Autumn—

> They lift their faces to the light,
> And aye they are a gallant band;
> The queen of all is snowy white—
> A stately thing, and tall and grand.
>
> See, close beside, in yellow drest,
> Is the prince consort of the hour;
> A bit of God's own sunshine prest
> Into a glorious golden flower!
>
> Each maid-in-waiting is most fair—
> Note well the graces she unfurls—
> The winds have tossed her fluffy hair,
> And left it in a thousand curls.
>
> And yonder quaint, old-fashioned one,
> Arrayed in palest lavender,
> Ah! few there are, when all is done,
> In beauty can compare with her.
>
> The pink—I've seen at eventide
> A something very like to this,
> A cloud adrift upon the sky,
> All rosy from the sun's last kiss."

Among others especially noteworthy in this division we find "A Song of Harvest Home," "God's Warmth is She," "Discontent" and "Love's Lesson." There is both beauty of expression and beauty of soul shown in the "Song of Harvest Home."

"Praise God for children's laughter shrill,
For clinging hands and tender eyes,
For looks that lift and words that thrill,
For friends that love through good and ill,
For home, and all home's tender ties!"

"Love's Lesson" is worth not only reading but remembering.

"Discontent" is very strong both in thought and expression. The soul is pictured as finding fault with Discontent, and declaring its intention to harbor it as a guest no longer, accusing it of having robbed life of peace and rest. Discontent replies—

"You know me but imperfectly—
My surname is Divine;
God's own right hand did prison me
Within this soul of thine.
Lest thou, forgetting work and strife,
By human longings prest,
Shouldst miss the grandest things of life,
Its battles and unrest."

"God's Warmth is She" is the song of a parent's heart over a new-born child, showing the birth of deeper sympathy with humanity through the coming of the babe.

"O glad sun, creeping through the casement wide,
A million blossoms have you kissed since morn,
But none so fair as this one at my side—
Touch soft the bit of love, the babe newborn.

Towards all the world my love and pity flow,
With high resolves, with trust, with sympathy,
This happy heart of mine is all aglow—
This heart that was so cold—God's warmth is she."

We find also a very beautiful tribute to the grand old city of Quebec, a little poem well worthy of memorizing, both for its suggestiveness historically and for its picturesqueness—

"Quebec, the gray old city on the hill,
Lies, with a golden glory on her head,
Dreaming throughout this hour, so far, so still,
Of other days and her beloved dead.
The doves are nesting in the cannons grim,
The flowers bloom where once did run a tide
Of crimson when the moon rose pale and dim
Above a field of battle stretching wide.
Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow
Of pride in ancient times, her stirring past,
The strife, the valor of the long ago
Feels at her heart-strings. Strong and tall and vast
She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace,
A wondrous softness on her gray old face."

"Envy" is a keen-edged little poem which lays open the corrosive work of that unholy passion more forcefully than many a longer essay.

"Slander" is a poem of kindred fibre which would not prove comfortable reading for one who had consciously dipped his tongue in the poison of spite—

"That one who, with the breath lent him by heaven,
Speaks words that on some white soul do reflect,
Is lost to decency, and should be driven
Outside the pale of honest men's respect.
O slanderer, hell's imps must say of you:
'He does the work we are ashamed to do!'"

But Mrs. Blewett by no means always takes a whole poem by which to give us her thought. Sometimes a very few quick words do for her a wonderful work of expression.

Look at the gorgeous pictures she paints for her readers. The colors fairly flash in such lines as these—

"Mark the warm October haze!
Mark the splendor of the days!
And the mingling of the crimson with the
Sombre brown and grays!"

and

"The sunset has faded, there's but a tinge,
Saffron pale, where a star of white
Has tangled itself in the trailing fringe
Of the pearl-gray robe of the summer night."

Hear the lilt in these lines from the "Song of the Golden Sea"—

"The harvest fields of the far, far west
Stretch out a shimmering sea of gold!
Every ripple upon its breast
Sings peace, and plenty, and wealth untold!"

What could be more exquisite than the bit of bird life she describes in "The Lake Shore Road"?—

"From off her four warm eggs of mottled shade,
A bird flies with a call of love and joy
That wins an answer straight
From that brown thing of gladness on a bough,
Too slight to hold him and his weight of song,
The proud and watchful mate."

Before we lay aside the book let us look for a moment at two of the noblest poems in it, noblest both for thoughts and for execution—"The Trust" and "The Earth to the Twentieth Century." The one is a fiery flash of righteous indignation over the greed and hypocrisies of the age, the other is a trustful pæan to that God who has outlived all the centuries, and guarded and guided all things well.

Let the first speak for itself. Comment will only weaken its strong cry—

"We steal the brawn, we steal the brain;
The man beneath us in the fight
Soon learns how helpless and how vain
To plead for justice or for right.
We steal the youth, we steal the health,
Hope, courage, aspiration high;
We steal men's all to make for wealth—
We will repent us by-and-by.
Meantime, a gift will heaven appease—
Great God, forgive our charities!

We steal the children's laughter shrill,
We steal their joys e're they can taste,
'Why skip like young lambs on a hill?
Go, get ye to your task in haste.'
No matter that they droop and tire,
That heaven cries out against the sin,
The gold, red gold, that we desire
Their dimpled hands must help to win.
A cheque for missions, if you please—
Great God, forgive our charities!"

In the latter one the Earth in her majesty speaks to the aggressive young century who has exclaimed over her strength and beauty, telling her she should be old. She casts the thought indignantly away from her, telling a tender and beautiful story of the way that the life in bud and blossom and bird and beast makes demands upon her and keeps her young—

"And then, my human children, could you listen
To secrets whispered in the stillness deep
Of noonday, or when night-dews fall and glisten—
'Tis on my bosom that men laugh and weep.

I answer mourner, penitent, and lover,
With quick'ning stir, with bud and leaf and sap:
'Peace, peace,' I say, 'when life's brief day is over
Ye shall sleep soundly in your mother's lap.'

The loss, the longing of mankind I'm sharing,
The hopes, the joys, the laughter and the tears,
And yet you think I should be old, uncaring,
The barren, wornout plaything of the years!

Past centuries have not trodden out my greenness
With all their marches, as you well can see,
Nor will you bring me withered age or leanness,
March on—what are your hundred years to me?

While life and growth within me grow and flourish,
While in the sunshine and the falling rain
I, the great Mother, do bring forth and nourish
The springtime blossom and the harvest grain.

March on, O century, I am safe holden
In God's right hand, the garner-house of truth—
The hand that holds the treasure rare and golden
Of life, and sweetness, and eternal youth."

One lays down the book at last with a feeling of gratitude for this singer who has such a clear, a helpful and strengthening note in all her song. We are glad, too, that she does not hold obscurity to be necessary to beauty for the clearness of her thought adds to it helpful ministry. She makes us laugh with her many a time, and again she hushes us into admiration of her ideals. Her pictures of motherhood are inspirations. Her pictures of nature thrill with life. We are glad when we have read our volume to a finish that it is the work of a hand still instinct with life, so that we may reasonably hope for more such songs in the days that are to come.

Ethel Botherill Patterson.

THE BAG OF EELS: A SCHOOL STORY.

Second Prize: Graduate Story Competition.

Chapter I.

The Class Room.

THE mathematical master was diligently putting some algebra on the board, and, having no eyes in the back of his head, his employment was quite satisfactory to the boys.

Little Diggs—who had an ambition to grow up to be a spectacled encyclopedia like his father, Prof. Diggs, author of several works on the Subliminal Consciousness—had just asked a question. Good boy! he was anxious to understand his algebra thoroughly, and, of course, his instructor was only too delighted to hear such a rara avis, thus it was that he was so diligently writing away.

While the spectacled Diggs was being enlightened, a curious note was passing across the class-room, for it must be understood that Holt wanted to communicate with Boliver. It being State business, the message was in cipher.

But cipher is a challenge to all comers, and, besides, Holt and Boliver were no friends of his, so "Zip" Sharp quickly made a copy of the mysterious writing as it passed him.

" 'Bothered if I don't learn to read that stuff," he said to himself. "It may come handy to us."

The *us* was in reference to a unique trio: the clever Zip himself and his two bosom chums, "Tug" Morrison, alias "the General," etc., etc., and the well-fed Mudge, affectionately known as Mutton—a private league, each member of which was looked upon by masters and boys alike with a curious blending of distrust and respect.

Chapter II.

Den Number Nine.

In their den that evening—during what the college prospectus called study hour—this confederacy had business, name-

ly, a formal discussion of the perfidy of Diggs, who had long been suspected of telling tales.

It was resolved to "fix" him.

This matter of public concern out of hand, the three settled themselves to various employments, according to taste: The wily Tug making ready a fishing line, Mutton lying down reading, in his own luxurious way, a sixpenny "shocker," and Zip studying hard—at the cipher. Not a word was now spoken.

It must not be thought that school work was altogether forgotten, for, in case a master should knock, next day's Latin lay wide open on each table.

"Queer looking mess!" muttered Zip after he had been puzzling his brains a long while unsuccessfully.

Another ten minutes of silence occurred.

"Going to get it or I'll eat my *hat*!" fairly shouted Zip, and his fist came down on the table with an emphatic crash.

Just at that moment a familiar knock was heard, and as the door opened the unwelcome face of the house master appeared.

"Please, sir!" instantly volunteered the ever-ready, in answer to the very curt question that had been asked about certain sounds proceeding from the room, "it was me. We've got something here we can't make out. Would you help us, sir?"

"Well, Sharp, what is it?" enquired the master, advancing into the room.

"Please, sir! we can't make out this in the Virgil for tomorrow: 'quorum—pars—magna—fui'?"

"Umph! I'm glad to see you so much interested in your work. But you ought to be able to translate that, Sharp! Take it a bit at a time—yes—yes—yes. Well, there was nothing so difficult about that was there?—'of which things I was a great part'—Yes, you'll find this second book very interesting as you go on. Good-night, boys."

The door closed.

"Good bluffing!" the mighty Tug condescended to say, as he and Mutton calmly resumed their former employment.

The recipient took his honors with becoming modesty and re-applied himself to the cipher.

Some quarter of an hour later, however, he began to vociferate and jump like a veritable wild Indian.

"Hold your row!" said Tug with all the decision of Julius Cæsar in his prime, "you'll have the house master in!"

"Why! any fool ought to be able to read this blooming cipher!" continued Zip—but in a manner *decidedly* subdued.

"Well, then, I s'pose *you* can read it." quietly remarked the Redoubtable, not even looking up from his occupation.

"Show us how you do it?" said Mutton lazily.

"Blowed if I do after *that* cool reception. Find it out for yourselves!"

However, it was not long before both Tug and Mutton were at Zip's table having the whole thing explained.

"Uh! That's easy! What was the fuss about finding that out?" drawled Mutton in a tone of utter disparagement, meanwhile rolling back carelessly to his book.

"Well, *you'd* never have found it out," remarked Zip in his most pungent style.

But the stolid Mudge was deep in his reading again and did not hear.

That the key to the cipher messages had been discovered was kept a dead secret, for this gang was always strictly a closed circle. That is why it generally succeeded.

Chapter III.

The Fishing.

The three lay awake in their beds, waiting. The risk to be taken was sufficient to appeal to any boy. In fact it was simply *splendid*. Even Tug's heart beat a little faster as the time drew near to get up and stealthily dress in the dark. They were going to slip out for a night's eeling at the river.

At last, with the quietness of death pervading the house, like soldiers at a signal the boys crept out of bed and began to put on their clothes.

No mishap occurred, and soon, at an hour when all respectable people are in bed, the three were moving across the common to the south of the school.

From a hollow in the great trunk of the ancient lightning-shattered tree which was known to the whole neighborhood as the Split Oak, hidden lines, bait and the like were gathered,

whereupon the expedition at once pushed on in the darkness towards the river.

In due course its sombre banks were reached, and under the trees lining what was called Burkitt's Hole the party crept and took up their position. Far above their heads a few lonely stars looked down into the quiet night. Shrouded in gloom, the quiet common lay in the rear; the river glided by noiseless and black—all the blacker for the opposing light of a small lantern that stood on the bank. While the three truants silently watched their lines the impressive stillness that hung over everything stole into their hearts until each of them was secretly glad of the company of the others. In that wonderful silence of all nature how very loud was the occasional *plump* of a sinker as it dropped into the water.

At length the dawn began to break. With the growing light nature awoke, and with the daylight came daylight courage.

"Isn't it great here!" ejaculated Zip.

"Don't jaw when you're fishing," coldly spoke Tug. No more was said.

These were strange boys. If they could have been as much in earnest over their lessons—but what is the use of even saying it?

When time was up the party had five plump eels. The spoil was stuffed into a sack. Mutton shouldered it, and the three moved off.

Talk now went briskly.

"Did you hear Patton was caned?" enquired Tug.

"Yes," answered Zip. "I'll bet that contemptible little sneak Diggs squealed on him—told his dear Sniffs!" (a nickname for the science master.)

"We owe it to the Coll. to squelch that Diggs," said Tug.

"Well, why don't we?" asked Zip.

"You wait!" said the Avenger of Wrongs significantly. "But we've got to catch the little beggar red-handed, mind that. No good *guessing*."

"My hat! how everybody hates him!" interjected Zip.

"The masters don't," said Tug dryly.

"Well, who are they?" enquired Zip.

"Never knew a fellow any good who was addicted to botany," said Mutton with judicial deliberation while he shifted the eel-bag to the other shoulder.

"Ive got a great scheme about these eels!" confided Tug presently, as the party lay under a hedge waiting while the school milkman got by.

"What?"

"Oh, never you mind—you'll see—the spiffest thing yet! Our beloved friends Diggs and Sniffy and Boliver are all in it. It's just why we came fishing at all. I s'pose you didn't know that?"

"Well, what *is* the scheme?"

"I'll let you fellows in later. You know as well as I do I can't tell you everything right out for fear you'd mess it up."

"You *are* the whole show, aren't you, Morrison?" grimaced Zip.

"He *thinks* so," drawled Mutton.

"Naow, Fatty," drawled back Tug—with his usual genius for finding the joints of the harness—and "Fatty" replied with a clod of earth, which was neatly dodged.

The coast clear again, the gang moved on. In accordance with the general's unexplained scheme, when the great Split Oak was reached the eel-bag was carefully stowed away in the long growth close to the huge trunk, and left there.

"That sets the trap," said Tug, winking.

The two best eels, however, had been taken out, and these rather doubtful treasures were cautiously conveyed into the safe-keeping of Mother Pitt at the Tuck Shop, where they were going to be quickly cooked and joyfully eaten a little later on—such things "Mother" found "worth while."

Chapter IV.

Ulysses.

"Well, Diggs, how's the botany?" It was not the science master speaking, but Tug, of all people! Last time I saw you you were looking for—what was it?—oh, yes. I can never think of those beastly long names. You must have a wonderful memory, Diggs?"

"Oh, it is only training that does it," explained that conceited little mortal. "You see I'm always at this!"

"Are you interested in mosses?" asked Ulysses.

"Oh, my! *very.* Making a collection of them now!" Diggs nervously adjusted his spectacles. His small heart was all aflutter in the presence of the great Tug; yet he did so want to make a good impression. "Tuesday I got a fine specimen of sphagnaceæ; Mr. Wiseman says it's quite rare—won't you—please—come up and see it?" he ventured.

"Can't now, thanks.—haven't done quite all my Latin yet," explained Tug, whose enthusiasm for Latin was very sudden.

But Diggs raced on: "I'm just now hunting phascaceæ—tree mosses, you know. Mr. Wiseman wishes to make his collection as complete as possible——"

" 'Know anything about beetles?" said Tug, breaking in.

"Oh, yes, coleoptera, you mean."

"Yesterday," related Tug impressively, "I saw the rummest looking thing in that line 'ever saw in my life—crawling about in the grass under the Split Oak. Might be worth your while to have a look for the beggar. He was right at the bottom of the trunk. You know I saw Mr. Wiseman's beetle show and I'm sure there wasn't one like *that.* But I must hurry. Ta, ta, Diggs."

Diggs was just beginning to express profuse thanks, but Tug's Latin would not wait. Ah! Diggs! "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*"

Chapter V.

Nemesis.

The incorrigibles lay hidden. The famous old Split Oak was under surveillance, for six bright eyes were peering at it through the bushes.

"Yah! Ha!" gloated Tug presently. "All's spiff! Here comes little Gig-lamps!"

"Wonder if he's ever seen beetles like those?" chuckled Zip, thinking of the eels in the sack.

"You mean coleoptera,' " said Mutton gravely.

To the immense amusement of the spies the diminutive Diggs found the eels. Carefully replacing them he set off back to the school.

"Now he's gone to tell Sniffy somebody's been fishing," said the general. "Sniffy won't be long!"

The happy trio waited. Very soon they got their full heart's desire in the delicious sight of none other than the hot-tempered Sniffs making straight for the tree.

"Yes, he *did* tell!" purred Tug. "He did!"

"How bright his red whiskers show up in the westering sun!" said Mutton poetically.

Having looked the eels over, the science master carefully hid near by and began to watch with lynx eyes.

"Sniffy's a great detective, isn't he?" whispered Tug.

"Holds the record for mare's nests," observed Mudge.

"Good old Sniffy!" snickered Zip. "Good old Sniffy."

"Don't say 'Sniffy,'" whispered Mutton solemnly, in an awed tone. "Don't you know his name is Mr. Wiseman?"

"Isn't it rum how some people get their names?" observed Zip.

Then with wicked eyes Tug looked at Mutton. "Not very rum how you got yours, eh, Fat?"

A subdued "Shut up, Morry," was all the reply that could be ventured just then.

After some time a boy was seen approaching.

"It's Boliver," whispered Tug. "It's Boliver!"

"'My! we'll see some fun! oh! my! oh! my!" tittered Zip, squirming about with delight as much as the circumstances of the case would allow, and even the imperturbable Mutton was visibly affected.

Boliver (sworn enemy of the gang), it should be understood, had received a note in cipher, telling how Schenck and Schleswick—two new German boys—had dared to go fishing and had hidden their bag under the Split Oak. It was Boliver's duty to capture it.

The note reading, as it did, in the secret cipher, of course Boliver took it for granted that its origin was his croney, Holt. Had he only seen Zip carefully printing it, with Tug and Mut-

ton looking over his shoulder, what a lot of trouble it would have saved everybody!

Just as Boliver took up the eel-bag, out jumped Sniffs and collared him, much as a policeman might collar a pickpocket.

"Boliver, you've been fishing!"

"No, sir."

"What!"

"*No*, sir.

"The evidence is all against you, Boliver. It is undeniable! Quite useless your standing here in that brazen-faced manner. You *have* been fishing! There's your bag!"

Boliver was marched off to the science master's room.

"I'd give a bob or two to see Boliver and Carrots having it out!" whinnied Zip as the two disappeared down the road leading to the school.

"Yes," said Mutton, gravely, "his Scientific Nibs will be effervescing anon like unto ginger beer."

The boys knew him all too well.

"Not so bad!" summed up Zip, looking over the afternoon's work. "Even with Boliver again! Sniffy fuming! And, my eye! we're got our dooks on Diggs, too!"

" 'Quorum—pars—magna—fui'!" importantly observed Tug, drawing himself up like a pouter pigeon, while he stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat.

The confederacy now made their way to the school, for they had business there. That scene in the master's room was quite coming up to the fondest hopes of the gang. But, good as it was, it was really only an amusing side show in Tug's grand plan: in another part of the building was the *main* performance. For, from "The Hall of Justice" (commonly known as Bath-room Seven), there was issuing a torrent of wild screams which ceased suddenly and gave place to a short, choking gurgle. It was Diggs being given The Bath Cure.

"'Here endeth the First Lesson'" chanted Mutton at the close, in a beautiful, intoned delivery.

F. S. Beddow, '06.

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HYMNS AND THEIR STORIES.*

This booklet contains a selection of poems taken from various sources. The poems are stories which have as their theme some of the well-known hymns. The first one, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," tells the well-known story, in verse form, of the sentinel whose life was saved during the American Civil War as the result of his singing this familiar hymn, while on his beat. The editor has made a very good selection, although there are a few of the poems which hardly seem to come up to the standard. The cover of the booklet is artistic, and adds considerably to the publication.—H. R. N.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF CHARACTER.*

This book is apparently the result of a considerable expenditure of time and thought. It professes to give a series of pictures in the life of Jesus, arranged in a chronological order. The author has approached his subject in "the attitude of loving discipleship." His style is concise, almost to a fault, and he is not wholly without touches of originality. But the book really contains very little in the way of information. It is scarcely anything else than a collection of homilies, and gives no evidence of extended research on the part of the writer. Here and there the author has departed in some degree from the well-beaten paths of orthodox interpretation, and at times he is in evident uncertainty regarding the stability of the ground he occupies. But on the whole the influence of these Lessons, so far as it may extend, will be quite wholesome.—C.

*Hymns and Their Stories. Selected by J. George Hodgins. For sale at the Methodist Book Room. Price 25c.

*The Sovereignty of Character. Lessons from the Life of Jesus of Nazareth Albert D. Watson, M.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: D. A. MACGIBBON, '08.

"There's villainous news abroad."—*Henry IV.*

FYFE DAY EXERCISES.—The Day of Prayer for Colleges was held this year on Thursday, Jan. 31st. The Fyfe Missionary Society took charge of the morning services in Castle Memorial Hall. President C. W. New, B.A., occupied the chair. There was a brief business session, during which an important matter came under discussion, Mr. R. C. Bensen, B.A., reading the notice of a motion to change the constitution in order to give this college a place in the Y. M. C. A. student world. Such a movement is one in the right direction and tends to greatly increase the influence of our Christian student body. In opening the devotional part of the service, Mr. New briefly emphasized the need of Christ's spirit in every phase of student life. The morning's programme consisted of addresses by three members of the Society. Mr. O. C. Gray, B.A., gave a short outline of the work done at the recent Student Volunteer Convention at Dayton, Ohio. He stated that the main message of the Conference was regarding the purpose, spirit, and character of the Gospel ministry. The call of to-day is for leaders, men who can hold the helm and guide the church through the troubled seas, men consecrated to the labor of true ministration and whose strength finds its source in God. The next speaker was Dr. Oliver. In a very graphic sketch he presented the nature of mission work in British Columbia. His last summer's experiences were narrated in a way that proved amusing, interesting, at times thrilling, and withal extremely instructive. He advised the theological tyros to go West, where they could follow his example in preaching the same sermon sixteen times. His work was to distribute literature in the many railroad camps and to preach whenever hearers could be obtained. A marked secular spirit seemed, to him, to be the most noticeable feature of Western life. In the words of a British Columbia navvy: "God didn't get past North Bay." The need of the West could be met by these two things: (1) Jesus Christ, and (2) the exposition of the Gospel's teaching in good, clean, honest, upright living. The final address, delivered by the Rev.

Chas. Fournier, voiced the need of French-Canadian evangelization. The speaker displayed a thorough knowledge of his subject and gained much appreciation for the noble work of the Grande Ligne Mission. At two o'clock the students again met in the chapel. At this college prayer service the Chancellor presided. The spirit of the devotional exercises was deep and impressive. Dr. Farmer, in a short address, indicated the trend of the thought in the morning's session. He showed that each speaker had struck the same note, the pre-eminence of Christ. Jesus is our Leader and our daily life should be under His direct guidance. At three o'clock the chapel services were closed, and each year dispersed to hold an individual class prayer meeting. These were well attended and proved intensely interesting and helpful. This day of prayer will ever be an inspiring memory to those students who enjoy its services.

Congratulations.—Mr. Roy Vansickle, '09, was married in Toronto on Tuesday, January 22nd, to Miss Vivian Jacquet, of Collingwood. Mr. and Mrs. Vansickle will reside in Toronto, and Roy will finish his arts course.

Students in chemistry heard with regret of the death of Mendeleeff, the famous Russian professor, who died on January 31st. While their sorrow naturally has been deep, a hope has been expressed by some of the less scientific that his tables will be buried with him.

Literary Society.—An interesting and varied programme was presented by the Literary Society at its regular session on Friday evening, January 25th. President McPhail occupied the chair, and after routine business had been disposed of, he called upon Miss Mary Harris, '08, to open the programme with a piano solo. This number was well rendered and was enjoyed by all. Mr. H. S. Mullowney, '09, then delivered an oration on Martin Luther, which was admirable, both in point of interest and ease of delivery. Miss Gladys Jackson "of the year 11" followed with a vocal solo, "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?" Miss Jackson's rendition of this song roused the latent Scottish spirit of the McMaster clan and she responded to an encore with the song, "Cam' Ye By Athol?" Mr. Moe, '10, pleased the audience with a humorous reading, entitled "The Irish Schoolmaster," and as an encore successfully described by words and deeds the difficulties of a station agent who stuttered. The last number on the programme was a vocal solo and encore by Mr. Iveson, '10. Although one of the youngest members of the student body, Mr. Iveson has a very pleasing tenor voice.

Friday, February 1st.—The main interest of this meeting centred round the inter-year debate, '07 versus '10, on the subject, "Resolved, That Government ownership and operation of railroads would be in the best interests of Canada." Messrs. A. C. Bingham and W. L. Ronson for the year '10 upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. R. L. Harkness and A. E. White of '07 supported the negative. It was a time of severe nervous trial to the valiant members of the freshmen class, as the '07 debaters rolled forth economic maxims in proof of their contentions. These were realms to which the freshmen had not yet penetrated. They could not determine the value of such arguments as these. There was a sigh of relief as the President rapped each senior speaker to his seat. Mere economic maxims, however, could not blur the vision of the judges, Dr. Findlay, Prof. Dales and Mr. G. H. Campbell, and the decision went to the freshmen. In the course of the evening Mr. H. R. Nobles, Theol, brightened the proceedings by a couple of humorous recitations. The first was an interpretation of a portion of Josiah Allen, and the second a dramatic presentation of "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

The Lit Banquet.—The fourth annual dinner of the Literary Society took place Friday evening, February 8th, in Castle Memorial Hall. President McPhail occupied the chair. On his right were the guests of the evening, Hon. J. P. Whitney, Premier of Ontario, and Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P. On his left sat the Chancellor. The function was in every way a success. In point of numbers present it excelled any previous dinner. The catering was good, the tables tastefully decorated, and the speakers, one and all, happy in their remarks. After the menu had been discussed, President McPhail introduced the toast list by proposing "The King," which was honored by singing a verse of the National Anthem. Mr. Morden Long, '08, in a chaste and eloquent speech, proposed the toast to "Canada." This was responded to by Premier Whitney. Mr. Whitney said Canada had the privilege of being one of these outlying kingdoms, the bulwarks and buttresses of the Empire. She possessed the finest climate in the world and the freest form of government. Quoting Kipling's line, "Lest we forget," he declared that the danger was that we should not always remember to Whom we were indebted for these rich gifts with which our native country had been endowed. Mr. H. R. Nobles introduced the toast of the "Dominion Parliament." He pointed out that the time had arrived when Canada should exert an influence on Imperial affairs. Mr. Guthrie replied in an able address, in which he succinctly outlined the growth and development of the political institutions of our country. The Canadian Parliament, he said, was not an unworthy institution but excellently represented the temper and genius of the average Canadian

HON J. P WHITNEY, PREMIER OF ONTARIO

HUGH GUTHRIE, M P , GUELPH, ONT

citizen. Mr. Guthrie is a man of fine presence and possesses an excellent parliamentary style of delivery. His speech was listened to with sustained interest throughout. Mr. W. E. Robertson, B.A., stood sponsor to the toast of "Alma Mater." Mr. Robertson, who had returned recently from a trip through the Canadian West, said he found McMaster men everywhere imbued with a deep interest in the welfare of their loved University. The speaker referred to the rapid expansion of McMaster during the last two or three years and declared that her graduates watched with pride her phenomenal growth. Chancellor McKay, after congratulating the Literary Society on the success of the dinner, adverted to the progress McMaster had made since its organization. This, he said, was chiefly due to the large endowment with which she had opened her doors. The Chancellor referred to the residential feature of McMaster life and drew attention to the fact that three years in residence was a requirement of a Bachelor's degree at Cambridge, England. Universities might become too large; he was of the opinion that the future would witness the establishment of a number of new seats of higher education in Ontario. Mr. J. D. Craig, '07, in a neat speech, enlivened with a humorous flow of fancy, proposed the toast to "The Ladies." This was wittily responded to by Miss Moule, '07, second vice-president of the Literary Society. Miss Moule's speech was extremely clever and deserved the hearty appreciation it received. Mr. W. E. Matthews, B.A., who was to have proposed the toast, "Sister Institutions," was unable to be present and was replaced by Mr. E. R. Fitch, B.A. Mr. Jordan, of Queen's, and Prof. H. J. Arkell, of the Ontario Agricultural College, replied on behalf of the representatives. "God Save the King" brought the function to a close. During the dinner proper music was rendered by Fralick's orchestra, and between the toasts Mr. Ruthven MacDonald, baritone soloist, Miss Helen K. Ferguson, contralto, and Mr. W. Geo. Rutherford, violinist, gave several highly enjoyable selections.

Dorcas Society Entertain.—The graduating class of Bachelors in Theology were entertained recently by the Dorcas Society of Jarvis Street Church. The "at-home" took place after a regular meeting of the Dorcas Society, and we understand that those who arrived early for tea filled in the time by helping pack home missionary boxes, threading needles and in other ways making their presence generally acceptable. All of the gentlemen report a very enjoyable evening, indeed one of the number, a younger member of the class, has since been trying to ascertain how many Dorcas Societies in connection with Baptist churches there are in Toronto. "Scorn delights and live laborious days," good brother.

"I BOUGHT a cow," said a senior, as he came back from a day of shopping. "A cow?" queried a sophomore. "Yes," said the senior, after a lapse of about half a minute in order that the effect might be intensified, "a silver cow for my little nephew." This is a pretty good joke when you remember that it came from a senior.

IN announcing the results of the first year English mid-year examination the examiner stated that a full fledged matriculant had twenty-one mistakes in spelling on the paper he handed in. It is understood that practically every person in the class who got a mark below a first-class standing has since called privately on the professor and explained that he believes and practises phonetic spelling.

MRS. W. S. W. MCLAY was "at-home" to the ladies of McMaster, the faculty and the class nought eight on Tuesday afternoon, January 29th. A very pleasant hour was spent.

MR. TELFORD'S DEPARTURE.—Mr. J. M. Telford, '07, business manager of THE MONTHLY, left for the Old Country Friday, January 18th. Mr. Telford will spend some months across the pond. In his absence Mr. W. B. Waters, '08, will act as business manager. Every success to you, John.

INFLUENCE OF MIND OVER MATTER.—During the recent cold snap the scribe had occasion to visit a room occupied by three juniors and a sophomore. The radiator was out of order and the atmosphere was in the neighborhood of zero. Inquiring how they were able to work in such a cold room, they made no reply, but each turned up his book, disclosing the fact that they were all busily engaged in perusing text-books on "Heat."

THE CURATOR.—"The third great man around McMaster," this is how he was designated in the January number. "But," says an objector, "how does he come third?" "What claim can he lay upon greatness?" Let us see. A very old saying concerning greatness runs somewhat like this: "Let him who would be greatest among you be your servant." Ah, the claim seems a little more reasonable now. Yet it will bear stating, so here goes: Practically every student at McMaster, apart from his studies, comes into contact with his fellow-students in several relations at least. As a rule he belongs to several societies, sometimes more, sometimes less. It depends largely upon himself.

There is the student body organized as such. He is, perforce, a member. Then there is the Literary Society, the Fyfe Society, the Athletic Association, and so on down the list to the "boiler room" committee and the Theological Society. Our quest is to find and single out those officers who, by virtue of their position, serve the greatest number of students from day to day. No one will question the pre-eminence of the High Kakiak. Every student meets him. The freshman goes to him as a present help in time of trouble. The sophomore watches his room warily when there is fun afloat. Indeed he comes into contact with the students in all the years. Next there is the "Lit" president. The responsibility and importance of the position has already been pointed out. It is easy to select these officers for first and second. But the third—there's the rub. However, making the choice along the lines indicated—the greatest good to the greatest number—it would seem the honor falls to the curator. Many students belong to the Athletic Association, many attend Fyfe, but while this is the case, the careful keeping of the reading room is a matter of personal, real concern and comfort to a far larger number of students. We have, therefore, adjudged the curator worthy of coming under review. If you ask him what his duties are he will tell you he moves officially in relation to three fixed points, viz., the mail box, the files in the ladies' room and the reading room proper. If you give him a chance he will dilate with sorrowful loquacity upon the abundant opportunities for labor which lie within his kingdom. You hardly, however, require this confirmation, it is palpable. To keep a table of magazines in order when they are continually being overturned and moved is almost an impossibility. They require straightening every hour of the day, indeed oftener. Then there are the dailies to file, morning and evening, magazines to be chased up, which, like the Arabs, from time to time "silently steal away." These and other smaller duties are a tax upon any individual who endeavors to perform them acceptably. It is all that should be expected of him. There seems to be an idea, however, that he is also responsible for the order maintained in the reading room. This should not exist. It is a well-enough-known rule that at least moderate quiet should be maintained in such a place. The curator's duties are heavy enough without attaching to the office services of a disciplinary character. And when all is said and done the office is not a particularly desirable one. It is usually thrust upon the incumbent. But although this is the case, to be chosen as the victim is a mark of confidence from the said victim's fellow-students. It is the result of a cold-blooded belief that here is one to whom all this vexatious, exacting routine work may be entrusted with complete confidence. Sometimes there have been execrable errors in judgment in this respect,

but as a rule the appointees have "made good" when given a fair show. May the reading room ever be a place where the student may turn from exhausting thoughts to the relaxations which it affords.

When Ignorance is Bliss.—In Greek class—Professor—"Who can translate 'Philei me?'" Freshman—"He loves me." "Yes, that is correct." Another freshman, with a fond smile—"Professor, couldn't it be 'she loves me?'" Professor—"I suppose she might."

The Ladder of St. Augustine.—A freshman never knows how very green he was until he becomes a sophomore. A sophomore can never conceive of the asininity of some of his actions until he looks at them with all the worldly wisdom of a junior. "What a conceited young cub I was," says the senior of himself in his junior year. But the graduate after meeting the rebuffs of a cruel world for a year or so says, more loudly and perhaps more truthfully than any, "How very little I really did know when I got my sheepskin."

Cupid had just heard of the latest marriage in noughty-nine. As he complacently stroked the name from his list, he remarked: "Fine year, noughty-nine. Shouldn't wonder from the way things are looking if it will not beat noughty-six a couple of times over before it is graduated."

Some of the gentlemen in the class in church history were rather surprised when they were told to prepare "biological" sketches of some departed worthies. On second thought, however, the professor decided to let them off with writing "biographical" sketches.

Reinforcements for Boliva.—A representative company assembled on Tuesday, January 15th, in the Bloor Street Baptist school room to bid farewell to the Rev. F. J. Scott, B.A., and Mrs. Scott. Mr. Scott is a graduate of McMaster and twice filled the office of High Kakiak, being the only student who has been thus honored. Mrs. Scott is a graduate of Moulton. Rev. J. D. Freeman, pastor of the Bloor Street Church, presided, and short and appropriate addresses were given by Rev J. G. Brown, representing the Foreign Mission Board; Rev. John Craig, and Prof. I. G. Matthews, the last named speaking on behalf of the University and as a class-mate and room-mate of Mr. Scott. A few well chosen words were then spoken by Mr. Scott. All present felt that a man of the right sort was going to the front. "The time is opportune, and the place strategic," remarked the

speaker, and we expect to hear in the years to come of splendid work being done by our new representative to Bolivia. McMaster bids them godspeed and will be on the lookout for good news.

Willie went tobogganing,
Had a spill upon the track,
And a bobsled swiftly following
Hit poor Willie in the back.

THE following gentlemen have either represented McMaster at college functions or are under appointment to do so:—N. McNaughton, '07, Queen's, December 14; R. Young, '07, Medical College, December 14; E. Challen, Ontario Normal College, February 8; R. Harkness, Ontario Agricultural College, February 14; D. J. McPhail, Varsity, February 18.

SPECIAL BIOLOGY OF THE FIRST YEAR.—The class is engaged in watching a frog endeavor to remove some acid from its back with its foot. Inquisitive student—"Professor, if you would put some acid on a man's back would he act the same?" "The answer is not recorded. The chances are, though, the man's foot would move in another direction.

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE.—Professor—"Why were the deities in the Mycenæan age represented as goddesses instead of gods?" Gallant student—"Because, professor, females are more to be worshipped than males." Professor—"I quite agree with you, Mr. Blank, you show great insight."

NOW HE IS IN DISFAVOR.

A sophomore, gentle and meek,
Went home with a senior petite.
Love makes many mistakes,
For he brought home her skates,
Which was not very wise or discreet.

ONE of our professors is authority for the statement that "Books sometimes were written before they were printed." We welcome the confirmation. It bears out our own impressions on the matter.

HOW WOULD YOU?—How would you answer a freshman who overheard you remark that you were reading "Romeo and Juliet" and queried, "Is that Greek?"

DEBATING SOCIETY.—At the first meeting of the Debating Society after mid-year examinations the officers for the ensuing term were elected as follows: President, R. E. E. Harkness;

Vice-President, Winsor Ross; Secretary-Treasurer, R. B. Ritchie; Representatives to Executive, O. C. Gray, B.A., Theol., N. E. Challen, '07, R. G. Saunders, '08, A. F. Smith, '09, N. Shaffer, '10. The society drew up a constitution of several by-laws, one of which provides that in the future the elections shall take place in the spring only, and that those elected shall hold office for the year following, instead of a single term, as formerly. The new constitution is a decided step in advance, and under the present enthusiastic executive the McMaster Debating Society should do good work.

The Intercollegiate Debate for February 12th, resolved "That the efficiency of the Government in England would be increased by the abolition of the House of Lords," was the subject for January 26th. W. A. Scott, '09, led the affirmative, and J. B. McLaurin, B.A., championed the cause of the negative, in the absence of the appointed leader. The judges, Messrs. F. S. Beddow, B.A., and E. R. Fitch, B.A., decided in favor of the affirmative. On February 2nd the subject was, "Resolved that it is to the best interests of England to construct a tunnel between England and France." The affirmative was led by N. E. Challen, '07, and the negative by W. R. Donald, '10. C. D. Jones, B.A., acted as judge, giving the victory to the negative. The criticisms given by Dr. E. H. Oliver were very helpful.

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: M. BLANCHE EDY, '08.

"Woman must ever be a woman's highest name,
And honors more than 'lady,' if I know right."

Y. W. C. A. CONVENTION.—The sixth national convention of the Y. W. C. A. of Canada was held in Montreal from January 24th to January 28th, under the presidency of Mrs. Kilgour, of Toronto, the Dominion president. About seventy-five delegates from all parts of Canada were in attendance and were made glad by the hearty welcome extended to them. The meetings were held in the American Presbyterian Church, and the convention motto, "The Young Women of Canada for Christ," was displayed across the front of the platform. Each day there were morning, afternoon and evening sessions.

The first afternoon was largely devoted to presentation of reports of the work done by the association, but at the evening session addresses of welcome were given by Dr. Symonds, Prof.

Scrimger and Rev. Dr. W. R. Younge. The theme of these addresses was "The value of the Young Women's Christian Association to the nation's welfare, in the University and as a supplementary agency of the Church." Prof. Scrimger said that the value of the Y. W. C. A. to the University could not be exaggerated. University life is on a much higher plane than it was fifty years ago, because more attention is being paid to things which benefit character. One of the interesting features on Friday morning was a review of the half century's achievements of the Association, by Miss Paxsen, travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. She showed that the physical, religious, educational, hospital, domestic, missionary and rescue departments were all growing rapidly. The students' movement comprises twenty-four associations and the membership for the past year is approximately 1,400, 64 per cent. of these attending college. The greatest forward step taken since the last convention is the policy of having Bible study groups. Mrs. Plumptre, of Montreal, spoke of the place that mission study has in the life of the student. Our student life is only a preparatory time for making us all-round, capable women, and mission study broadens our view of life.

Other interesting speakers at the convention were Miss Barnes, Dr. Potts, Miss Little and Dr. Douglas Adam, and many valuable addresses were given. On Sunday morning the convention sermon was preached in the American Presbyterian Church by Rev. Douglas Adam, D.D. He spoke of the sympathy that is required in the Y. W. C. A. work and showed in a very beautiful way how we can best serve Christ by forgetting the past, forgetting ourselves and unselfishly serving others. The closing session was on Monday morning, January the twenty-eighth.

Every day the delegates were entertained at luncheon by the Y. W. C. A. of Montreal, and on Friday enjoyed a most delightful sleigh ride to Mount Royal. The national convention is triennial and this is one of the best and most profitable that has ever been held.

Open Meeting of L. L. L.—There is to be an open meeting of the Ladies' Literary League of McMaster in the latter part of March, when a reading of Tennyson's "Princess" will be given by the girls under the supervision of Mrs. Fenton-Arnton. "The Princess" has been dramatized by Miss L. M. Haughwrat, of New York, for amateur presentation; and some of the scenes and characters have necessarily been omitted. Since such scenes as the camp, the battle and the wounding of the Prince are too difficult to handle, the denouement is introduced more abruptly than in the original poem. Several of the interlude ballads are

used as descriptive of time and transitions not otherwise expressed.

A Mission study class has been organized under the leadership of Mr. I. G. Matthews, M.A. The meetings are held every alternate Monday and the text-book used is "The Christian Conquest of India," by J. M. Thoburn, Bishop of Calcutta.

Y. W. C. A.—The first Y. W. C. A. meeting of this term was addressed by Mrs. Holman, who spoke simply, directly, and very helpfully. Mrs. Holman has long been a true and interested friend of the McMaster girls, and it is needless to say that her presence at our meeting and her earnest talk were enjoyed and appreciated.

At the meeting of January 30th there was present Mr. Austen, missionary to Peru, under the "Regions Beyond Missionary Union," of London, Eng. Mr. Austen gave a very interesting account of the land to which he is going, and of the mission work being carried on there; an account all the more interesting because the conditions described were so nearly those existing in our own mission field of Bolivia. Mr. Austen himself will be stationed not far from some of our own missionaries, though in the different Republic.

Miss Anna McIntosh, who was the McMaster representative to the recent Canadian national Y. W. C. A. convention at Montreal, presented her report at the meeting of February 6th. Miss McIntosh gave a splendid account of what proved to be a most successful convention, and through her we learned of the progress of Association work in the Dominion. Mr. Laflamme also briefly addressed the meeting, and spoke very earnestly about the investment of our lives, pointing out the great and attractive possibilities for service in the foreign field.

On Sunday, January 27th, the McMaster Y. W. C. A. took charge of the afternoon meeting of the Y. W. C. Guild, held in their building on McGill street. The president, Miss Waters, was in the chair, and there was a very good attendance of McMaster girls, as well as friends of the Guild. Miss Bessie Pugsley gave a Bible reading on the subject of "Fidelity," basing her remarks on the story of Ruth and Naomi. Miss Winnifred Sharpe, of Moulton College, contributed very acceptably to the programme with a vocal solo. After the meeting an informal reception was held, and the girls had an opportunity of learning something about the large work carried on by the Y. W. C. Guild in this city.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: J. DIXON CRAIG, '07.

WE'RE a fast crowd here in hockey, I'll have you know. It took us just two days to run off our share in the Intermediate Collegiate series. And then we were "skidone."

We went down to Mutual Street Rink on Friday, the first day of February. So far so good. And we beat Varsity by five goals to two. Which was better. Then we went down to the rink again, on Saturday afternoon, which was the second of February. Which was all right. But Varsity trimmed McMaster to the tune of thirteen to two. Which was terrible, terrible. What happened? Why our team went up in the air after half time, that's all. Any reasons for the game turning out as it did? Yes, gentle reader, there are. Why, when that second game was over, and the multitude had departed, a few of the enthusiasts gathered up of what remained about twelve basketsful of McMaster's hockey team and excuses—mostly excuses. You see we were playing our second game in two days. Then, of course, that same old luck that we have every year, etc., etc. And a couple of our best men were hurt, and two others had just arisen from a bed of sickness and consequently were not in very good condition; and so on and so on. Such were the main reasons for our losing the game, according to our reporter, who gathered them, he says, as they fell from the lips of those "who ought to know."

THE FIRST GAME, as has been stated, was played on Friday afternoon, the first of this month. The play started off in rather a ragged style, with Varsity pressing McMaster's defence. But after three minutes of this kind of work Jordan broke away and scored on a long shot. Then for the next seven minutes the play see-sawed up and down the ice, Varsity getting in a number of good rushes, but Bensen was always in the way, and it didn't matter a great deal if the puck did go past him, anyway, for Malone was playing a brilliant game in goal, and seemed equal to anything that came his way. Ten minutes after the game started Jordan again netted the puck, putting McMaster two goals to the good. In ten minutes' time Varsity came back, however, and managed to get past Malone, the score then standing McMaster 2, Varsity 1. But it didn't take long for our forwards to regain their former lead, for in just two minutes, on

a rush down the ice. Scottie McEwen passed to Jordan, who scored. McMaster 3, Varsity 1. Five minutes after half time "Fuzzy" Firstbrook, taking the puck from a mixup in front of Varsity's goal, slapped it in for a tally, which put us three to the good. Shortly before time was called Scottie made a pretty individual rush down the ice and notched another point for the boys in green, which finished our scoring. But just before full time Varsity tallied again, leaving the final score McMaster 5, Varsity 2.

The teams lined up as follows:—

McMaster (5)—Goal, Malone; point, Bensen; cover, G. C. McEwen (Capt.); rover, S. R. McEwen; centre, Firstbrook; left wing, Jordan; right wing, J. Robinson.

Varsity (2)—Goal, Frost; point, Gallie; cover, Culver; rover, Kennedy; centre, Evans; wings, McSloy and Kennedy.

Roy Thomas refereed very impartially and satisfactorily.

The Second Game was played the next day at half-past three. It was hardly an exhibition of hockey during the first half at all. Of course it must be remembered that the ice was pretty soft, but even at that the game was poor, neither side attempting any combination during the first half hour. Varsity was the first to score, which rather quieted McMaster supporters, especially when it was seen that Roy Bensen had received a nasty cut on his foot and had to go off for the rest of the game. R. D. Moyle was put on at cover point, however, Gordon McEwen going back to take Bensen's place at point. "Scottie" made the next goal for McMaster, thus evening up the score, which finished the counting in the first half. When our men came back on the ice at half time they jumped into the game with such vim that for a while it looked as if our men would be able to hold the provincials all right. Scottie scored again in five minutes, and McMaster was pressing hard when McSloy got away nicely and scored for the blue and white, evening the score again. Then, just about this time, Varsity cheered up; they played a four-man combination every time they went toward McMaster goal, and the way they woke up was something wonderful to see. In just thirty seconds McSloy repeated his former performance, putting Varsity ahead one goal. After this our men went away, way up in the air. Scottie was the only man on the team that seemed able to move himself faster than a walk, although credit must be given to the defense men, who played hard, Moyle especially making a number of rushes down the ice. Well, for the next fifteen minutes Varsity scored a goal pretty nearly every minute. They came down the ice four abreast, and the shots rattled in at Malone in ding-dong style. But to cut a

long and somewhat sad tale short, the score at full time was Varsity fourteen and McMaster two. This gave Varsity the round by nine goals.

Rolly Young refereed to the entire satisfaction of everybody.

The teams were the same as in the previous game, except that Varsity replaced Frost in goal by Sutherland, who strengthened the team considerably.

The Juniors Also Ran.—On Wednesday afternoon the McMaster II. team played St. Andrew's College on Mutual Street ice. The game was an interesting one to St. Andrew's students, for the score at full time stood seven to two in their favor. Their team won on its merits, for they played a strong combination game all through, while it was only at rare intervals that McMaster did any passing, and during the second half they played an individual game altogether. Hayden played a plucky game for McMaster on the forward line, while Moyle was always on the go at cover point, and made several nice rushes. As usual, McMaster was rather unfortunate. Parker having his knee badly cut, and consequently being forced to retire, and Ware played out also in the second half, leaving the ice for the rest of the game.

The teams:—

St. Andrews (7)—Goal, McLaren; point, Smith; cover, McPherson; rover, Hastings; centre, Neil; wings, McDonald and Lowis.

McMaster (2)—Goal, H. McLaurin; point, Lang; cover, Moyle; rover, Ware; centre, Hayden; wings, McKay and Parker (Capt.)

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MARY STILLWELL.

MOULTON COLLEGE re-opened after the Christmas vacation on January the seventh, the holidays this year being slightly longer than those in former years.

THE December meeting of the Heliconian Society was held on the third Friday of the month. The subject taken up was Ireland, and the programme proved to be an exceptionally interesting one. After brief essays had been read on subjects pertaining to Ireland, and a number of Irish songs sung by Mrs. Stuart, Miss Elsie Dryden gave an account of her trip through Ireland. The Heliconian paper was then read, and the meeting closed with "God Save the King."

ON the first Friday after the Christmas holidays a very jolly evening was spent, when we all met for a taffy-pull.

A SECOND recital was given this month. Besides the instrumental music there were a number of vocal selections, in which some of the new music pupils tried their voices for the first time.

THERE are two rinks this year: one for skating and one for hockey. A hockey team has been organized, but on account of the mildness of the weather no games have been played as yet.

PERHAPS one of the merriest occasions of the year was the evening of the masquerade party, when Japanese ladies, sisters of mercy, Red Cross nurses, fairies, and even ghosts filled the drawing rooms. After all had unmasked a shadow play was given, in which Lord Mortimer and his rival Benjamin wooed the beautiful and cultured Mary Jane. Later on in the evening the masqueraders descended to the dining room, which looked very pretty with its tables decorated with miniature Christmas trees, whose branches held a valuable (?) present for each guest. After justice had been done to the oysters, and the tin horns, whistles, etc., etc., had been tooted to our heart's content, and our ears' distress, with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and with expressions of thanks and good-will to Miss Thrall, Miss Cruickshank, the faculty, ourselves and, in short, everybody, the gathering broke up.

Here and There.

Editor: M. H. Long, '08.

THE annual relapse has taken place. College students are but mortal and consequently college journalism must partake of their mortal frailties. Whether we may attribute the barrenness of the January exchanges to the aftermath of the carnival of turkey, plum-pudding and mince pie, whether it is due to the pernicious effects of mid-year exams, or whether the student "think-tank," after its special holiday effort, has simply run dry, we would not undertake to say. But the fact remains that, with the exception of *Notre Dame Scholastic* and one or two others which keep their steady, even pace, the exchanges which have reached us this month are marked by fiction which is uninteresting, by a sad lack of humor, and by poetry which is for the most part very mediocre. However, every situation has its bright aspects, and we cheerfully seize the opportunity of presenting some offerings of merit which hitherto demands on space have prevented us from reproducing.

SYLTOJELMA.

The frowning, heavy-boughed Norwegian pines
Dare not to scale the crags that loom on high
But dwindle, giving place to twisted vines
That timidly crawl upward toward the sky,
Then turn upon themselves and fall away,
Awed by the summit, crowned with boulders gray
That drink the cloud in silence floating by.

Around there stretches forth a maze of streams
That glide and wind through meadows far below.
Here rests a lake and there a tower gleams,
And lingers, crimson, in the sunset glow.
Dark Syltojelma, gazing downward, wields
From rugged sides upon the drowsy fields
A slumber-spell that wraps the world in dreams.

—*Horace W. Stokes—Yale Lit.*

There is a plaintive, indefinable sweetness, characteristic of many negro melodies, which we think finds fair expression in the following lines:—

A DARKY CROON.

Shadders creepin' upward,
  Rose light fadin' 'way,
Trees a sighin' mournful
  For the dyin' day,
Evening star a shinin'
  Steady in the sky—
Law! I's mos' a cryin'
  Though I dunno why.
Jes' the time I loves de bes'
When the day a mgone to res'.
Listen! how Bre'r Owl he cries,
Little chilluns, close your eys!

—*Marjory Lane, '08, in the Vassar Miscellany.*

THE current issue of the University of Virginia Magazine is somewhat unique in that the whole number constitutes a memorial to General Robert E. Lee, the great Confederate leader of the Civil War. The memorial celebrates the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. Lee the student, the man, the soldier, the peacemaker, are the subjects of well written sketches. Several hitherto unpublished letters and a number of poems on incidents in the hero's life add to the interest of the issue. As the presentation of a high type of manly Christian heroism, the number appealed strongly to us and we can recommend it highly for student perusal. We quote:—

TO GENERAL LEE.

These were the captains of the ancient wars—
Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne—
Whose fields were won beneath a scarlet rain,
While necklaces of bones bedecked their ears.
But there was one who came across the stars
To win a field where he alone was slain,
Because none other could endure the pain
Of conquering death, or bear the nail-pierced scars.

So you were one who knew triumphant loss
(Unknown to those death-brooding kings of yore)
Remembering love that died upon the cross,
You loved, forgave, forgiving fought no more:
And your defeat was turned to victory,
For in your heart dwelt One from Galilee.

—*Leon Rutledge Whipple.*

STRAY NOTES ABOUT THE COLLEGES.

The endowment fund for Queen's University has, according to the November journal, reached the $300,000 mark. This is three-fifths of the amount aimed at, and according to more recent newspaper reports, the total is much nearer the $500,000 wished

for. The Senate of the same university has decided to establish a course in Pedagogy for graduates in Arts. The Bachelor and Doctor degrees will be conferred for one and two years' courses respectively. In January Queen's also celebrated the opening of a handsome new gymnasium costing in the neighborhood of $30,000. Your growing time, Queen's! Best wishes!

Harvard University has raised its tuition fee. The old price of $150 per year is charged for four courses, an additional fee of $20 being charged for each extra course. The total college expenses of the average man are thus increased by over $100.

Action is being taken at the University of Chicago to make chapel exercises optional instead of compulsory as heretofore. In this they are following the example set by Harvard some time ago.

Purdue is erecting a large chemistry building, which will be one of the finest in the Western States.

The Montreal *Star* tells of a matriculant at Tufts' College who is only eleven years old. During his freshman year he will take up Differential and Integral Calculus.

Cornell has a total registration of 3,045 this year, as against 2,922 last year.

Williams College has received two gifts of money recently, one of $50,000, the other of $10,000.

Princeton celebrated, on October 22nd, the 160th anniversary of its founding as a college.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has made Yale a gift of $40,000, to be used for the building of a new swimming tank.

By the will of the late Jairus Hart, of Halifax, Mt. Allison University will receive the splendid gift of $100,000.

The University of New Brunswick has a freshman class of thirty-nine students, the largest in its history.

John R. Mott, President of the World's Christian Student Federation, has been touring in South America. He states: "In the Latin Republics there are no less than six hundred institutions of higher learning with seventy thousand young men in attendance." From this statement it would seem that our sister continent is hardly the uncivilized and barbarous place it was supposed to be.

The number of students at McGill has reached 1,321. The value of her buildings and endowments is now $6,000,000.

Edinburgh, finding that her University Union is filling a place of splendid usefulness in her student life, has just opened a handsome University Union Extension.

The registered attendance at Mt. Allison Ladies' College for the past term was 230, of which 122 were boarders. This makes Mt. Allison the largest ladies' college in Canada. It also has the distinction of being the oldest.

William Jewell is also feeling the wave of prosperity. Construction work on a new library and a dormitory accommodating one hundred more students is in progress.

An intercollegiate short story contest is to be tried this year by a number of Southern colleges. The object of this step is to encourage the contribution to college magazines of a form of literature that has heretofore been neglected by the students. The prize fund is maintained by a contribution of $10 from each college entering the contest. The experiment should prove of special interest to a large student centre like Toronto, where, if successful, the idea could easily be adopted by the numerous college papers.

THE TRUANT.

O moonbeam, tell me have you seen,
Upon your ghostly way,
Perchance a little flower o' dream,
That I lost yesterday?

"Aye, I have seen your treasure, child,
And safe from harm it lies.
I met young Love within the wood,
Your dream-flower in his eyes."

A. M. W.—Vanderbilt Observer.

We are glad to acknowledge the following January exchanges: McGill Outlook, Notre Dame Scholastic, College Index, Acta Victoriana, Allisonia, Queen's University Journal, Manitoba College Journal, Acadia Athenaeum, William Jewell Student, Manhattan Quarterly, O. A. C. Review, University of Virginia Magazine, Hiram College Advance, Mercerian, Philomathean Monthly, Bowdoin Quill, College Review,

Returned Empties.—One of the suburbs of Chicago is the site of a well-known school of theology from which go out each week-end many members of the senior class to try their voices as supplies. A passenger on a Monday morning train was surprised at the number of them who got off at the station. "What are all those chaps getting off here?" he asked the brakeman. "Them?" asked the brakeman. "Oh, they're returned empties for the college.—Ex.

It is not many years since William H. Moody, who is resigning the Attorney-Generalship of the United States for a seat on the Supreme Court, was a member of the Harvard baseball team, and afterwards head of the New England baseball league. —Ex.

Old Maid (purchasing music)—"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

Clerk—"No-o-o, it must have been the other clerk."

Freshman (on street car with his girl): "Watch me tip the conductor. If I give him a dime, he never asks me for my car-fare."—Ex.

TRAGIC TALES.

Johnnie touched the electric wire,
As it lay upon the floor—
Little soul was wafted higher—
John was ne'er so shocked before.

Tommie went too near the grate:
Clothes caught fire—pity 'tis!
All ablaze from foot to pate—
What a bright boy Tommie is!

Ex.

Safe and Orthodox.—Mrs. Newlywed—"Does your husband ever talk in his sleep, Mrs. Longwed?"

Mrs. Longwed—"No, dear, he talks in other people's sleep. He is a preacher, you know."—Ex.

A Clerical Wicket.—Ambassador Choate tells a story of the Bishop of Rochester, England, the divine who was so fond of cricket that he used to play the game with an expert local team. It appears that one day when this bishop was batting the bowler pitched very wide. "Please keep the ball in the parish!" commanded the bishop, testily. The next ball the bowler sent in caught the right reverend gentleman full in the waistband, whereupon the bowler observed: "I think that's somewhere about the diocese, my Lord."—Ex.

The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon.—The bishop, addressing the little folks at the children's service, became very impressive. "Only think, children," he said, "in Africa there are 10,000,000 square miles of territory without a single Sunday school where little boys and girls can spend their Sunday afternoons. Now, what should we all try to save our money for?"

The children (unanimously)—"To go to Africa."—Ex.

There is a colored preacher in Mobile who has no sympathy with the modern doctrines of some of his white brethren. One Sunday evening after preaching a long sermon bearing on the "good old-fashioned religious ideas," the divine paid his compliments to the "new-fangled religion" in no uncertain terms.

Finally he pounded the pulpit and wound up with "An,' bredren, I wish to say that when all is said and done the hell of my fathers is good enough for me."—Ex.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us."—
Deeper than this my wisdom delves,
Better by far—'t would make Earth Heaven—
Would others but the gift be given
To see us as we see ourselves! —*Puck.*

A HOME SONG.

I.

The twilight bees to the comb,
And the wandering bird to the nest,
And the roaming sails turn home
Far out in the darkening west;
Home, home, they gladly drift,
Though the lawn was loved of the bee,
And the bird had loved the lift
As the sailor the open sea.

II.

And I, who have wandered far,
Down unremembered ways,
With never a steadfast star
Through all those drifting days,
Now turn to an Inn whereof
I know one door stands wide—
And the rest is silence, love,
Till the world is shut outside!

—*Arthur J. Stringer.*

A Roman priest and a Methodist teacher in the same village were in the habit of twitting each other when they met in the postoffice, and the following was overheard on one occasion:

"Father, have you heard the latest news?"

"No," replied the priest.

"Well, last night the bottom fell out of purgatory and all the Catholics tumbled into Hell."

"What a crushing the poor Methodists must have had!" —*Ex.*

Boarding House Logic.—It has been said, "union is strength." Then let us put the butter in the tea. Why should the strong not help the weak.—*Ex.*

A hen which lives on the grounds of Cornell University laid 225 eggs in ten months. This speaks well for the advantage of higher education.—*Ex.*

W. B. Wate[illegible] R. C. Bansen, B.A. N. S. McK[illegible] J. C. Matthews, M.A., B.Th. Thos. Wearing, [illegible] E. P. Lewis, [illegible] W. W. Westell, Theol

W. T. T. Edwards, [illegible] Miss E. M. La[illegible] J. M. Felford, [illegible] J. B. McLaurin, B.A. Miss M. Blanche Edy W. S. W. McLay

M. H. L[illegible] N. M. N[illegible] D. A. MacGibbon, [illegible] F. W. Weston, [illegible] J. D. Craig, [illegible]

THE

McMaster University Monthly

MARCH, 1907

THE TSOLLANGI THIERTHAM.

IT was a delightful January morning, just like one of these rare Canadian June days when one feels the pulse of life throbbing in every vein. For the Hindu it was a day of great significance; for the Mohammedan it was a holiday; and for the Christian it was a day of mingled curiosity and sadness. It was the day for the Tsollangi Thiertham.

The Tsollangi Thiertham is the great bathing festival, in which all the Hindus are presumed to participate. The festival is in honor of the Sun, which is deified in their religion. The occasion is at the new moon in the month of January, and this year it chanced to be on the day of the solar eclipse. Certain places are appointed throughout India for the observance of the festival, and thousands go to these places to perform their rites.

One of the sacred places is at the mouth of the Godavery River, where it empties into the Bay of Bengal, about two miles south of Cocanada. A party of three, we started early in the morning in order to reach the scene before the great crowds, and also to avoid the noonday sun. As we drove through the streets, we found them lined with people hurrying hither and thither, either going in the direction of, or preparing to go to, the festival. Even at that hour we met some who had already bathed, and were returning.

On arriving at the river, there was a bridge upon which we stood for a short time, and watched the throngs. The river is quite narrow, that being one of the most narrow of the seven

mouths of the Godavery. This fact added to the repulsion of it all to us from the West. By nine o'clock the people were coming in such throngs that, had we wanted to return, we would have been unable on account of the crowds of carts and people wending their way to the scene of the bathing. Some have estimated that 30,000 would bathe there during that day. In Calcutta, on the same day, the number of bathers exceeded 100,000. For an hour or two we stood at a point in the road where the people turned down towards the river, and there we watched the people going and coming. It was most interesting to observe the various expressions on the faces. There was the little boy who was there because everybody else was, and who looked as though little of the cares of this life annoyed him. Then there were young men, well educated and intelligent, who looked half ashamed when their eyes met those of a European or American. There were the older men, too, some of them most set in their Hindu orthodoxy, who had an expression of at once pride in the imposing festival, and scorn at the Christian intruders. For the Christian preachers and teachers it afforded an exceptional opportunity for distributing literature and conversing, and it was very surprising to us with what eagerness the people sought the Christian literature.

The ceremonial bathing is in itself quite complicated. "Each and every one," as a Brahmin told us, "was supposed to bathe nine times." Priests were hired to say the prayers for the bathers, while they went down into the water. First of all they bathed thrice in the river, once for purification, a second time to do honor to their deceased forefathers, and lastly as worship to the Sun deity. Then they bathed in the sea three times with similar ceremonies, and, returning to the river, they underwent the triple bathing for the third time. Some of them who did not want to spend so much time contented themselves with the three baths in the sea. One could scarcely blame them, after having seen the condition of the river, after thousands had waded out into its soft bed, and stirred up the mud. The more respectable of them confess that, after reaching home, they take a tenth bath for cleanliness. Some of the well-to-do brought extra clothing, that they might put it on afterwards, but the masses let the sun dry their clothes (such as they had) on them.

It is incumbent upon all bathers to drink of the "holy water" while they bathe. One of the sights, at once pitiful and disgusting, was the way the mothers carried their babes out, and, frequently with much squalling and kicking, poured the filthy "holy water" into the mouths of the little ones. It is no wonder that frequently religion and disease walk with linked arms. The eclipse of the sun began a little before ten o'clock in the morning, and was over in about four hours. At noon it was greatest, when three-fourths of its surface was hidden, and quite an appreciable darkness was over all. It is considered to be particularly auspicious to bathe during the time that an eclipse is in progress, and, consequently, during these hours the crowds were most dense. Looking upon the great numbers of people, many of them with expressions of hunger and dissatisfaction, the words of St. Matthew, concerning the Great Shepherd of all, come with force: "Seeing the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, . . as sheep having no shepherd."

On the day of the Tsollangi Thiertham it is considered peculiarly meritorious to give alms, either to a Brahmin, a beggar, or a holy man; and, according to his ability, each one is supposed to give a certain amount. The sight of the day, that was even more impressive than the bathing, was the large number of beggars, needy and otherwise, in search of alms. That is a sight such as one can see at no other time of the year. From miles distant the beggars manage to come, as it is one of their most favorable days. The sights which we saw there haunted us for days afterwards. For over a mile the beggars were stretched out by the roadside. There were many who were suffering from the dreaded leprosy, some of them with fingers, hands or feet eaten off, and nought remaining but the stumps. Then there were many who were blind, or suffering from other dread eye diseases. Some of the sick ones had those with them who called out to the people passing of the particular cause for which they asked alms. Some of those who dislike work invent ingenious devices in search of gain. Some there were who had doubled the leg up, and then tied at the knee a stick of wood, bandaged, and smeared at the end with red paint, to represent a leg broken with the bone protruding and covered with blood.

Some had rolled themselves for miles to the scene of the festival. Some had a knife or long pin pierced through the neck, the lips, or some other part of the body. One old man had quite a large brass idol on his head, presumably a meritorious act. Another lay on a bed of thorns, but those who knew told us that he had reclined so carefully that the thorns were not pricking in the least, and, moreover, he was quite comfortable. One of the most gruesome was a man who had his head buried with clay, and on the clay a fire smouldering: of course there was a tube passed through which carried air to him, else he would not have survived, but that was so arranged that the public could not see it. Here and there was a Sanyasi, or Hindu ascetic, who had passed through the three preliminary stages of ascetic life, and had reached the final stage—a beggar. It always seems strange to a Westerner, but, nevertheless, it is true, that begging is quite a respectable occupation in the Orient, and it is one way to secure merit to give to those who live thereby.

That evening, after the bathing was over and the people returned, I sent for an ox-cart to move some furniture, and after a time the servant returned, deploring that he could get no cart, because the people were all drinking. Feasting is a part of the ceremonies, and many of them believe that when they have made of themselves gluttons and drunkards, they have then pleased their gods the most. So on that day, and the day succeeding, the shops were closed, and feasting was continued. Moreover, it is considered inauspicious for anyone to leave the town on either of the days while the Tsollangi Thiertham is in progress.

Such is religion at its summit among the Hindus. This is one of the most important of their festivals. It is easy to understand, after witnessing such a scene, that religion is to them a multitude of ceremonies. Though these ceremonies are constant, and although religion enters into almost everything that they do, one of the most intelligent Brahmins told us the other day that none of them are happy. That is the reason we are in India.

A. S. Woodburne, '06.

TO MISS JANE AUSTEN.

Madam, I must express respectful wonder
At your delightful novels, penned despite
Your unawareness of the proper thunder
Employed by those professionals who write
For present generations.

You've minor merits; we have—Miss Corelli—
She's in "Who's Who," and so is Mistress Ward;
Your heroines are bourgeoise Liz. or Nellie—
Such homely English hearts you seem to hoard,
Untoned by foreign nations.

Your canvas, too, is very small and shrinking—
You've said as much yourself—and yet you smile,
Content with gentle raillery, not thinking
Of what you *ought* to do—belabour guile
With stageable gyrations.

Indeed, Dear Madam Jane, the eagle wheeling,
The vulture tearing, e'en the owl sedate
Or brooding hen,—such modern modes of feeling
Are foreign to you, I regret to state
(With mental reservations).

So mild and unobtrusive seems your pleasure
It minds us rather of the humming-bird
Sipping and skimming to a patterned measure
Within an ordered park of way and word,
'Mid Spring's felicitations.

It's true, of course, that you amused Sir Walter,
Lewes, Macaulay, and a number more,
But fashions change, Miss Austen, *have* to alter;—
Barren of imitations.
Your glow-worm humour now is ancient lore.

In short, although we like you still extremely,
It's not the thing to read you nowadays;
If only you had been a bit unseemly
In style, or bold of plot, why then our praise
Might still perform oblations.

So good-bye, Madam; we must leave behind us
Your wit and wisdom, for no more they'll do:
We must progress, the publishers remind us,—
This chat was pleasant, but it means—adieu!—
Our people are creations.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, '95.

In "The Bookman," New York.

SISTER THERESA.

I.

IN the village of Freycinet lived a number of comely young girls, and the most comely of them all was Julienne Beaujeu. At least that was the popular opinion. So said the rough lumber-jacks, who made this little outpost their abode. So said the postmaster, the tavernkeeper, and the merchant, a triumvirate which dominated the village after his grace the cure. And current opinion was transparently right in this case. Julienne was an unusually beautiful girl, and, had a canvas been made, she might have been acclaimed Queen of Beauty over a much larger area than that comprised in this backwoods parish.

She was tall of figure, and graceful of carriage. Always in her deep, dark eyes burned a lambent fire. Her features were regular, and her personality breathed the untamed spirit of the hills. All this she was, and more—she was dignified. Some of her companions might boast charms as seductive as hers, but there was lacking to them this elusive beauty. To no gentle ancestress or ancestor in rich gown or perruque was Julienne a debtor, but in her family there had been introduced an alien strain—the proud blood of the Indian. Her great grandfather had married a daughter of the red men, and the woman's legacy to her children had been a certain loftiness of manner which distinguished them from their neighbors. Julienne possessed this characteristic in a pleasing degree.

Her twenty years had been lived uneventfully in the little village. She had been confirmed, attended convent, been graduated, and had grown up a fair, dreaming creature, with no interests more serious than the welfare of her nearest kin, and no excitement greater than the going up and return of the lumber crews, or the passing of the great drive, when the sawlogs went out with the north waters. Suitors she had a-plenty, but she spurned them with a careless, gay indifference which sent them away her admirers, if not her accredited lovers.

But at last the great enchanter had passed her way and thrown his spell upon her, and *she* had capitulated. She was engaged to Antoine Demers. The village heard the news with

incredulity. The Demers were new arrivals. They had come to Freycinet that spring. Antoine had paid court to Julienne all summer, but, unlike previous suitors, it appeared, he had not pleaded his suit in vain. He was a tall, strong fellow, with no conspicuously bad habits, and with pleasant manners. As for Julienne, now that she had opened her heart, she did so with a completeness that surprised even herself. And when, a few weeks later, she saw him depart to the woods for the winter, grief, disproportionate to the occasion, fathomed the hitherto unexplored depths of her heart. She, who had been so self-contained, so independent, became a prey to love's anxieties. They weighted down her free spirit, and drove her with strange inerrancy to to the church for solace and relief. She became more than a regular attendant—a devout worshipper. But always lurking in her thoughts as she told her rosary, was Antoine. That the holy mother should watch over him and bring him back to her safe and sound, was a secondary, unuttered petition. So the winter wore by, and then, one smiling morning in May, her prayers had a glorious answer, when Antoine returned to her.

Engagements are not of long duration among the French-Canadians, and, shortly after his return, Antoine took occasion to urge their marriage. He had a little money saved. They could live with his father for the summer, and next year he would build and furnish a cottage of his own. Should they not get married early in June? Julienne was troubled when he paused for her to make reply. To his proposals her heart gave tumultuous assent, but there was a practical consideration that he had seemed to overlook. In Eugene Demers' little house there was not room for one more. It was small, and there dwelt there now Antoine's father and mother, a sister and two brothers, one of them with a wife. It was crowded, even. Julienne intuitively divined that a house with four women in it would not, under the circumstances, be a happy one for her. This she told Antoine as delicately as she could. In the following spring they would be able to furnish a house of their own. Why not wait? Antoine listened with amazement. It was incomprehensible to him, for the unvarying custom was for a man to bring his wife into his father's family for the first while. Inured to the rough life of

shanty-man and river-driver, he scouted the idea of discomfort. Into his head crept the insidious thought that Julienne felt above his home folks. So they parted early that evening, and Julienne retired with a heavy heart.

Antoine went home in exceedingly bad humor, and at home he told his folks about Julienne. That she did not wish to live with them was translated at once into an affront to the family. Their tongues wagged spitefully. By adroit suggestion the idea was firmly implanted in Antoine's mind that his own honor was at stake. He must not give in or it would be to his everlasting disgrace. He, in his own blundering way, determined to reduce Julienne to acquiescence; but no general ever used poorer tactics, nor was a man a surer architect of disappointment. He avoided Julienne for several weeks, and spent his evenings with the other girls of the village. Of course, Julienne heard about it. How could she fail to do so, when every person was discussing it? When Antoine thought such a *tour de force* would gain his end his judgment was seriously at fault. Julienne had heard all with a high indifference, which she did not drop until she was in bed at night. Then she unlocked her inner consciousness and sought vainly to assuage the deep bitterness of her spirit. But on the morrow she would be around again, as cool and as indifferent as ever, so that even her mother, who sympathized with Antoine, was deceived. Thus several weeks passed, and this was her attitude when Antoine called and asked her, with a nonchalance he did not feel, if she had changed her mind. But he was unprepared for the vehemence of her reply—the reply of a proud, passionate heart.

"Antoine Demers," she said, disdainfully, "if you think you can scare me by the way you have been acting, you are mistaken. Here is your ring. Give it to Agnes Parent. Give it to Marie Laviolette. Give it Alexina Foubert. I do not care which," and she handed him the modest little circlet and was gone.

Antoine was dumb with astonishment. He had intended to act a lofty part, but the situation had not developed as he had conceived it would. He went away miserable, and sought out his bosom friend the following evening and confided in him. Jean Ladouceur was like a foster brother to Antoine, and he gave him sensible advice.

"Go back to-morrow night and ask her pardon," he said. "She is not an ordinary woman. Don't treat her the way you have if you wish to make her your wife." Jean had been a disappointed suitor in his day.

So it came to pass Antoine went back to make overtures, but Julienne was gone. Her mother said she had gone to Ottawa to visit her cousins. Madame Beaujeu did not know exactly how long she might stay—maybe for some weeks. She had gone to confession before her departure. At heart Antoine loved her sincerely, and he waited two long and impatient weeks, and when she did not return he procured her address and went to Ottawa. Yes, her cousins had seen her. She had remained a couple of days with them, and then she had gone to the grey nuns' convent. To the convent with premonitory falterings of heart went Antoine. The superior was very polite. There was a girl there whose name in the world had been Julienne Beaujeu. It was impossible, however, that he should see her. Had he come the day before yesterday he might have, but yesterday she had taken the vows of a novitiate. She must not be disturbed in her preparations for the holy life. Antoine left the convent and went home—"seeing all his own mischance."

Julienne's family accepted the situation prosaically enough. The cure prepared the way. If Julienne were not going to be married it was a good thing she had decided to be a nun. It would be an honor to the family. It did not require much finesse to make them see it in this light. That she had entered a convent was soon bruited about the village. Marie Laviolette, the postmaster's daughter, heard of it, and she burned an unopened letter she had abstracted from the mail ten days previously. Love, the puissant conqueror, had conquered even Julienne's unbending pride, and she had written to Antoine:

"Come to me before June 27 if you are still true to me. If you do not I shall prepare to take the veil on the 28th."

Antoine had appeared on the 30th.

II.

The years passed. The family of Beaujeu heard very little of Julienne. She had dropped out of their life, although they never forgot that she was in the service of the Church. It was

a fact to remark to their neighbors. With Julienne, however, they were completely out of touch. One day they received cards of invitation to witness the ceremony of the last vows, when she would become a nun forever. The journey was an inconvenient one, the Beaujeux were poor, and none of them were able to attend. In the stately chapel, however, Julienne Beaujeu, with all the formularies of her religion, made her vows, assumed the habit, and became in religion Sister Theresa. Indirectly her family heard that she was teaching, now at Pembroke, now at Ste. Marie, now somewhere else, but in the village word of her became infrequent, and her name only a memory—almost a legend.

Antoine Demers' affections had been cut to the quick, and the wound was slow in healing. He did not marry until five years had passed. Then he married Agnes Parent. Marie Laviolette had become tired waiting for him and had married Jean Ladouceur. So the years sped, and the little village went its way. Old Pierre Beaujeu died, and shortly afterwards his wife, Madame Rosalie, followed him. Julienne's brothers moved to New Ontario, and she no longer had kith or kin in her native town. Around Antoine Demers' table had come to sit quite a family, at the head his wife, fat and frowsy. Thus went twenty-five years. Then one day the villagers heard that Sister Celia, who had taught for so many years in the little convent, was about to retire, and, by some strange turn of circumstances, Sister Theresa was to be her successor. In a quiet hamlet local memories are strong, and her return resuscitated many.

The coming of a new Sister Superior, at any rate, is an event, and all the village went to the boat landing to meet her. All they saw was a calm, serene lady in the pure and fresh habiliments of a sister. Those who remembered thought she had lost the graceful curves of her figure, and her full, oval cheeks had become very white. Yet she seemed much the same, and even yet she carried herself well. Antoine Demers saw her from the outskirts of the crowd. Hard labor and time had long ago deadened his youthful sensibilities, and he looked at her much less critically than did many another.

And Sister Theresa, what of her? At fifty-five the blood circulates slowly, even in veins where at twenty it has run tempestuously. Other scenes had filled a mind resolute to forget the past. The consolations of religion and the rich fruitage of service had been hers. Rarely, indeed, did the memory of bygone experiences loom before like an unlaid spectre. She had taught the young, helped the poor, and ministered to the sick one. So had this peasant girl learned the measure of life and the capacity of the spirit. Now, as she gazed upon the little village, with its low wooden houses, she found it much changed. Unconsciously her mind had created an ideal picture of it and its people. When she looked into the faces of those with whom she had been raised greater still was the chasm between her ideal and the actual. She saw those who had been fresh young girls with her, grown to women, sallow-faced, untidy, dull of expression, and with all their latent diversities of character now manifest. She saw men who had been lithe and active when she left, now with misshapen bodies and weather-beaten, leathery faces. Among them she saw Antoine Demers, even yet a powerful man, but stoop-shouldered and grey-haired.

Her disillusionment was complete and she was glad when she reached her home in the convent, beside the church. Here she lives a quiet, tranquil life of activity. But sometimes as she goes out with one of the sisters on an errand of mercy she meets Antoine Demers' eldest son, Alphonse, so like his father in his younger days, it is said. Often enough he is simply a lay figure to her, but sometimes her memory becomes recreant and persists in travelling back into the past. If on that day she is very weak on her return to the convent she will go to her trunk and draw out from a little receptacle an old-fashioned print of Antoine as he was in her buoyant youth. But it rarely happens, perhaps once in two years, and then Sister Theresa always atones for her sins by many prayers to the Immaculate Patroness of her order.

D. A. MacGibbon, '08.

ONE OF EARTH'S LITTLE PEOPLES: STUDIES IN THE HABITS OF THE WASP.

ONE of the chief features which have distinguished the literature of the last decade or so is the remarkable interest in the study of nature, living and inanimate. Natural science has become, in a very large degree, popular. People are being fascinated by a new world which is opening to their gaze and are learning that the book of nature holds more wonders than the brain of the novelist can conceive or the art of story-teller frame.

Perhaps the most striking and interesting chapter in all this wonderful volume is that in which are unfolded the means by which different animals attempt to secure for themselves and their young the conditions of survival in the universal struggle for existence. They are met on every side by all sorts of difficulties, by enemies who seek them for food, by dangers encountered in getting their own food, by the ill-will of man, and often it would seem as if the very elements combined to threaten their existence. Now, from time immemorial, man has been accustomed to flatter himself that he alone of all creation has been endowed with reason. So it may moderate our conceit somewhat to see the intelligence displayed by some of the beings which we complacently call "the lower animals" in activities which are theirs and ours alike. In this respect no species is more remarkable or interesting than the wasp. It is deeply interesting to discover what the will of nature may be in a different world; and this will is revealed with extraordinary clearness in the evolution of the hymenoptera, which, of all the inhabitants of this globe, possess the highest degree of intellect after man. The ant and the bee have both been common subjects of remark on account of the social nature of their life and the completeness of its organization. But inasmuch as the evolution of both of these seems to be more finished and their habits more uniform than those of the wasp, the latter possess the greater interest which attaches to an organism which is still developing and which shows marked differences among

the species. The wasp, so to speak, "has not arrived yet," and in its life we are given an unusual opportunity to see the influence of environment in the development of new capacities.

Like man himself and most other animals, the wasp devotes its energy chiefly to the provision of food and shelter for itself and its young, and it is in the accomplishment of these tasks that its wonderful powers are shown. In this connection there are marked differences in habits between the social wasp or true wasp—which is well represented by the common hornet—and the many species of the solitary wasp. We will notice the former first.

If it is possible to watch the growth of a new family the process will be found a most interesting one. It is always commenced in the spring by a queen, born the last of the preceding season, and as only queens survive the winter it must be done without either help or experience. After a careful survey of the neighborhood the site for the nest is chosen—on a bough of a tree, a sheltered bush, or the eave of an uninhabited building, mayhap—and work is commenced, from the roof downwards. Though the nests differ greatly in shape and size—indeed the social wasps are classified on this basis—the material used for them all is the same—a sort of papery substance which the wasp manufactures itself from wood fibre, rags, etc., which it chews into a pulp and presses into a narrow ribbon. In building the wasp presses a pellet of this with her forelegs till it adheres to the sheet, using also a cement which it secretes itself. As soon as the cells are large enough an egg is deposited in each and glued in. A second row of cells is started immediately the first three are complete, and a wall is put around them at once.

As the larva hatch out in a few days and require frequent feeding, the queen now gives up building and spends all her time catching flies, which she chews and presents to the greedy youngsters, which grow very rapidly and soon cease to want food. From the mouth, which is full of silk, the cell is lined, except the bottom, and a roof is woven by the larva herself. After about a month from the laying of the egg the fully developed "worker" appears and immediately goes to work preparing for more eggs and building new tiers of cells as did her mother, who now gives her whole time to laying eggs. It is noteworthy

that neither she nor they have had any training whatever for their work, and indeed have never even seen a being such as that for whom they are to prepare a dwelling, but they seem to build by a sort of "ancestral memory," which serves them as well as the most elaborate training does man. As the population of the nest increases there is a division of labor, the younger wasps doing the building, while the older ones are busied in providing food for the larvæ.

When the nest is completed—if it can ever be said to be so, as it is constantly being torn down and having new tiers added —it consists of a series of floors, each having regular hexagonal cells on the under side which open downwards. The whole is fastened to the support by a short stalk and covered with an envelope or perhaps two, made of the same papery material. In the bottom of this is a hole for exit and entrance.

This is the general form of the nest, but in size and shape there is the greatest variety. There is one South American species whose nest is formed by a few cells on the under side of a curled up leaf, while another found in the same region has a bag-shaped domicile several feet long and containing over 10,000 cells.

A unique sort of nest is found in India—one constructed of mud and carefully daubed till it resembles a big ball of that substance and giving no suggestion of its contents to the uninitiated. A remarkable weather adaptation is seen in the hard cardboard rind with which one West Indian wasp covers its nest, making it waterproof even to the torrential rains of that district.

But leaving the structure of the nest, which is often very curious, we find the social life of the community becoming more and more complex and interesting as one set after another develops from the tiny white egg to the fully developed insect. In August the drones, as the males are significantly called, appear, and then preparation is made for the new queens or perfect females. Fertilized eggs are deposited in large cells and the resulting larvæ are supplied with an abundance of food. In this connection it is interesting to note that the difference in size of the wasps seems to depend upon the relative amount of food supplied to the larva.

And just here, in the work of supplying food, the wasps' faculties are taxed to the utmost. As the wasps are not vegetarians to any large extent and are very particular as to what they eat, each species using a special kind of fly or spider as prey, the matter of finding food itself is not a light one. The wasp seems to be endowed with wonderful powers of perception or else with a special instinct, for it will recognize prey unerringly at a long distance and pounce upon it with a sure stroke. Inedible sorts that resemble the others closely do not seem to deceive the quick eye of the wasp. And by the way the eye of the wasp is a most peculiar and wonderful instrument Vespa's compound eyes are composed of hundreds of facets which give her great range of vision. And she seems indeed to be extremely observant as well as far-seeing. Before leaving the nest to go any distance, a careful survey of the whole surroundings is made, and the slightest landmark seems to be taken account of, for a wasp will unerringly alight at the entrance to its own nest, even when surrounded by a multitude of others to the human eye exactly similar. They are quick to perceive changes in color, for they have been sometimes puzzled for quite a time by placing colored papers over their nests, with holes allowing entrance. There would be hesitation, hasty examination of the surroundings, and a cautious entrance of one or two after a time to investigate. They would get accustomed to this color in a little while and would be again disturbed by a change in color.

The wasp seems to possess a wonderful sense of locality also, for there are instances where they have been liberated miles from home and have risen at once and started in the proper direction, the majority being found back at the nest within a few hours. They will come back again and again to where food has been left, and hunt for it when it has been removed.

The wasp's wonderful powers of finding prey and retracing its path through the air have been spoken of. In this connection a word should be said about what is perhaps the most curious sense organ possessed by any animal—the antennæ or limbs of bee or wasp. These are in several segments and each has cavities, all of which appear to have a use. They would seem to serve as organs of smell, and at any rate it is by them that they can "follow a scent," so to speak, tell direction and find their

way through a trackless wilderness of air or flowers. Just how it is done we have not yet ascertained. That it is done investigation has made sure.

Great ingenuity is shown, too, in the means adopted in getting food home to the nest. Where prey is heavy to carry it will pull it to the top of a tree or some other point of vantage from whence it can take a downward flight homewards.

But when the cooler weather is approaching work seems to be given up and all take a grand holiday. The nest is now finally deserted and any undeveloped larvæ are left to die, and for a few days all hold high carnival among the flowers. But alas! this is soon over and they fall an easy prey in their unprotected state to the cold winds of autumn, the young queens, which have mated once sometime before, alone surviving through the winter. Truly nature seems to create only to destroy her creation.

So far we have been speaking only of the social wasp and its habits and life. The solitary wasps are more numerous in species and exhibit some even more wonderful powers in the same tasks of building homes and providing food. Among them the building is done and food gathered with the progeny constantly in mind—progeny whose living forms they seldom are allowed to see. As each wasp works by itself, altogether they are surely true individuals, if such are to be found in nature.

They are sometimes broadly divided into the masons, carpenters and the miners, according to their way of nest construction. The first named usually works with mud and locates under a stone or in a tree. By some instinct the cell is built just large enough for the pupa, though the mother has never seen one. As soon as it is completed it is stocked with spiders and on them the egg is laid and the cell sealed up. Then, its destiny fulfilled, the mother soon dies, and within a short time another generation will be hatched out and at work. One black wasp builds regular galleries, divided into equal sized compartments. Another makes a vase-like nest filled with insects. On one of these the egg is laid and the jar then sealed up.

Among the masons would belong an interesting European species which is fond of making its nest in the fireplaces of the peasant cottages, so placed as to be nicely out of reach of the

flames. One generation of these usually spend the winter in the chimney, and no doubt enjoy its heat in the cold nights as much as the human occupants. At least we will please ourselves in thinking so at any rate.

The carpenters use chips largely as material, and build in hollow stems of plants or wood or adapt any accidental hole which happens to be available. One species, as an illustration, seems very fond of using keyholes, and after lining the small home will level it off exactly even with the surface, so as to avoid attracting attention. Indeed it seems to be a very general object with the wasp to keep out of notice, and so out of danger, as much as possible—model creature. Among them the male seems to take a larger share of responsibility than usual, and guards against the entrance of flies, which are parasites upon the eggs. It is noteworthy also that the guard does not object to a strange female, while another male will be promptly ejected. The carpenter wasp seems to observe the old rule for health, wealth and wisdom, for it usually retires at sunset. A case was seen, however, where one was so absorbed in the work of home-making that it worked 42 hours in succession with only one stop of 10 minutes—surely a record hard to be beaten.

Perhaps the miners, or burrowers, are as skilful crafts-people as any of the big family. They usually make their homes underground, but in the different species these vary greatly, from the single round excavation of the sand wasp to the elaborate tunnelled gallery of the Sphex. The former shows extraordinary ingenuity in concealing the nest when it has to leave. A small flat stone will be selected and the little mound of earth around the entrance pounded down and smoothed off till no mark whatever was visible of the dwelling below. The regular series of catacombs built by Sphex—one individual often making ten tunnels with several chambers branching off from each, is certainly a contrast to this. One of the other burrowers seems extremely particular about protection from weather, for it varnishes the interior of the nest so as to prevent the absorption of water—surely this is foresight.

But a shelter is not sufficient for the little creature for whom it is the mature wasp's life-work to provide. It must have food. Spiders and caterpillars are the commonest articles of

their diet for all the solitary wasps, and as there will be no queen or worker to feed the young larva everything must be left where it can be easily got. So the spider or caterpillar, as the case may be, is not killed—it would then be unfit for food by the time the egg was hatched out and voraciously hungry—oh, no, the wasp never defeats its purpose in that way. The prey is stung once, twice or oftener if need be, in such a place—on nerve ganglia—that it will be paralyzed but will live for some time. Oftentimes the stinging must be in just such a spot, and mother wasp never fails to hit it exactly in the right place. Instinct? A wonderful endowment, at least transcending much of our vaunted human reason. Then the food—for often a number of caterpillars are used to provision one cell—is arranged so that the one caught first, and therefore the weakest, shall be eaten first, but eaten so that it will not be killed till it is nearly eaten up—for the reason stated above.

One prominent point where the intelligence of the wasp seems at a loss is in dealing with parasites which prey upon it. Flies often seem to come in unmolested and lay eggs which, when hatched, destroy the wasp larva itself as well as its food. At this point the young seem to be left unprotected—but then how often do we fail to recognize the danger which is most real for us?

Surely, unselfishness can hardly be denied to the wasp. But after all this is a somewhat risky position to take. It is true one will sometimes care for the progeny of another among the social wasps, and they do have a large measure of co-operation. But, on the other hand, though they have the power of communicating to each other by means of a wing vibration, they never seem to tell of discoveries of food, and very often will fight with an intruder to the death, though the measure of friendliness differs with the species. As to this matter of the wasp and its reputed unfriendliness: Now, as I said before, the wasp does not court publicity. If an observer is careful not to frighten the insect and to move always calmly himself, it is quite possible to get acquainted with many species of wasps. But if alarmed the wasp—just like any other animal—will use its only means of defence, and the result is unpleasantly familiar. But in such a case one can hardly blame the little creature, for most of us

would do likewise. But care will prevent many such incidents, and a few stings serve but to give spice to the study for the enthusiast.

Perhaps it would be safe to say what Maeterlinck says of the bee, that "their god is the future"—the next generation. And his comment seems most justified. "Have we often encountered an ideal more conformable to the desires of the universe, more widely manifest, more disinterested or sublime, have we often discovered an abnegation more complete and heroic?" And I do not know that I can close this brief study more appropriately than by another quotation from the same great seer in nature's realm:—

"It is significant enough that we should see certain creatures rising thus slowly and continuously revealing to us a spiral of light in the overpowering darkness. That were enough to induce us not to regret time given to their humble habits, which seem so far away and yet are so nearly akin to our grand passions and arrogant pastimes . . . May we remain as faithful to the destiny imposed upon us, and let us go on from reality to reality as they from flower to flower."

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College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: D. A. MacGIBBON, '08.

"The bird of time hath but a little way to flutter
And the bird is on the wing."

—*Omar Khayyam.*

FESTIVE FEBRUARY.—This would not be an inappropriate name for this month among McMaster students, at least for the first three years in arts. The dissipation was commenced by the freshmen on the evening of the seventh, when they held their time-honored sleigh ride. Most of those who intended to go reported before the sleighs started, although insumrountable obstacles appeared to confront some of the freshies early in the evening. After a turn around the city, they were entertained at the home of Miss Pugsley. But the hour at which they returned to the Hall was shocking! Even their resting places had started to meet them.

The budding dignity of the juniors was laid aside for one evening, that of the fourteenth—which they spent most enjoy-

ably as guests of Mr. R. D. Moyle. An interesting feature of their programme was a unique guessing contest.

Determined that the month should be brought to a suitable close, the sophomores decided to hold their class function on the twenty-eighth. Miss Murray had extended a very gracious invitation to the class to be entertained at her home in Parkdale. The versatile genius of a senior scribe (sic) might be taxed in describing the amusements which the committee had planned. Special rates home were readily granted by the street railway when they learned that passengers would be gratuitously entertained by '09 male chorus. But now the arrival of Lent has put an end to such social gatherings. A little bird—perhaps a March robin—informs us that the freshmen anticipate a rally in the near future, however.

Pre-Historic Photography.—Student in science, looking at restorations of the carboniferous period—"Professor, who took the photos?" Professor (absent-mindedly)—"Darwin."

The Evangelistic Band.—On February 1st the McMaster Undergraduate Band went to Hamilton, on the invitation of the Hamilton Temperance Union and the Victoria Avenue Baptist Church, to conduct special services in the city. Meetings were held in the Victoria Avenue Church on Friday and Saturday evenings, and on Sunday, morning and evening. A noonday meeting was held on Saturday at the Sawyer and Massey works. A service was conducted at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon in the Sunday School of the James Street Baptist Church, and another at 4 o'clock in Association Hall. This latter was under the auspices of the Temperance Union. The meetings were all well attended, and had excellent results.

At Aurora.—Services were held by the Band in Aurora on February 22nd, 23rd and 24th. All the meetings were held in the Baptist Church, except that on Sunday evening, which was held in the Mechanics' Hall. A particularly large audience attended this service. This campaign was one of the most successful of the winter. During the following week members of the Band assisted Pastor L. A. Vail, B.A., as he continued the services.

Christie Street Baptist Mission, in this city, had the services of the Band from the 17th to the 24th of February, inclusive. Each night the Band was in charge of a different leader and composed of different men. Thus it was possible to carry on the work without causing too great loss of time to any member of the Band. Sunday evening services have also been conducted as follows: River Street Baptist Mission, on February

10th; Roncesvalles Avenue Baptist Mission, on February 17th, and Dufferin Street Baptist Church, on March 3rd.

STUDENT.—"If Socrates spent all his time teaching and did not receive pay, how did Xantippe live?" Another Student—"She may have taken in washing." Professor—"Yes, it is well for a student to know how these things can be arranged."

THE DEBATING CLUB.—The recent Davis-Swettenham incident proved an interesting topic for discussion on February 9. Mr. Leslie Haverstock, '10, contended: "That the action of Governor Swettenham, in connection with the Kingston catastrophe, was justifiable." The opposing faction was led by another member of the year '10, Mr. R. C. Crowe. Mr. A. E. White, '07, filled the position of judge, and Prof. M. S. Clark kindly acted as critic. The negative had the best of the argument throughout, and gained a well-earned victory. On Saturday, February 16, the subject discussed in the Debating Society was: "Resolved, That the municipality of Toronto should provide houses for its workingmen." Mr. J. H. Cohoe, '07, affirmed the resultion, and was opposed by C. T. Holman, Theol. Both sides of the question were presented in a manner that gave evidence of careful preparation and clear consideration. The decision, which fell to the negative, was, we understand, gained by a technicality in interpretation. Mr. R. C. Bensen, B.A., acted as judge. The office of critic was admirably filled by Dr. Cross. He advised the students to take thorough elocutionary training in order to acquire distinctness of tone and voice. Style, address and matter were the three essentials to be considered in all platform work. A well-attended meeting of the society took place on Saturday, February 23. The subject of the intercollegiate debate, "Resolved, That the Government of Canada should administer one telephone system as a public utility for the whole of the Dominion," was debated by Mr. N. McNaughton, '07, affirmative, and Mr. A. W. Ross, '07, negative. Dr. Farmer criticized. He informed the different speakers that much of their force was lost in faulty articulation. This obstacle can be overcome only by written preparation and careful rendering. A trio of theologians, Messrs, Beddow, Fitch, and McLaurin, unanimously awarded the laurel wreath to the affirmative. On March 2 the time-old, yet ever-new, question of Temperance legislation engaged the attention of our student debaters. "Resolved, That the present Local Option by-law of the Whitney Government is inferior to the former measure," was the subject. It was valiantly supported by Mr. A. C. Robertson, '10, and successfully opposed by Mr. Caleb Harris, '09. Mr. O. C. Gray,

B.A., occupied the judge's chair. The critic, Dr. Hogg, complimented the society on the possession of such marked debating talent. He, however, added a warning, to the effect that care should be observed in arguing closely to the question under discussion. His advice was timely, and should be productive of good results.

Humors of the Lab.—The editor of this department has never succumbed to the peculiar fascinations of the laboratory. True, he did conduct some required experiments there, but the place was always "a dungeon horrible," smelling of "ever-burning sulphur unconsumed," and to be avoided as much as possible. We salaam, however, to a certain undergraduate taking special work in chemistry. We think he is destined to be a very great chemist, possibly a second Henri Moissan, or Lothar Von Meyer. Recently he was given an alloy to analyze. He dissolved it in hydrochloric acid, put the solution through the tests, and reported that, among other constituents, he found traces of hydrochloric acid! Wonderful! Almost as good as another gentleman, who found fourteen different elements in some chemically pure acid. Both these gentlemen should go into the research department at once.

Chemical Colloquium.—The chemical colloquium met for reorganization on February 6th. Professor Cohoe was elected president, and S. J. Bates, '07, secretary-treasurer, for the year. The first regular meeting of the society was held on Tuesday evening, February 19th. For the benefit of the freshmen the president pointed out that the aim of the society was to interest the members in research work and to acquaint them with the principal sources of information concerning the progress of the science. Interesting papers were read by Messrs. G. C. McEwen, on "Cobalt," and R. B. Ritchie, on "Radio Activity." A general and profitable discussion followed. The Refreshment Committee then made a substantial and satisfactory report, and all enjoyed a social evening.

A Guilty Conscience.—Second Year Latin Professor, calling the roll.—"Mr. Blank." Mr. Blank recovers from a fit of reverie with a start, and murmurs: "Not prepared this morning."

Shocking.—Class in electricity discussing a formula.—Student, trying to be witty: "What kind of 'pi' is that, professor?" Professor: "Current."

Mr. Tatzuzo Tokudoma, of Tokio, Japan, who was enrolled a student at McMaster last fall, through ill-health has found it necessary to give up his course. Mr. Tokudoma left February 28 for his home in Japan. He expects to represent McMaster at the great student conference in Tokio in April. In the brief period he spent at McMaster, "Toky" made many friends, who sincerely hope he will soon recover his wonted health and strength.

Students are always late—only professors are allowed to come on time.

The fourth year class in sociology were favored with an interesting address by J. J. Kelso, superintendent of orphan and dependent children for the Province of Ontario, on Tuesday morning, March 5th. Mr. Kelso gave an excellent review of his work, which was thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

"Lit" Meetings.—A regular meeting of the Literary Society took place on Friday evening, February 15th. The feature of the evening was an address on the "English Emigrant," by Mr. Jas. Wearing, '10. Miss Etta Pugsley, '10, gave an enjoyable recitation, and Misses Lemon, '09, and Tapscott, '09, sang very pleasingly a duet. The news of the week was reviewed in a breezy manner by Mr. J. L. Short, '09.

An interyear debate was the bill of fare for Friday evening, February 22nd. The debaters were Messrs. A. L. Parnell, B.A., and A. Ward, representing theology, and Messrs. O. E. Routledge and A. L. Brown, representing the sophomore year. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That the municipality of Toronto should provide for the housing of its working classes by building and renting model houses." The theologians argued the affirmative. The debate was an excellent one, and the judges, Messrs. Kierstead, Findlay and McLay, had difficulty in awarding the decision, but finally gave it to the negative. The programme was brightened by a couple of mandolin duets by Miss O. Harton, B.A., and Mr. W. L. Robinson, '09. Mr. Moe, '10, entertained the audience while it was waiting the judges' decision.

On account of the sophomore party, the meeting on March 1st was rather slimly attended. A quartette, composed of Misses Waters, '07, and Kennedy, '08, and Messrs. White, '07, and Edwards, '08, sang a couple of selections, as well as encores, which were very much enjoyed. Mr. MacGibbon, '08, read a paper on "Tainted Money." Mr. Haverstock, '10, made his initial appearance as elocutionist, pleasing the audience, who

demanded and received an excellent encore. Perhaps the best number on the programme was Mr. Williams' (Th.) rendition of the Welsh National Anthem. Mr. Williams sang it first in English and then in his native tongue. Mr. Williams possesses a fine rich baritone voice, and it is a pity his talent has not been discovered earlier in the term.

The Professor in Mathematics, in giving some work to the freshman class, advised them that they might hand in the exercise paper to the ushers. It is said that several of the freshettes, unacquainted with these luminaries, rang up the steward and presented their papers to him. The ushers, however, indignantly contradicted this report.

McMaster in the Finals.—For the first time since 1904, when the intercollege debating championship was lost to Osgoode, McMaster will debate in the finals. This was decided on the evening of February 12th, when Messrs. R. C. Bensen, B.A., and F. S. Beddow, B.A., successfully upheld the resolution, "That the efficiency of government in England would be increased by the abolition of the House of Lords," against the assaults of Messrs. D. C. McGregor, B.A., and H. M. Paulin, B.A., representatives of Knox College. The debate took place in Castle Memorial Hall, and Prof. Ballantyne, of Knox, occupied the chair. The debate centred largely around the interpretation of the resolution. The McMaster representatives built up their case, having in view the creation of a new second chamber. Mr. Bensen, the first speaker, showed that the House of Lords, by its very nature, was at variance with the underlying principles of efficient government, and that to change it would be to deprive it of those very characteristics which make it a House of Lords. Mr. Beddow brought forward the scheme of a second chamber, evidently based on wide reading and a comparison of the several types of second chambers at present in operation throughout the world. Knox had not seen the possibility of a substitute chamber being argued, and came prepared to argue a bi-cameral system of government against the one-house system. This was, perhaps, more the case with Mr. McGregor's speech than with Mr. Paulin's. Mr. Paulin defended the present House of Lords in an eloquent address, and showed a splendid grasp of constitutional history. Evolution, not revolution, he claimed, was the proper procedure. The judges, Messrs. J. S. Willison, Justice Maclaren and Prof. Bowles, upheld the legitimacy of the affirmative's interpretation of the resolution and gave their decision in favor of McMaster. In the matter of style, Messrs. Bensen and Beddow were as nearly perfect as any speakers well could

be. Both had their matter in perfect control and spoke easily and with clear enunciation.

An instrumental duet by Messrs. Fox and Blackadar, a vocal solo by Miss Helen Moore, and a reading by Miss Eva Wilkins, were given during the evening and were all well received.

In connection with the victory a large share of credit should be given to Mr. E. R. Fitch, B.A., who was one of the original team appointed for the debate. Mr. Fitch's throat failed him, and Mr. Bensen replaced him. Mr. Fitch, however, put his time at the disposal of the debaters and assisted them in every way possible.

TO AN AMOROUS THEOLOGUE.

(With apologies to Wordsworth.)

Student! thou shouldst be cramming at this hour,
Thy books have need of thee! Thou art an ass
To go tobogganing with any gentle lass,
However fair, when close ahead examinations lower,
Waiting to strip thee of thy strength and power
And ferret out thine ignorance. Let the girl pass
Her way. Bide with thy books. Turn low the gas
And light the study lamp. Let no soft bower
Entice thee from thy studious retreat,
But fancy free, and free of all entanglement,
Pore o'er thy books and travel wisdom's lonely way.
So shalt thou make thyself most meet
To face the stern examiners and escape the sad predicament
Of him who knowet hnothing on that fateful day.

A Vile Pun.—They were discussing women's suffrage and the countries blessed with women voters. "Well, I am not going to Colorado," said a junior with decided opinions on the matter. "What are you going to call her?" asked a theologue who has already decided that question. If the book launched at the offender had coincided with the latter's position the jury would probably have returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

Doctor Farmer, Dean of Theology, has been honored by election to the presidency of the Theological Faculties' Union at its recent meeting, held at Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. I. G. Matthews was the McMaster representative at the meeting.

Positively Libelous.—One of our professors, who engages occasionally in the gentle art of after-dinner speaking, was referred to recently by a brother orator as a "walking encyclopedia." We object. There is not a professor on the staff quite as dull as an encyclopedia.

Messrs. J. B. McLaurin, B.A., and F. S. Beddow, B.A., will represent McMaster in the final debate with Trinity on March 12th. Each of these gentlemen have already acquitted themselves well on the platform this season, and are undoubtedly the strongest team possible for the final contest.

Last fall the supply of McMaster black and green ribbon ran out, and it was necessary to send to Scotland to replenish it. The new roll has arrived, and is in the hands of the secretary of the Athletic Association.

If the Theological Society has been slumbering peacefully during the winter, that has not been the case of several of its members. W. P. Freeman, B.A., of the graduating class in theology, was ordained to the Baptist ministry on January 31st in Myrtle Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto Junction. Mr. W. E. Matthews, B.A., has accepted a call to the Baptist Church, Chatham, which has a membership of 400. Mr. G. E. Tomkinson, B.A., has also accepted a call to the assistant pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Lowell, Mass. This is ex-Chancellor Wallace's church, so Mr. Tomkinson's lines have fallen in pleasant places. Messrs. Matthews and Tomkinson will enter their work in the spring, after graduation. To all three we offer congratulations.

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: M. BLANCHE EDY, '08.

"Woman must ever be a woman's highest name,
And honors more than 'lady,' if I know right."

Y. W. C. A.—During the past month there have been four meetings of the Y. W. C. A., all very interesting and well attended. Miss B. Van Sickle had charge of the first meeting, and Miss Lemon read a paper on "Christ, the Personal Friend," showing how tender and sympathetic this Friend is and how He deepens and sweetens life. On February 20th Miss Marie Harris spoke of our "Opportunities." More is expected of us who have so many advantages, but while we are busy preparing for life so many of us just look forward to the future and neglect our present life. Miss Annie MacPhail presided at this meeting. At the next meeting the chair was occupied by Miss Denovan, and Miss Moule gave an interesting review of the life and work of MacKay, of Formosa. The meeting on March 6th was in charge of Miss Simpson, and a paper on "Power" was read by Miss Shields. She pointed out very plainly that the life of most power is the life of which Jesus Christ is master. A very sweet solo, sung by Miss Lemon, was much appreciated.

LADIES' LITERARY LEAGUE.—The programme of the L. L. L. meeting of February 22nd was furnished exclusively by an "all star cast" of freshettes, as was announced on the bulletin board in the ladies' room. The efforts of these members of year '10 proved in the highest degree successful, and the freshettes are to be congratulated upon their brilliant debut into literary society. After the consideration of some business in connection with the coming open Lit., the vice-president of the first year, Miss Etta Pugsley, took the chair, and, as she very aptly expressed it, the programme which followed "resembled a string of Venetian beads, in that, while one bead may be bright and sparkling and its neighbor dark in hue, the whole string forms a pleasing and harmonious bit of color." Each member of the class contributed some number, grave or gay; among the latter, "The Love Sonnets of a Lunatic," and Oliver Herford's two masterpieces, "The Hen" and "The Cow," were especially appreciated. Miss Wilkins moved a vote of thanks to the freshettes at the close of the programme, and the meeting closed with the usual hearty singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster."

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: J. DIXON CRAIG, '07.

CONGRATULATIONS, '09!—The inter-year hockey matches have been played off, and now nought-nine holds the inter-year championship—and incidentally the Matthew's Cup. They have proved themselves mighty men of valor this year, both in athletics and on the debating platform. The championship of the Association football series fell to them; they made no mean showing on field day; and now they have won the hockey championship. This gives them the Matthew's Cup, with a lead of at least ten points over all comers.

Again we say—"Congratulations, '09!"

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.—On Monday afternoon, March the fourth, the speedy senior septette met the sweet young seven of the freshman class. The game was fairly strenuous, although the mildest of the series. The game opened up by a furious assault on '07's goal, but the stolid seniors brushed aside the buzzing midgets in green, and soon began to mix things up in front of '10's goal. This made the freshmen so nervous that they shoved the puck into their own nets. The honor of scoring this goal is unanimously given to Winsor Ross, '07, as he was the senior nearest the puck at the time.

In the second half things cheered up considerably—for the seniors. "Scottie" McEwen began prancing around the ice at such a lively gait that he soon notched two goals for nought-seven. Then Gordon McEwen shot at the freshman goal,—and missed the goalkeeper. This made the score four to nothing, in favor of '07. Then, in order not to be left out in the cold, Dick Craig went down the line, and—*mirabile dictu*—scored another goal for the seniors. Shortly before time, however, the freshmen (profiting by their little practice in scoring goals, that they had during the first half) notched one for their side. This left the score at full time at 5-1. Roy Benson refereed the game.

The teams:—

NOUGHT-SEVEN—Goal R. Harkness; point, N. McNaughton; cover, G. C. McEwen; rover, S. R. McEwen; centre, W. Ross; right wing, A. E. White; left wing, J. D. Craig.

NINETEEN-TEN—Goal, J. Wearing; point, S. George; cover, E. Sayles; rover, Firstbrook; centre, McKay; wings, Iveson and Blackadar.

The Hunters Hunted.—On Wednesday, the sixth of March, the sophomores turned the tables on the previously victorious seniors, to the tune of four to one. The game was fairly fast and exciting, especially in the first half, as the seniors held the sophomores down better than they did in the second half of the game. The score at half time stood a tie, one all, and fairly represented the play during the first half In the last half the sophomores began playing that steady and persistent combination that eventually landed the cup for them. The score soon ran up in their favor, and when the whistle blew for full time they were three goals to the good, the score being 4-1. Jack Robinson starred for '09, his work on the forward line being very fast, and yet steady. Jury and Layng played a very *strenuous* game for the winners, as they often managed to get into pretty close touch with some senior forward.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Nought-nine—Goal, McLaurin; point, Layng; cover, Jury; rover, J. Robinson; centre, Detlor; wings, Hayden and Newell.

Nought-seven lined up as in the previous game.

The Final Match was played off on Thursday night, between '08 and '09. Nought-eight had won from Theology by the latter team defaulting, so they were entitled to play nought-nine for the first place. Quite a bit of interest attached to this game, as the winners practically would have the Matthews' Cup safe. The game was very fast, the fastest, in fact, that has been played in the inter-year series for some time. It was also exceedingly strenuous, several men being sent to the boards to do penance for their sins. But right from the start the sophomores had their opponents well in hand, and the result of the game was never in doubt. Nought-nine played a hard, steady game, and their combination rushes down the ice soon wore out the juniors, who played a plucky but losing game. The score at full time was four goals to nothing in favor of nought-nine. Every man on the winning team played a star game, and it was this very fact, namely, that the team was so well balanced that made them such formidable oponents.

Nought-nine's line-up was as in the previous game.

The juniors' line-up was as follows:—Goal, Weston; point, Vichert; cover, Moyle; rover, Ware; centre, McKechnie; wings, Jordan and Ritchie.

Rolly Young, '07, has been starring this winter in professional hockey. Rolly has received many flattering offers from some of the big pro. teams, and has generally made himself famous among hockey fans, both in Canada and the States.

J. B. McArthur and Teddie Peine, both of '05, have been playing hockey in the city this winter. "J. B." with the senior St. George's, and Teddy with the intermediate team representing that club.

McMaster Hockey Team played an exhibition game with the Ontario Agricultural College, at Guelph, and won from the O. A. C. aggregation by the close score of 4-3.

OUR GRADUATES

Editor: R. C. Bensen, '06.

NOTHING so clearly evinces the place occupied by Alma Mater in the heart of a graduate as his sustained and increasing interest in every sphere of her activity.

We boast of the fact that no McMaster student has ever passed the stage of freshmanhood without being seized by that indescribable something—a McMaster consciousness, *esprit de corps*—call it what you will. It haunts him throughout the years of his course, and its presence is felt when college halls have long since been left behind. That this is so, we may gather from an incident of very recent occurrence

On Friday evening, February 8th, the occasion of the banquet of the Literary Society, A. M. Overholt, '97, on behalf of the graduates in special mathematics, read an address to the Chancellor of the University. Mr. Overholt asked the Chancellor to accept as a gift to the library the first six volumes of the Transactions of the American Mathematical Society and the first three volumes of the Bulletin. Continuing, he said that the gift but feebly expressed their love for McMaster, and their appreciation of the ability, inspiration and Christian manhood of the instructor—Chancellor McKay. The Chancellor, in a fitting reply, thanked the graduates in Mathematics for their excellent gift, and the kindly spirit that prompted so valuable a presentation.

W. J. Grigg, '05, who, during the past year, has been preaching in British Columbia, is once again on this side of the Rockies. This time he stopped off in Calgary, to help edit

the *Calgary News*, an independent evening paper. Mr. Grigg possesses more than ordinary literary ability, and THE MONTHLY wishes him every success in his new field.

REV C. RIDDIFORD, '04, Theol., recently entered upon the pastorate of the Mount Forest Baptist Church. Mr. Riddiford was for four years the enthusiastic pastor of the Barton Street Church, in Hamilton.

ON January 22nd V. A. Ray, '03, M.A. '04 was ordained to the Gospel ministry in the Galt Baptist Church. Volney is a member of the McMaster Evangelistic Band at present, but will leave soon as a missionary to the "Dark Continent."

THE death of J. A. McDonald, M.A., '02, which occurred in Toronto Thursday morning, February 28th, came as a shock to the faculty and students of McMaster. Mr. McDonald held a fellowship in Classics in McMaster during the year '02-'03, and, after studying a year in Chicago, became Superintendent of Instruction in Canon City, Colorado. This was his first year in Medicine in the University of Toronto. Lectures were suspended on Thursday afternoon at McMaster.

REV. D. BOVINGTON, '99, formerly pastor of Centre Street Baptist Church, St. Thomas, is pastor of the church in Hilton, N.Y.

DR. C. C. LUMLEY, '03, was a recent visitor at the Hall.

JOHN MC LAUGHLIN, '03, M.A. '04, who this year completes Ph.D. work at the University of Chicago, has been appointed rector of a large church in Cleveland, Ohio.

GEORGE W. LANGDON, '03, left St. Thomas recently for the West.

REV. J. R. CRESSWELL, '94, for some time engaged in business in Calgary, Alta., has re-entered the ministry and is serving the Church at Pembroke.

J. W. RUSSELL, '95, M.A. '00, has resigned his position as science master of Woodstock College, to manage extensive business interests in Cobalt. The vacancy will be filled temporarily by H. B. Parker, '05.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MARY STILLWELL.

THE principal number on the programme at the Heliconian meeting this month was the debate between the fourth and third years: "Resolved, That examinations are hurtful, morally, mentally and physically." The third year upheld the affirmative, while the fourth year tried to set forth a strong argument in favor of a complete abolishment of examinations. The decision was awarded to the third year by the judges, who were: Miss Mosely, and two former Moulton graduates, Mrs. Horrocks and Miss Edwards.

WE feel that our school has been blest by the services held on the day of prayer. The eleven o'clock service was taken by Professor Keirstead, and was followed by the class prayer meetings, the day closing with a prayer and praise service in the evening.

MISS MCKIM'S visit to us at our missionary prayer meeting on January the thirtieth was greatly enjoyed by all. Miss McKim, who has lately returned from Persia, spoke of the customs and religion of the Persians, and showed very clearly the need of the Gospel in that land.

IT was a merry party that climbed into the waiting sleighs on a recent Friday evening. Everybody tooted their tin horns, everybody sang, and everybody had a good time. The sleighing was all that sleighing should be, the evening bright and clear, and when the drive was over an oyster supper ended one of the jolliest of jolly evenings.

A VERY pleasant evening was spent at the skating party, given by Miss Thrall and the faculty, to the students of the fourth and third years. One of the chief attractions of the evening was the street piano, which furnished the music for the occasion. The rink, which was lighted by lanterns, was in splendid condition, and, even though a few mistakes were made, as in such a large party it was difficult to find one's partners, and some were occasionally left to skate the band out alone, all agreed that it had been a most enjoyable evening.

WOODSTOCK.

EDITOR: C. E. DURDEN.

THE year has been a very successful one for the Literary Societies.

THE Philomathic Society, under the leadership of Mr. H. Bradley, has held a number of very interesting meetings. The musical talent in the college has been used to good advantage. A subject of gravest import to the boys was debated at one of the meetings. The question was: "Resolved, That a young man's chances of success are hindered by early marriage." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Affleck and Detler, while the negative was very heartily supported by Chas. Evans, assisted by H. Crickington. Two more earnest supporters for the negative side of this question could not have been found, and it is needless to say that Vice-President McKechnie, as judge, found the resolution unsustained and awarded the debate to the negative.

THE Excelsior Society is this year being guided through its various vicissitudes by Mr. G. M. Malone. The meetings are, as usual, overflowing with enthusiasm. The unusual amount of musical talent makes a good programme an easy matter.

THE Judson Missionary Society is continuing its work, under the leadership of Principal A. T. MacNeill. Meetings are held at the jail every Sunday afternoon, under the supervision of Mr. A. A. Trembert. We have not yet heard whether or not the old joke has been perpetrated by the young leader in expressing his pleasure at the large number present at the services.

BY action of the Senate recently, a new crest and colors have been adopted for the college. The red and green is now superseded by royal purple and old gold. This is a particularly appropriate combination for some of the boys, inasmuch as many will remember it to have been, in bygone days, the emblem of the Pro-Girl Society. Though that very worthy brotherhood has died out in the school, its influence lives very strongly in some of the older theologs around Woodstock.

Here and There.

EDITOR: M. H. LONG, '08.

AGAIN the daily rounds of the postman have heaped our table with many welcome visitors from far and near. The respectable dimensions of the pile have at last induced us to don warm slippers and comfortable dressing gown and settle back in the "easy chair" with feelings of pleasurable anticipation. Nor have our expectations been disappointed, for the February exchanges fully equal the standard of the past—if anything, they excel it. A large number of stories were well worth the reading, and we were particularly interested in "Torkom, the Story of a Struggle Against Odds." This is a serial appearing in the *Queen's University Journal*. It is a tale of the long-standing feud between the Armenians and the Turks, and it opens with a graphic description of an Armenian massacre. The author vouches for the story as a narrative of real events, and states that it is his hope to "arouse interest in the poor people of Turkey." At any rate, the tale has been skilfully introduced, and we shall follow its development with interest. Among the essays and sketches, we especially enjoyed an article in the *Bowdoin Quill*, which is delightfully reminiscent of Longfellow's occupation of the chair in modern languages and literatures at Bowdoin during the years 1829-1838. The sketch gives one a charming glimpse of one of the most important periods of the poet's life. But we must confess that our first search through our exchanges is for poetry. Perhaps this is because we feel that the lack of good verse is one of the most serious defects of our own and other Canadian college papers. At any rate, we usually expect to find something of merit in the pages of the *University of Virginia Magazine*, and from it this month we would quote:—

MOONFLOWERS.

The white moonflowers, over the chilly pool,
Feel sunbeams fading and night winds growing cool.
The last, far-venturing beam, that lightly sped
Under the eaves o' the wood, and lit with red
Rose hues the silvery beach, hath faded and fled.
And Dusk abroad, with all her goblin brood
Of shadows, flitteth, glooming through the wood
Where solemn Silence reigns, and deep-browed Solitude.

The white moonflowers, at the noon of night,
Open their eyes, and lo the moon is bright:
She signs—the stars are dancing!—Silence hears,
Nor ever more the sound of Music fears;
Her canticle floats rippling through the wood,
And rouses from his reveries deep-browed Solitude.

SONG:

Under
The somber Hills of Wonder
Far away
Lie the Gardens of the Nights
Breathing rest and quiet lights
All the day.

Fountains,
In the shadow of the Mountains,
Rise and fall,
Waving slowly to and fro
As the nightwinds come and go
And sigh and call.

Rivers,
Where the willow waves and shivers,
Wander by;
Silver stars above them lean
Towards their waters deep and green,
From the sky.

Nightly,
From these Gardens rising brightly,
I may see,
Waters leaping with delight
While the minstrels of the night
Herald me.

Morning
Eastward now hath given warning
With her star;
Fallen lies the Dome of Night
And the stars are taking flight
Wide and far.

Higher
Fly the shafts of crimson fire:
Hasten we
Now to shadow-haunted caves
Where the slumbrous cypress waves
Silently.

Lo larks are singing!—a nimble beam
Of sunshine frollicks along the stream;
Where grass is crisp and dews are wet
Winketh the waking violet.
Red glow the roses amid the green
Of soft fresh leaves and lilies lean
Like nymphs above the mirroring water.

And every little nameless daughter
Of Nature, shows a cheerful face
From her humble dwelling place.

But Night, sad Night, hath bowed her head;
The Moon below the west hath fled,
And the moonflower sinks in th' water, withered and dead.
—*Tallifer.*

A NEW magazine has made its debut into the number of Canadian college journals. Its announcement reads as follows: "The *University Magazine* is a continuation of the *McGill University Magazine*, with a certain departure, and will be issued four times a year. The main purpose of the magazine is to express an educated opinion upon questions immediately concerning Canada; and to treat freely in a literary way all matters which have to do with politics, industry, philosophy, science and art. The editorial management is gratuitous, and the proceeds of the publication are applied to the payment of contributors. The subscription price is one dollar a year." Some of the articles in the initial number are: "John Knox in the Church of England," the Editor, Dr. McPhail; "What Will the West do with Canada?" C. W. Thomson; "The Valuation of Real Estate," W. Vaughan; "The Legal Aspect of Shakespeare's Marriage," F. P. Walton; and "The Psychology of American Union," by Stephen Foycock. Other contributors are: A. H. U. Colquhoun, C. W. Colby, Pelham Edgar, and Adrien Le Maistre. In spite of the deplorable failures of Canadian magazines in the past, we feel that Canada has now reached such a stage of national development that a periodical living up to the ideals which the *University Magazine* has set before it will not only fill a valuable place in the national life, but will receive from the Canadian public the financial support which it deserves. We ourselves have registered a solemn vow to become subscribers to the *University Magazine*, and we would respectfully recommend it to the consideration of all McMaster students.

CHORUS.

Whisper to the moon-gleam,
Whisper to the sea,
Whisper to the moon-beam,
Follow, follow me.

When the wind is in the willows,
And the fireflies in the glen,
And the moonlight on the pillows
Of sleep enamored men,—
When the elves are in the forest,

Seeking starshine in the dew,
And their tiny tunes are chorused
Where the starlight filters through;

Then, whisper to the moon-gleams,
Whisper to the sea,
Whisper to the moon-beams,
Follow, follow me.
—*The Vassar Miscellany. Louise Medbery, 1907.*

The *Mercerian*, from Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, contains an interesting article on the University of Berlin, an excellent appreciation of Thomas Hardy, the novelist, and an essay of some worth on the "Search for Truth." The issue also contains some excellent cuts and some fair verses. We think that this is the best number of the *Mercerian* which has yet reached us, but we would suggest that, in view of the excellent matter contained elsewhere, an article entitled "A Faculty Meeting in Hades" is rather unfortunate, both in title and tenor.

THE ISLE OF HEART'S DESIRE.

To R. F.

The Isle of Heart's Desire lies
A paradise, 'neath azure skies,—
With tinkling founts that splash and sing,
While routs of roses round them cling,
And mass and intertwine.

There roll the white-capped billows free,
Ensurging on the island's lea,
And Neptune's Tritons sport with glee,
And Mermen hold high revelry
In grottos coralline.

This isle of nectar, spice and meathe,
Of attars such as Angels breathe;
Of emerald dales, of leafy nooks,
Of sunny vales, of laughing brooks,
Of stars of trembling fire.

Within that lotused land of spring,
Perfumed with myrrhs that trade-winds bring,
How oft we've watched the osprey wing—
How oft the evening's westering
When thou wert Queen and I thy King,
As well as Heart's Desire.

R. E. G.—The Carolinian.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the following exchanges: Athenæum, McGill Outlook, Varsity, Notre Dame Scholastic, University of Virginia Magazine, University Monthly Magazine (N.B.), Mercerian Acadia Athenæum, Manitoba College Journal, Dalhousie Gazette, O. A. C. Review, Vox Wesleyana, O. N. C. Monthly, Hya Yaka, College Review, Soloman, Presbyterian College Journal, Oracle, Collegian, Queen's University Journal, Acta Victoriana, Bessie Tuft Journal, College Index, Trinity University Review, Philomathean Monthly, Bowdoin Quill.

A VALENTINE.

A petal from a rose, my dear,
A bit of violet blue,
The lily's fragrance, too, my dear,
And posies, quite a few.

These will I mix with love, my dear,
And a kiss for those lips of thine—
And send it straight to thee, my dear,
To be thy Valentine.

—*Ex.*

According to the annual statement of the secretary of the Rhodes Trust, there are more students from the United States at Oxford under the Rhodes Scholarship than from any other nation. Of the 161 Rhodes scholars in residence at Oxford, 79 are from the United States, 71 from the British colonies, and 11 from Germany.

He: "My sister got a pearl from an oyster." She: "That's nothing. My sister got a diamond from a lobster."—*Ex.*

The contrasts between college customs on opposite sides of the Atlantic are well illustrated by the following reference to an approaching football match, taken from the *Edinburgh Student*: "The big event is sure to draw a big crowd of students. It is hoped that they will put in a shout for the white jerseys now and again. It is in no way inspiriting for fifteen men, battling tooth and nail for the honor of their 'Varsity, to *hear no word of encouragement except for their opponents.* If dignity implies apathetic stolidity—well, the football field is not the place for it."

SOME NONSENSE VERSES.

Young Roger in a mood of choler,
Thrust his head 'neath a traction roller;
The neighbors were all surprised to find
How it had broadened Roger's mind.
—*Princeton Tiger.*

Johnny built this morning's fire
In the kitchen stove;
Now the family's dressing in
Yonder maple grove.
—*University of California Chapparal.*

Willie fell into the sea,
Drowned in awful agony.
Mother heard the cries he gave,
"Billy never liked to bathe."
—*Stanford Pelican.*

Last week Tuesday Gentle Jane
Met a passing railroad train;
"Good afternoon," she sweetly said,
But the blamed train simply cut her dead.

Fritzy drank some nitro-glye.
"Gosh, dat's goot!" he said,
"Vat iss?"
Then he slipped upon the coping.
* * * * *
* * * *
* * *
Mere words fail me, but—here's hoping—.
—*The Yale Record.*

If a game of baseball
Should be held in Japan,
Would the spectator there
Be a Japanese fan?

I've no doubt the effect
On the eyes would be pleasant,
If only each foul
Were a Japanese pheasant.
—*The Collegian.*

Resourceful Mame fell down a well,
Whence all egress did fail;
She simply cleared her throat and then—
Ran lightly up the scale.
—*Vassar Miscellany.*

Little Willie at the table,
Just as hard as he was able,
Hit his mother with a platter,
And remarked, "That swats the mater."
—*Cornell Widow.*

Apropos of foreign languages, we hear from an exchange that all of the leading American universities provide instruction in German and French, and an overwhelming majority of them in Spanish, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Other languages are taught in the principal universities as follows:

Chicago—Swedish, Norwegian, Sanskrit, Avestan, Old Persian, Lithuanian, Old Bulgarian, Gothic, and Japanese.

Columbia—Scandinavian, Old French, Gothic, Icelandic, and Rumanian.

Cornell—Arabian, Ethiopic, Assyrian, Coptic, Old Saxon, and Old Norse.

Harvard—Celtic, Russian, Polish, Portuguese, Dutch, and Bohemian.

Michigan—Old Romance.

Minnesota—Scandinavian.

Wisconsin—Old Saxon, Gothic, Norse, Sanskrit, Arabic, and Assyrian.

The following clipping from a recent speech by the famous Dr. Osler contains a good homely truth which we will all recognize:

"Sooner or later—insensibly, unconsciously—the iron yoke of conformity is upon our necks; and in our minds, as in our bodies, the force of habit becomes irresistible. From our teachers and associates, from our reading, from the social atmosphere about us we catch the beliefs of the day, and they become ingrained—part of our nature. For most of us this happens in the haphazard process we call education, and it goes on just as long as we retain any mental receptivity. It was never better expressed than in the famous lines that occurred to Henry Sidgwick in his sleep:

> "We think so because all other people think so;
> Or because—or because—after all, we do think so;
> Or because we were told so, and think we must think so;
> Or because we once thought so, and think we still think so;
> Or because, having thought so, we think we still think so."

With regard to Carnegie Lake at Princeton, R. C. Leman writes a poem in *Punch*, cordially welcoming Princeton to the Brotherhood of Oars. The concluding lines run as follows:—

"You shall know of the joys of racing; you shall hear the frenzied din
When your flag floats out in triumph and the cheers proclaim a win.
And you'll bear without a murmur when the fates ordain the test,
To be fairly met and beaten, though you know you've done your best.

And when age, that weary teacher, lays his burden on your back,
You can come and watch the young ones in their yellow and their black.
And your vanished youth will green you, and your heart renew its glow
When you see them swing as you did in the days of long ago.''

Had the Rector Running Mad.—A good many years ago, when metropolitan dailies were not run so well as they are now, ridiculous typographical mistakes happened frequently. One of the papers had two separate articles, one on a sermon and the other on a mad dog, which were, of course, to go under different headings. In some way both were set up together. In the morning the editor was horrified to see the following article: ''The Rev. James Thompson, rector of St. Andrew's Church, preached to a large concourse of people Sunday. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physician has advised him to cross the Atlantic. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after offering a devout prayer (here is where the articles ran together) took a whim to cut up some frantic freaks. He ran up Timothy street to Johnson and down Benefit street to College. At this stage of the proceedings a number of boys seized him and tied a tin can to his tail and again he started. A great crowd collected, and after some trouble he was shot by a policeman.''—*Daily Maroon.''*

THE COLLAR BUTTON.

You're small, but oh! you are a tease,
And oftentimes upon my knees
I've crawled to you;

I've grovelled to you on the floor,
I've bumped my head, and ''cussed'' and swore;
I've bawled for you.

Oft under furniture I've crept,
In places that had not been swept,
To feel for you.

What girls could never make me do,
How often have I done for you?
Just kneel to you.

O little thing of shining gold,
One half your faults have not been told,
But I no more will flout you;

Though you a nuisance we regard,
The world would find it very hard
To get along without you.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

McMaster University Debaters

WINNERS OF INTER-COLLEGE DEBATING CHAMPIONSHIP AND KERR TROPHY, 1906-7

R. C. Bensen, B.A. — J. B. McLaurin, B.A.

H. R. Nobles, B.A. — F. S. Beddow, B.A.

THE

McMaster University Monthly

APRIL, 1907

EXPLORING TOWARDS HUDSON BAY.

IT was on the midnight of July 31st last that I left Toronto for the northern End of Steel, purchasing a ticket that pledged to land me next day on the shores of Lake Temiskaming.

It was my intention, after having reached the terminus of the rail, to procure provisions and canoes and head a party of friends on a canoe trip in the direction of Hudson Bay, venturing as far north as Canadian caution would carry us. I was accompanied from Toronto by two old college friends—one a chemist, the other a business man, who were, like myself, fool-hardy enough to face the perils of the unknown wilderness.

We reached Haileybury the next afternoon and at once proceeded to stock up with supplies for a three weeks' trip. We purchased the staple foodstuffs—pork, flour, meal, tea, salt and sugar, in the usual quantities for a month's consumption per man, and, in addition, as a joke at the time, bought a quarter hundred of plain rice and beans. It is owing to this extra twenty-five pounds of wholesome diet, together with a rusty compass in my pocket, that I am here to tell the present tale.

The guide whom I engaged was a character. Hard, stern and disciplined by years of frontier life, he had long since forgotten the vivid sensation of the inverted canoe resting on your shoulders for the first time, or the excitement of your maiden plunge into the mad swirl of the rapids! But, as he was reputed to know the North Country like a book, and also sustained a great reputation as a canoeist, besides being able to portage a heavier pack than any man on the trail, I ventured

to engage him for a trip up the Abitibi and down the Frederick House, a trip which he declared would take about three weeks to accomplish.

Next morning, August the 4th, we took the construction train northward, piling canoes and supplies upon a flat car and then ourselves on top of all. It took us nine hours to make forty-five miles, so our average rate of travel may easily be determined. At noon we stopped an hour for dinner at a collection of shacks known as Englehart. The luxury of the meal consisted in chicken pot pie, for which the bracing air had given us all an excellent relish.

That afternoon I met, by chance, an old friend, Walter Mills, of Ridgetown, one of Canada's well-known barristers, who happened to be going to the End of Steel on business for a mining syndicate. The temptation to invite him along was irresistible, and, in spite of the protests of his friends on board, who feared that the hardships of such a trip might prove too great for a "tenderfoot," Mr. Mills consented to come, greatly to my delight. Through all of the checkered experiences of the next three weeks he proved himself the very best of company, and his songs and jokes around the camp fire mingle in the memory of the grand melody of the resounding rapids and the rifle crack of the evening target practice.

The long day on the train gave me a fresh glimpse into the pioneer spirit that has made Canada what she is. The passengers travelled contentedly in two ordinary horse cars, huddled together on rough, hard seats, women and children with smiling faces, mothers with infants in arms, all bound for the remotest borders of civilization, to share the hard lot of those sturdy men who are, after all, the bulwark and buttress of our country.

About six p.m. we reached the north terminus, Boston, after passing a spot where four men had just been killed, owing to the snapping apart of the train on the steep grade. Those grades gave one chills, being so imperfectly finished, and leading often to trestles one hundred feet in height, where the track crosses and re-crosses the Blanche River. But the vista was grand—miles and miles of primeval forests being unveiled on the winding river course far below.

At 1.30 in the morning we were headed slowly northward, over a very uncertain piece of track, upon which the engineer ventured with extreme caution, trying each trestle as he proceeded. There was something novel in that night ride upon those flat trucks, heavily laden with steel rails, the only bed upon which we could stretch ourselves. Above us the sky was filled with black clouds that drenched us with torrents of rain. Far beneath were the yawning chasm and foaming cataracts of the Blanche, while we quivered in mid-air upon swaying timbers, whose untested strength forbade the train, with its immense weight of steel, to do more than creep from bank to bank. It was a long, cold, wet experience, relieved only by the grandeur of the country, which struck sombre outlines against the gloom of the night sky.

Between five and six o'clock in the morning we reached the shores of Lake Sesiginika, the uttermost point of the steel. Here we alighted, and, on the sandy shores of the lake, we cooked our morning meal.

Saturday morning, August 4th, the day broke beautiful and clear after the night's rain, and the sunrise revealed a scene of unmatched charms as Mills and I paddled out upon Lake Sesiginika to catch some fish for breakfast. As it was my friend's first experience in a canoe, I fear that he saw very little of the morning glory, spreading in folds of purple and crimson above the seven miles' expanse of water, and reflected in its depth. Though normally a free thinker, he sat for an entire hour as rigidly as the most devout disciple of John Knox, and on reaching the shore with our catch of fish he heaved a deep, significant sigh of relief. Before the end of the second day, however, he was pulling a splendid stroke at the paddle, and declaiming eloquently upon the canoe as the only mode of water travel.

After breakfast we embarked in our two canoes, three in each, having with us a young surveyor from Toronto, Lloyd by name, who wished to reach his party in the far north as early as he could, and so requested to join us for a few days. This was fortunate for all concerned, as he proved himself a decided accession of strength to the second canoe.

We first crossed Lake Sesiginika, which, in the Indian tongue, means the "long narrow water." It is a beautiful sheet

of deep blue, studded with lovely islands, which must, ere long, become a second Muskoka, since the rail already touches the sandy beach. Several of the points are quite as well situated for summer homes as any I have ever seen in Lake Joseph or Lake Rosseau. The lake teems with fine fish, as a few minutes with a troll convinced us.

After landing upon the northern end of the lake, my attention was directed to a cedar stake, placed on the bank, and bearing the significant words, "Height of Land." From this point the waters bore us steadily upon their bosom towards the Pole. It was here that we encountered our first portage. The day had grown hot—we had four portages to make before dinner—two of them nearly a mile each, and leading along a footpath through the woods, where every breath of breeze was shut out.

Great was our astonishment to see the load which our guide deliberately heaped upon his shoulders, until it touched the branches of the trees, then stalked away like an antlered moose over the portage. Indeed, I learned afterwards that the Indians, once seeing him bearing a similar burden along the path, exclaimed: "Moose! Moose! Moose!" For myself, I seized the canoe, and, putting it upon my head, made away, leaving the others to take the remaining sacks of supplies. That was a scene of surprises. Each man, as he panted up to the half-way post, was certain that he carried the heaviest sack, and only by an exchange for the remaining half of the portage, discovered his mistake. Mills, who changed with me, taking the canoe for the second mile, declared at the landing that his collar bone had received permanent injury as a result of the transfer, and much to my amusement, I could not for a solid week persuade him to shoulder the canoe again.

That night we camped upon the banks of the White Clay River, where we practiced target shooting at a birch bark down the stream until it grew dark. One of the party shot some partridge, which gave flavor to the breakfast pork.

Sunday morning, August 5th, we ate our plain morning meal, of sea biscuit and flap jacks, made from buckwheat, washed all down with strong tea, then resumed our course along the interminable White Clay, which wanders in serpentine fashion between banks of impenetrable undergrowth. The scenery along

this stream is very pretty, and the perfect peace of the place, broken only by the flashing drip from the sun-lit paddle, gave feelings of Sabbath quiet to the soul that no pomp of choir nor precision of ritual could ever impart.

That Sunday night, between rain and mosquitoes, we had good use for our camp fire, which furnished the double purpose of heat and smudge. After a supper of good bread and fresh pike, we wrapped ourselves, heads and all, in our blankets, and knew nothing more until sunrise.

Tuesday morning we reached the Abitibi shortly before noon. Here we spent a half hour at the junction of the rivers, regaling ourselves with delicious spring water; then we inspected an old Indian camping ground, where we tested the range of our rifles, ate dinner and resumed our course down the Abitibi, whose waters are a light brown, contrasting sharply with the dark waters of the Black, which we had just left behind. About four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Iroquois Falls, whose legendary romance tempted us to stay over night beside their thundering waters. We were the more willing to remain, because of the moose and red deer which had been seen daily on the margin of the great basin beneath the cataract.

Tradition tells of an Indian battle, fought between the Iroquois and Algonquins, on the river just above the falls. A number of Iroquois, invading the country, were attacked by their enemies, who lay in ambush for them at a point above the cataract. The fierceness of the engagement so diverted their attention from all else that they failed to see or hear the plunging waters until escape was too late, and all were swept over the rocks to destruction; hence the name of the falls.

Early Wednesday morning we struck tent and started down the Abitibi (shallow waters), which, from this point onward, is between two and three hundred yards in width, and flows with more perceptible current toward the northern sea. We now had to encounter the Duck, Deer and Long Sault Rapids, the latter being over seven miles in length, and caused by the abrupt descent of land in the direction of the Bay. As the guide had shown himself to be an expert canoeist, I ventured with him through the worst rapids of the Long Sault, catching the rapturous thrill of the wild dashing waters, the spray of which covered me from head to foot.

Crosses on the shore marked the sad fate of adventurous spirits who in years before had paid with their lives for venturing into those swirling torrents, which pour with merciless violence over the hidden rocks. All that day and day following we struggled to effect our passage, portaging, paddling and poling, as occasion required. Never shall I forget the sensation of being caught by the darkness upon the rapids below Long Sault—no salvation in sight except to shoot them. I had lingered an hour too late, prospecting with my pick a promising cliff on the river bank during the afternoon. As I turned my canoe reluctantly into a dimly-lit, swiftly-sweeping current, expecting each moment to strike some treacherous boulder, what was my joy to see the outlines of the guide's canoe a few hundred yards below. Fearing for my safety, Mills had sent the guide back to pilot me through the rapids to the camp, where, by the bright blaze of the camp fire, the dark danger of rapids and rocks were soon forgotten! That night we slept soundly, and awakened to find a heavy rain falling.

We waited until noon under cover, then we glided on down to the confluence of the Abitibi and the Frederick House, which we reached about the middle of the afternoon. The junction of these streams is beautified by two large islands, one of them a full mile in length, well wooded, with splendid gravel beaches. Indeed, the entire course so far had been one continued panorama of wooded beauty—pine, spruce, balm of Gilead, poplar, birch, and elm, mingling their varying shades of green into one glorious sun-clad landscape. The rich clay loam along the river banks suggests, moreover, a country of great agricultural possibilities, and only the extension of the "rail" is necessary in order to convert these regions into prosperous homesteads.

Having now reached our farthest point north, being within one hundred and ten miles of Hudson Bay, we turned our canoes reluctantly about, and, waving our paddles, called out sadly: "Good-bye, fair Abitibi, go on with our best wishes to your far-off home upon the Polar seas!"

That night we pitched camp six miles up the Frederick House, within sound of the first rapids of the series, corresponding to those upon the sister river, known as the Long Sault. Here the mosquitoes proved a veritable pest, attacking our party with

unmitigated ferocity. Only the guide seemed immune from their stings. Having some oil of lavender along, we rubbed hands and faces well, and in doing so found some protection from their insatiable appetites, and a somewhat slim chance for a night's sleep.

The next day, Saturday, was a hard one for all. We were compelled to wade in the cold water all day long, sometimes up to the waist, pressing our canoes against the fury of the rushing waters, creeping over rocks, falling into deep holes, being caught in whirlpools, and in momentary danger of losing our canoes. It took the entire day to make six miles, and at night we camped, exhausted, on the bank. Our clothes, tents, blankets, and provisions, were completely drenched.

Sunday, August the 11th, was one not soon forgotten by any of the party. After partaking of our plain breakfast fare, consisting of bannocks, pork and tea, we resumed the perilous work of pushing our freighted canoes up the rapids, which, at this point, were churned into white whirlpools, owing to the great volumes of water rushing through the narrow gorges of rock. Our guide began to display his skill in battling up these passages by steering straight for a rock until reaching its eddy, when he shot out into the current, and, by hard paddling for a moment, succeeded in reaching the quiet waters always found just above the narrows. This was all right for him, but proved too difficult a feat for Thompson and Johnson, in the second canoe, who lost control of their craft. In an instant it swung broadside to the stream, and the next moment struck midship against a large projecting rock, upsetting them into the boiling cauldron. Thompson, being a strong swimmer, struck for the shore. Johnson, unable to swim a stroke, clung tenaciously to the overturned canoe. Being ourselves at the most treacherous turn in the rapids, where a single false stroke meant destruction, the guide refused to hear my protests to turn back, and sternly ordered us to paddle with might and main, lest we all should be engulfed.

Meantime, Johnson clung to the canoe, which drifted down stream two hundred yards to a shallow spot, where he succeeded in getting ashore just as Ike, the guide, reached him, after landing Mills and myself, crossing the river and running down the

bank. He was just in time to save the supplies, which went floating down the stream, excepting the rifles and pistols, which had instantly sunk. These we tried in vain to recover, dragging the river bed for hours, and wading in the foaming torrent to our armpits. So, with water-soaked tent, blankets and provisions, and all of our firearms lost but my Winchester rifle, we pitched early camp—Johnson's unnerved condition making further progress that day out of the question.

Monday, August the 12th, we crept along as best we could, making our way by sheer force of will until nightfall, when we had not even enough energy left to pitch our tent, or cut the usual spruce boughs for our bed. Our advance was so slow that the guide began to show alarm over the diminishing state of our food supply. Allowing five days to reach the frontier post of Ft. Matachewan, he divided our supplies accordingly, with reduced rations all around. As hunters know, there was a remarkable scarcity of small game last season, and, in the parts through which we passed on our return trip, not a rabbit nor partridge could be seen—even the few ducks that we sighted were so wild that it was impossible to get within range of them. To aggravate matters, our fishing tackle had been lost in the rapids, and, while fish were evidently plentiful, it was with difficulty that we inveigled a stray pike or pickerel to accept our crude hospitality of salt pork bait As for the beautiful brook trout, which appeared along the sand shoals and in the adjoining pools, they scorned the invitation to dine which we extended to them day by day. Thus it was that we had to fall back on our limited supply of pork, rice and beans, which rapidly disappeared before our appetites.

Under normal conditions, the trip up the Frederick House would have been delightful. Six miles from the lake we portaged past the falls, where the noble river takes a leap of over forty feet through three separate gorges of rock into an immense natural basin beneath. Just above the cataract we found a fine moose skin hung up to dry, which only the awkwardness of packing prevented us from taking along.

That day we crossed the Frederick House Lake, a fine expanse of water about twenty miles in circumference, and at sunset built our campfire on its southern shore.

At noon the next day we reached Night Hawk Lake. This is the most beautiful sheet of water that we saw during the entire trip. It is fourteen miles in length and eight across. Innumerable islands of exquisite shape and size adorn the glassy surface of the Night Hawk, and upon one of these we camped to eat our mid-day meal. The rich calcite formation of rock led me to do some prospecting with the pick, and the specimens of quartz obtained indicated the probable presence of gold.

That evening the guide began the series of blunders which almost cost our lives. Instead of the creek which he ought to have taken, he chose a westward flowing stream, and we followed along until dark. It was so thick with pike and pickerel that we caught enough for supper and breakfast, in spite of our improvised troll. We camped late, feasting upon fish and bannocks, made from the last of the flour, fought the mosquitoes with an immense smudge, and, wrapping ourselves, heads and all, in blankets, enjoyed a good night's rest.

Next morning, Thursday, we pushed up the stream for three hours, paddling hard, when we entered such low water that further progress became impossible, so, with feelings hard to describe, and harder to suppress, we were compelled to beat a retreat. From this time on the guide lost his head completely, and of course his temper in consequence. His language became most abusive, and from fits of explosive violence he would lapse into hours of silence, when all attempts to learn anything of our whereabouts proved absolutely futile. That day was entirely lost in doubling back upon the course which he had followed for eight or ten miles. Returning to the confluence of the streams, we chose the other branch, and for four consecutive days we pressed our course with might and main towards the south. These were days of tremendous exertion and mental anxiety impossible to describe. Our daily progress in miles was slow. Some days we had to portage over a hundred times, across immense jams of driftwood, beaver dams and sand shallows which choked the stream, whose winding course made it necessary to go forty rods to gain one. Even at such times the dense undergrowth rendered it impossible to shorten our course by portaging. By Saturday it became plainly evident that we were in unexplored parts. At 1.50 that afternoon I came upon rock cliffs consisting of solid

iron sulphide, to which the wash of waters had imparted the polish of bronze. These cliffs extended along the river for a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. More for amusement than anything else, I staked a claim here, upon which I believe no human eye will rest for some years to come. The discovery post bears the record: "Discovered by Russell Coutts, this 18th day of August, 1906, 1.50 p.m., license No. 312 (B)."

Late in the afternoon as the foremost canoe rounded a bend in the river a ripple on the placid surface revealed the presence of big game in the stream. A moment later there stood in the water a finely formed cow moose, gazing at us with apparently far more interest than concern for her own safety. She allowed the canoe to come within twenty-five yards of her, then suddenly turned and swam a distance up stream with powerful strokes, veered toward the shore, and, plunging into the brush along the bank, disappeared. As misfortune would have it, our sole remaining rifle was in the second canoe, half a mile behind; so we dined that evening very discontentedly upon the last of the salt pork, instead of moose steak.

Sunday morning, August 19th, an inventory of our supplies yielded a rather disconcerting result—only a few handfuls of rice and beans remained, of which we partook sparingly. All that day we pressed our way southward, and, in spite of driftwood, sand shoals, long rapids, and incessant windings of the stream, we made about twenty miles of direct progress.

Monday morning, rising early, we wrestled with a hard, two-mile rapids, and, after an interval of smooth water, we reached another rapids of several miles in length. The shallowness of the water meant that we would have to practically portage the entire distance. We had now proceeded between seventy and eighty miles up this stream, and for two days past had been baffled by finding that it opened toward the southwest, instead of to the southeast, as the map indicated. Certainly this could not be the river which the guide had meant to take in order to reach White Fish Lake! Perhaps it was a stream not shown upon the map at all. This latter theory we have since concluded to be the true one.

A council of war was held, in which Ike admitted for the first time that he was in parts totally unknown to him, and that

further progress with canoes was impracticable, since the direction led deeper into the wilderness, instead of toward the White Fish Lake. Probably the stream would soon end in a narrow, shallow creek, as the other had done which we had attempted to follow. The guide's counsel was to abandon everything and take to the woods, striking due east towards the Montreal River, which he thought we might be able to reach within two or three days. Mills had a strong conviction that we ought to retrace our course, even though it would take twelve days at least to reach civilization in that way. He thought that we could sustain ourselves more easily by the stream than in the depths of the forest. But the hundreds of hard portages over which we had carried our canoes, one of which weighed two hundred pounds, had proved so terrible an ordeal for the rest of us that we were ready to face any perils of the pathless woods in preference to a return trip the way we had come. At length, all being agreed to the guide's proposal, we placed our dunnage sacks, clothes, blankets, tents, ammunition, furs and the ores, gathered on our trip, all together in one great heap, piled the canoes on top and left them to their fate.

Our situation now became desperate, the only course remaining being across the unblazed and unexplored forest. I carried nothing but my rifle and a few rounds of shells. Thompson attempted to save some personal effects, but these he was obliged to leave in the depth of a swamp two miles further on. All that day we struggled through impenetrable brush and bogs, where our clothes were torn off our limbs and our boots were parted from our feet as we were caught in muskeg waist deep. It was a sweltering hot day, with thunder clouds gathering all the afternoon, so the misery of our forest march may be imagined. We passed three lonely lakes, one of which would be, I imagine, six miles or more around. Half of this distance I skirted the shore, wading in the water rather than pressing through the dense undergrowth. It was a fine, sandy beach, trodden only by moose and bear, whose foot prints were fresh and plentiful. These lakes we may claim to have discovered, as they are not shown on any of the Government maps and are unknown to the white man. They lie about fourteen miles due west of the cataract at the head waters of the Montreal.

Our camp fire was now the chief attraction of the day, and as we gathered at twilight, hungry, wet and exhausted, around its bright blaze, we seemed for the time to forget that we were lost, and, after our beverage of boiled water, huddled together in peace for the night, taking turns of two hours each in keeping on fresh wood. This night, however, a high gale arose several hours before dawn, and it turned bitterly cold; the whirlwinds of smoke blinded and choked us, while our water-soaked clothes chilled us to the bone, putting sleep out of the question. So we whiled away the weary hours discussing the possibilities of our fate and binding up the bruises and cuts received during the day in our climb over the rocks and through the muskeg.

Morning broke with a sky racked by black, flying clouds, and as we set out it was necessary to depend entirely upon a rusty compass, which we had carefully saved out of the shipwreck. The guide, who led the way, carried the compass in his hand and stopped every hundred yards to take fresh bearings, so as to correct our tendency to travel in a circle.

Day by day Ike had been growing more moody and ugly-tempered, until even the slightest suggestion offered by any of us would cause him to burst into the most furious explosions of profanity; but this morning things took a graver turn, when he threatened to leave us to shift for ourselves if we dared to speak, in his hearing, any word with reference to our bearings. It was only the most tactful intervention on the part of Mills that kept him from deserting us on this occasion, and, though it was galling in the extreme to feel so dependent on one so testy and uncertain, we simply had to make the best of it, knowing that unreliable maps were but a poor substitute for the instinct of an experienced woodsman. That day our line of march led through all kinds of country, alternating from hills of rock hundreds of feet high to muskeg marsh, where we were in momentary danger of sinking to our armpits. It was all densely wooded, with patches of primeval pine interspersed among the ever present spruce. Often we would strike a fresh moose trail and follow it a few yards, then plunge again into the hateful undergrowth that lacerated our hands and faces at every step. Before long I became conscious that the guide had changed his course sharply from our previous route towards the east. It was evident that

he thought to gain the Montreal before it bent abruptly to the southeast. It was a slim chance, indeed, and, if he missed it, meant fifty miles further of this awful march through the dense brush. I was on the point of rebelling when he remarked laconically, "I will show you the Montreal before night!"

As the hours dragged wearily on, our spirits steadily sank. Hunger and exhaustion threatened to overpower us, while hope deferred made our hearts sick! All of a sudden what was our intense delight to emerge from the impenetrable brush upon the banks of a stately stream. Two good-sized islands divided its waters, and for a moment we feared that another lake was before us. Then we discerned a scarcely perceptible current, which proved that the guide's instinct had gained a point on the Government maps. We were now on the banks of the Montreal! Referring to my maps, I decided that if this were so we would soon reach the Great Falls at the junction of the two branches, so we pushed along the shore, scrambling over the rocks, wading out past the cliffs, then back through the thick brush, all the time listening intently for the roar of the cataract. Presently I fancied I heard a faint muffled rumble as of thunder. I asked Mills if he heard anything. He said "Yes!" Then we both inquired of our taciturn guide, who grimly smiled and said that he had heard it for some minutes. After four hours' hard work climbing rocky heights and skirting the rugged shore, we reached the Falls, where the mighty volume of water plunges nearly fifty feet through a narrow gorge into the main stream!

A fresh difficulty arose. In order to reach Ft. Matachewan, several miles down the river, it would be necessary to effect a crossing. The only place shallow enough to ford was immediately above the falls, where a ledge of rock jutted from side to side within two yards of the rushing waters, at this point taking a man breast deep.

Ike, who was nothing short of a dare-devil, ventured across at this treacherous place by the aid of a pole, and, shouting to us to await his return that night, struck into the woods to reach the fort by the shortest overland route. He expected to get help by sunset, but though we kept a signal fire blazing until ten o'clock, no answer came.

By midnight a heavy, cold rain began, and our camp fire, being exposed to the weather, was soon swimming in a trench of

water. Sleep was out of the question, so chilled were we by the wind, drenched by the rain and tormented by the pangs of hunger.

As the hours dragged slowly on our misery increased; severe chills piercing us through and through, in spite of constant stamping and striking of our arms to keep up the circulation. During those long gloomy watches, Tennyson's line came to me with peculiar force: "Time flowing through the middle of the night and all things creeping toward a dawn of doom." Daybreak brought no sign of relief, so urgent action appeared to me to be necessary, if the lives of our party were to be saved. Each man felt his strength waning after the unwonted exertions of the past week, without food or sleep.

Johnson had preserved a small vial of tincture of ginger for emergencies. With this we made a hot drink, boiling with its contents, the cotton sack which had previously carried our sugar supply. A taste of this beverage for each man proved a most helpful stimulant! After our meal of squirrel soup and ginger tea, we set about to repair an old Indian tepee which stood beside the Falls. We had resolved that if Ike failed to return by nine o'clock we would require to shift for ourselves. Either he had been lost in the thirteen miles of forest between us and the Fort, or had been drowned in his attempt to swim the river, or else, reaching the Fort, had found it deserted for the summer season, since the furs were brought there only during the winter months. In that event we supposed that he would at least secure some tools and provisions, and doing so might retard his return perhaps until it would be too late for us to effect our escape, so I insisted on following up, fording the river and making our way through the woods as best we could toward the Fort. About ten o'clock the others were agreed to act on this proposal. So, holding our coats above our heads, and feeling our way with a long pole in the other hand, we passed cautiously along the ledge, just a man's length above the boiling falls, where a misstep meant a fatal plunge fifty feet upon the rocks beneath. The water swept around us, and at the swiftest point of the rapid we made our way with the greatest difficulty, holding to each other's poles. Fortunately, no one lost his presence of mind, and a few moments later we were breathing freely on the farther shore.

Just then something happened. A shout was raised on the bank we had just left. Our rescuers had arrived! Now, if two angels from heaven had suddenly appeared on that bank arrayed in white flashing pinions, they could not possibly have been a whit more welcome than those two swarthy Indian faces that we saw as we glanced across. Their black hair hung in shaggy shocks over their brows, while their eyes beamed with the benevolence of their mission. Flourishing their canoe paddles as the sign for us to meet them on the point below, they vanished as suddenly as they had appeared. For a moment we doubted our senses, then hastened down the shore in exultant glee. As the light, swift canoe touched the landing place, and we stepped aboard, a thrill shot through me that no words can ever express. It was the glorious sense of feeling saved after hope had almost died. I cannot say that I absolutely despaired at any time; but our deliverance came not an hour too soon. On arriving at the Fort, we found that the guide had traveled until that morning to reach a point opposite, so as to make his calls for help heard. An old squaw was the first to recognize the human cry in the woods, nearly a mile distant, and, hastening to the Factor, reported that a man was in conflict with a bear on the opposite shore and was calling for help. Her story was discredited until some hours later, when Ike reached the bank, and his shouts attracted the attention of all at the Fort. Gliding across in their canoes, the Indians listened to his story and at once started to our rescue. So it happened that these two dusky sons of the forest appeared by the falls at the very moment we were wending our way across. Had they been five minutes later we should have missed connections, and, as we learned afterward, it would have been out of the question for us in our exhausted state to perform the feat of the guide, who climbed through thirteen miles of canyons of the densest brush and over hills of rock hundreds of feet high, reaching Ft. Matachewan more dead than alive.

That day at the Fort was one of serenest enjoyment. Life never unfolded her charms before the mind's eye with a more enthralling rapture—it was truly good to be alive!

In the evening a party of nine young men, representing seven American colleges, called at the Fort on their way to the

fishing grounds of the south. They were keeping to beaten trails, and so had escaped any such experiences as those through which we had just passed. By the interest taken in our narrative, it almost appeared as if some of them would have preferred our hardships to their comforts and pleasures.

Midnight came all too soon, and we retired to rest. The sensation of sleeping in dry, warm blankets was one of the finest that I have ever enjoyed!

The next day the Factor fitted us out with provisions, Indian guides, tents and his best canoe forthe one hundred mile trip down the Montreal to Latchford, the nearest point on the line of rail to the south. These two days were the golden ones of the month. We only portaged the canoe once in the entire distance, and the skill with which the Indian guides shot the rapids, a dozen or more, along the river, baffles description. The Montreal River presents most charming scenery of rocks and woodland, tortuous rapids and silvery lakes, dotted with pleasant islands.

Towards evening of the 23rd we saw our first cow and horse, which told of our approach to civilization once again.

That day we made Latchford about noon, after crossing the beautiful Lake of Bays with reluctant strokes, one and all regretting that our canoe trip of five hundred miles was ended!

J. Russell Coutts.

THE CHURCH AT LIBERTYVILLE.*

"The Church at Libertyville," by J. W. Conley, D.D., fulfils its purpose in pleasing style. It tells in a humorous way how the church in Libertyville solved its many problems, such as disicpline, pastor's vacation, financial matters, finding a pastor, etc. The pen portraits of the different characters are exceptionally good, especially that of Mrs. Paxton, Judge Straight, the Sexton, Aunt Dorcas, and Rev. J. Pierpont Smythe. Each character takes its part well in the various church meetings, but the presence of Charley Goodwill brings each heated discussion to a businesslike ending.

Pastors, church officers, and especially mission workers, will do well to read the book. The humorous method of presenting the difficult problems in church work is a good one, and very effective.—G. E. T.

* "The Church at Libertyville," by J. W. Conley, D.D. American Baptist Publication Society.

LIEUTENANT ROSE.

I.

THE hard, gray eyes of the Captain narrowed ominously as she faced the young Lieutenant. You would hardly have believed them to be the same eyes that could shed tears so freely over much more hardened sinners.

"I cannot understand," she said unctuously, "how a separated life can have any dealings with such a man as this 'Gold Billy,' as they call him. Has the deceitfulness of riches blinded your eyes to his evil courses, sister?"

It passed through the mind of the young Lieutenant that charity might have led the Captain to believe she was dealing with the young man for the good of his soul in that brief five minutes' talk, since it was not an unusual thing for her herself to address the fast young men of the city as opportunity offered. Still, a sallow face and forty years may do what fragile prettiness and twenty-four must not. And it is just possible that the Captain's consciousness of this difference between herself and her young Lieutenant did not make her dealings with the younger woman the more tender.

Lieutenant Rose answered her submissively enough.

"Billy Weston and I used to go to school together when we were children home in the old village, Captain Dunn. His father and mine worked together in the mill, and we lived neighbors. He was always a great hand at making machines, Billy was. That's how he made his fortune and got his name. Folks at home said his straps and screws turned into gold for him. He hadn't seen me for three years till this winter. He was in New York when father died, and I came here to work."

"And didn't get it, and came starving into our Rescue Home for shelter," said the Captain curtly.

The sensitive face flushed. "Yes," said the girl, tremulously, "I'd done all I could to live honestly and I hadn't a cent left, so I asked for shelter and work from the Home, and I got to love the Rescue Work, so I stayed by it."

The Captain's hard face softened a little.

"I'm not saying you haven't been faithful," she said, "but I'm older than you, and your superior officer, too, and I'm saying it doesn't look well for that young sport everybody knows, and nobody knows any good of, to be hanging around the barracks and following up the street meetings, looking as if he'd like to eat you."

Lieutenant Rose raised her head a little proudly.

"There isn't so much real harm in Billy," she said. He never had a mother or anyone to hold him in. And the money's new to him, and so is the life."

"Not much real harm in him!" repeated the Captain shrilly, with rising anger. "Why, he gambles and drinks and drives fast horses! What do you call real harm? Seems to me you're forgetting your Scripture standards, sister!"

"No," said Rose, a little doubtfully, "I'm not, but he does those things mostly because he doesn't know what to do. His money is hurting him, for he doesn't need to work now, and he doesn't know what to do with himself."

But she was betraying a far more intimate knowledge of Gold Billy's affairs than Captain Dunn had had any idea she possessed. Suspicion was wakening in her that she had been in the dark as to much that had passed between this bad man and her young Lieutenant. Captain Dunn had never approved of the girl's rapid rise in the ranks. Her winning ways, her sweet singing and quiet, forceful speech, while recommending her to most, had hardened the Captain toward her. She did not like to hear the street boys call them respectively "the old 'un" and "the young 'un." She had not at all appreciated hearing a fast friend of Gold Billy's ask him if he stopped on the street corner "to hear that old hag screech?" So she spoke even more sharply to Lieutenant Rose.

"I suppose you can't help him coming to our meetings," she said. "Perhaps they may do him good, I'm sure I hope so. But you mustn't have anything more to do with him. If you won't listen to me I shall have to speak to the Major."

Lieutenant Rose's eyes filled with tears. The gray-haired Major was her special admiration. She could not have a word said to him.

"I don't think you ought to speak to me so, Captain," she said. "You know I wouldn't want to do wrong, or go against you. But poor Billy has no one to hold him back, and I hate to make myself out too good to have anything to say to him."

The Captain was still more offended. "I'm not a Pharisee myself," she said. "We're all sinners, but I must say a respectable woman doesn't care for such men as this Billy, much less women whose only business is to be looking after poor souls that need help."

Lieutenant Rose turned quietly away to the organ. Her cheeks were burning, and, in spite of herself, she did think Captain Dunn had reproved her for doing just what she declared it was their mission to do. But as she softly touched the keys she loved there came thoughts of the father and mother who had so delighted in her music in the peaceful years before mother died and father had the long illness that absorbed their little all. Then into that quiet home picture came the figure of Billy, leaving his wildest mischief to listen to her, and she heard the dear old father's voice saying, "There's no real harm in Billy, Rose."

And as she played softly on she remembered how Billy used to tease her, telling that some day he would make his fortune and marry her and give her everything she wanted. It hadn't seemed altogether impossible then, but now! Billy was bad Gold Billy, with his thousands, and she Lieutenant Rose, set apart to special service and forbidden to speak to him. And her hands fell from the keys, and her face flushed with shame, and she rose resolutely to prepare for the evening meeting.

II.

It was a sultry day in July. The sun had burned down remorselessly all day long. Lieutenant Rose had had a very trying day. The Major was away, one of the cadets was ill, Captain Dunn was hurried and worried. She had sent Rose to the Foundling Home, because she knew herself to be no favorite there. Rose had found tired nurses, sick babies, hot rooms, and general disorganization. She had toiled all day to bring comfort to the little sufferers. She was coming wearily home to a dozen waiting duties. As she came near the barracks a man crossed the street in front of her. It was Gold Billy. He had gone away

after she had written him that note, telling him the Captain's orders, and he had been refused admission when he came storming to the barracks to see her. She heard one of the scrub-women, who went out to work from their lodging house, say that his great, new mansion was occupied only by servants. Gold Billy was away with his new fast driver at some race track seeking happiness from the flying heels of horses. Now he was back. She did not feel fit to struggle against him, but his broad bulk blocked her way, so she stopped and looked up at him, smiling faintly. And Billy looked down with a world of concern in his child-like blue eyes.

"You look like a ghost," he said. What would your father say if he could see you? What have you been doing to yourself?"

A great lump rose in Rose's throat, but she managed to answer lightly:

"I'm all right. It's just the heat. Don't stop me, for I'm busy, and besides you know what I wrote you about the Captain."

Billy's brows lowered in an ugly fashion.

"Look here," he said, "I've been away, letting you alone, to see if you'd change your mind. You don't mean that after having all this time to think you intend to let that woman come between us?"

"I must think of my work, Billy."

"See here, Rose, that isn't common sense. There's dozens could do what you are doing, but no one else can do what you *might* do. I know you love looking after the sick and the poor and all that. If you'd marry me you could help hundreds, where you touch one now. I could build you half a dozen Homes, without feeling it. And Rose—there's no reason why you shouldn't trust me. You know the very worst things I've ever done. What's a fellow to do, when the good'll have none of him, except go to the bad?"

"You should be good yourself, Billy," was the Lieutenant's orthodox advice.

"Show me how," suggested Billy, "it doesn't come natural to me, let me tell you that. There's nobody cares, and what's a fellow to do when he wants a good time? I'm paying for a good time, but I ain't having it. Bags of money don't cure

lonesomeness. Why won't you marry me, like we used to say? I'd be good if you'd help me."

"I never said I'd marry you," said Rose, firmly.

"Never said you wouldn't, either, then," growled Billy.

Rose whitened to the lips.

"Billy," she said, "you're a bad man. Captain Dunn says so, and now I know it, for you've tried to tempt me to sin for your money. I can never have any more to say to you. Let me go."

Billy stood sullenly aside.

"I've heard you tell worse men than me God loved them," he sneered. I might have believed He loved me if you'd done different by me. You're all alike. You say God loves us, but *you* don't. And you pretend to be like your God. Or, is He, perhaps, like you?"

Lieutenant Rose did not answer the supper summons. It was only when the drum sounded for the street meeting that she came out of her room and quietly took her place in the ranks. But as they marched noisily toward one of the main streets all that she heard still was Billy's bitter words, "I might have believed . . . if . . ."

Half an hour later, in answer to Captain Dunn's signal, she stepped into the centre of the ring, and began mechanically to speak to the curious crowd around her. The faces wakened her sympathy, and she was going on clearly and convincingly, when a loud laugh made her look up. On the outskirts of the crowd, in a high buggy with another man, sat Billy, keeping a tight rein on his fidgetty, fast driver. It was the other man who had laughed, for Billy was scowling. Was he saying "I might have believed——?" She suddenly broke off speaking and swayed where she stood. A cadet caught her by the arm, and, to cover the confusion, the man with the great drum brought his sticks down in a violent crash to start a song. There was a sudden, great excitement, women screamed, men ran. There were loud shouts at a little distance, and a great crash followed. The cadet forced her to a seat on the curb.

"Don't look," she said, "there's someone hurt. It's that man called Gold Billy. The drum frightened his horse."

III.

Several days passed. Lieutenant Rose had not once left her little room, where she hid herself when she got home that night. The sound of the great drum set her shaking like a leaf. Every day she asked for the papers. In their merciless paragraphs she read of the fight for Gold Billy's life by famous doctors in his own great mansion. She read his friend's statment, that "Billy had been drinking a little because he was awfully mad about something." And again as she read she heard his strong voice saying: "I might have believed He loved me if you'd done different by me." And at last she read of returning consciousness, of the stronger hopes of life, of a final consultation, and the fiat of the great doctors. Gold Billy would live, perhaps to man's longest allotted span, but he would never walk again.

"It's my fault from beginning to end," she said, and she laid her head down on the paper and fought her fight for light, and prayed her prayer for guidance, and in the end she heard Billy's voice say clearly:

"I might have believed He loved me if you'd done different by me. You say God loves us, but *you* don't, and you pretend to be like your God. Or, is He, perhaps, like you?"

Just as the darkness fell, the rector of the Church of the Holy Angels came out of the sick room that he had felt it his duty to visit, since the house was in his parish. He was startled to meet a white-faced girl in an Army uniform. In another moment he recalled the fact the sufferer had been hurt in consequence of his horse's fright at their drum-beat. He spoke a word of quiet interest in the case. The girl looked at him for a minute, and then said simply:

"Will you wait a few minutes, please? I shall need you."

Leaving him to his wonder, she pushed open the door of the sick room, and entered. It was a long interval before she called him, but she came at last.

IV.

Two years later a tired band of slum workers, homeward bound, was stopped by a crowd outside the great concert hall, where a world-famous singer was to sing that night. A wheeled

chair, with a man in it, was being carried in from a carriage, and a richly dressed lady was following it. One of the cadets clutched the Captain's arm eagerly.

"Isn't that the man they call 'Gold Billy'?" she asked. "And is that lovely lady in furs and laces his wife, who built our hospital?"

"That's his wife, yes," said Captain Dunn, firmly. "She wears the livery of Satan now, instead of our uniform. She betrayed her trust and forsook righteousness."

"But she's made him a good man, Captain, and look at the good they do with their money, and the hours she spends at the Foundlings," urged the Major. "Somehow her face and her voice always make me think of the love of God."

The Captain's hard eyes narrowed into mere slits.

"She forsook righteousness," she insisted conclusively.

But Gold Billy would have differed from her, and so would many others, for men may have much service and lack love, but if love be given them they will not lack for service.

ETHEL M. PATTERSON.

A TREASURE CHEST.

IN Memory's great store room, where we love to spend quiet hours, opening the different drawers and cupboards and shaking out the gleaming fabrics of old fancies, or unlocking the jewel box of some gala day and threading again the shining beads of its events, there is one great chest, solid and deep and broad, that I think holds more than any shelf or cupboard in the room. Its heavy lid is hacked and scratched and rubbed most shabbily; the edge is worn smooth, and the clasps bright, where loving hands have lifted it often and often. Outwardly it looks unattractive enough, but, when the lid is lifted back, what a delicate, rare perfume fills the dim room, like a summer wind from a far-off clover field, or the clear evening breeze through the apple blossoms in the orchard. As the treasures are lifted out of the broad chest, how "the light of other days" seems to slip from between their folds and brighten and warm almost into reality!

This is where the memories of childhood are stored, the purest and freshest of delights, the dearest of our first joys to which the heart returns in later years. How many things the chest contains! Its store seems inexhaustible. How could childhood be so long to lay by such a hoard of treasures? We are ever finding some new delight; we think it long since lost, but some day we touch it, as we grope among the depths of the great chest, and draw it forth into Memory's light and find it fair and fresh as ever.

There are the memories of long summer afternoons, like a chain of golden ambers, with some incident caught in each and held in its golden light as the amber enfolds leaf or insect and holds it fast. As they slip through your fingers while you tell them over, the scenes rise before your eyes, and you feel the breezes stirring again, and hear the rustle of the leaves and the call of the birds.

There is a breezy hillside, thick-grown with brown-eyed Susans, and you stand with your arms full of the largest and finest, watching an impatient wasp picking his way vigorously into the depths of a purple thistle. Your lips and fingers are stained with blackberries, your hat hangs neglected by its strings, and the wind cools your flushed cheeks and damp forehead, and arms stinging with briar scratches and sunburn. Again, the picture is of a little gurgling brook, that spreads into a shallow pool with a sandy bottom. You lie in the thick, long grass by the edge and watch the water-spiders dart over the surface, or look down to the smooth bottom, where a tiny spring throws up clouds of sand, like a little golden fountain. The light of many afternoons crystallizes about some few scenes, and adds its own beauty to theirs.

Here, too, is the gay web of Christmas memories, where every childish association of the day can be traced in gaudy colors and glittering tinsel; here and there some faint elusive face or form is pictured dimly in the soft fabric, and vanishes if it is scanned too closely. The fragrant memory of a spring day in the woods is as fair as a Mayflower, yet you view the humble vision of a row of mudpies placidly baking in the sun with a gaze as reverent and pleasure as great.

All that enters into the charmed depths of this great chest seems to undergo some subtle change that softens and glorifies, but yet does not alter. Bright or dark, dull or droll, the memories lie hidden in the great dim room; yet their colors are always fresh and lovely. Fragile and delicate though they be, these treasures of the imagination, they do not fade nor tear though we unfold their beauties many times, but grow rather the brighter and more fragrant. E. R. M., '09.

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College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: D. A. MacGIBBON, '08.

"O this learning, what a thing it is!"
—Taming of the Shrew.

EXAMINATIONS.—As the editor writes the dark valley of the shadow of exams. opens before the student body. The long blue or yellow registration slips have gone into the hands of the registrar. The dates of writing have been posted on the bulletin board. Text-books have been hunted out of stray corners, where they have rested in peaceful obscurity since Christmas. Missed lectures have been copied or synopsized, and the corner drug store has been requisitioned for a liberal supply of hypophosphites of lime and cod liver oil. Clearly there are no further preparations that can be made, all that is left is to get down and study. To think, to guess, to surmise, what those erratic scrawls in the notebooks mean. To laboriously construct synopses, which seem to find their use in the making, for they are rarely understandable after; to chase obscure principles to their lair and capture them; to dissect

treatises which are as dead as the ancients; to attack encyclopediac articles and crush out and extract their bitter juices; in all these and kindred congenial activities will the student body find divertisement for the next month or so. "Past and to come seems best, things present worst."

Rev. W. Daniels, who graduated from McMaster in 1898, and is now Superintendent of Western Missions, briefly addressed the student body at chapel time on the morning of March 19th. Mr. Daniels' remarks were of a serio-comic nature, and were listened to with great pleasure.

A Little Local Color.—A local student was informed not long ago by his landlady, who had been out calling, that she had seen the loveliest hand-painted jardiniere on a pedestrian in one of the homes visited. Our student replied that he had frequently seen hand-painted pedestrians, but never a jardiniere.

Last month the editor ventured to include in his department a sonnet, inscribed to "An Amorous Theologue." In view of the fact that to date six theologues have approached him with belligerent intentions, he wishes to state that the sonnet is wholly impersonal.

The first signs of spring appeared on March 15th, when forty-three freshmen went down town to get their pictures taken. The photographer spent from early in the afternoon till dusk coaxing a refractory camera to face the music, and in the end had to report one plate broken. Not to be outdone, the sophomores, who believe in having their pictures taken early and often, went down on March 26th and gave the poser another bad afternoon.

Debating Club.—On March 9th the Debating Society carried its researches within the realm of Provincial athletics. W. C. Ronson, '10, affirmative, and H. A. Newell, '09, negative, were leaders in a debate on the following question: "Resolved, That the O. H. A. is justified in its attitude towards the amateur status." After a somewhat desultory discussion, it was decided that the resolution had been successfully upheld. Mr. G. E. Tompkinson, B.A., filled the office of judge. In acting as critic, Dr. Keirstead intimated that the speaking had lacked earnestness and intensity. As a remedy for this, he suggested that only subjects of widespread interest be brought before the notice of the Society.

"Resolved, That, in Canada, unmarried men over the age of twenty-one should be taxed." This, the subject for debate

on March 16th, attracted a large gathering of students, notably those who as yet stand without the pale of matrimony. The affirmative, under the leadership of C. D. Jones, B.A., made strenuous efforts to carry the resolution to a successful issue. Public opinion and Mr. A. Segsworth, Th., leader of the negative, proved too strong for the reformers, and Mr. Ward, Th., as judge, was unwillingly obliged to rule that the negative had gained the decision.

The Society's annual meeting took place on Saturday, March 20th. Election of officers for the next college year resulted as follows:—President, E. J. Bingham, '08; Vice-President, A. C. Bingham, '10; Secretary-Treasurer, W. H. Firstbrook, '10. After the installation of the newly-elected officers, a programme of impromptu speeches was presented.

KNOCKERS.

We have men, and we have many,
And they're just as bad as any
Whom the world have dubbed as knockers
In historic lore.
In the Lit. they keep you guessing
When a meeting is progressing;
In the athletic they are always on the floor.
After business has been done,
Somewhere there appears someone,
Who, on top of all his knocking,
Knocks some more.

—A. McL, '08.

The regular meeting of the Literary Society took place on Friday evening, March 8th. Vice-President Waters occupied the chair. The menu for the evening was the final debate between the sophomores and freshmen for the inter-year debating championship. The subject for the occasion was the time-worn one of woman suffrage. Messrs. Jos. Wearing and Leslie Whitelaw represented the year ten and Messrs. Scott and Brown the sophomores. The former argued the affirmative of the resolution, and claimed for the gentle sex the rights of the ballot box in brave style. Mr. Wearing's speech was notably excellent, both in matter and delivery. The negative presented a strong and carefully prepared case, and the judges decided that they had met all the arguments put forward by the affirmative, and awarded them the debate. Nought-nine, therefore, has the honor of twice winning the inter-year debating championship. During the evening Miss Van Sickle, '10, favored the audience with a pleasing recitation.

Musical, decidedly. That was the character of the last programme of the Literary Society, on March 15th. President McPhail stated that with one exception the numbers would be given by outside talent. A 'cello solo by Miss Evans was the

first selection, and a well-deserved encore was responded to. Miss Johnston, of the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, was the reader of the evening, and the excellence of her numbers brought recalls each time. The vocal numbers of Miss Louise Williams, soloist of College Street Baptist Church, showed her to be the possessor of a very sweet voice. Her rendering of "When the Heart was Young" was particularly good. Mr. W. L. Blackadar, '10, in a clarinet solo, Miss and Mr. Burney, in a mandolin and guitar duet, and Miss Edwards, in a piano solo, were all encored. The somewhat extreme length of the programme was atoned for by the character of the selections.

An Enemy in the Camp.—The president of the "Lit.," in announcing that the programme for the evening was chiefly put on by outside talent, declared that "all the numbers of the programme but one would be given by friends of the University."

The editor had hoped to give readers of "Around the Hall" some spring poetry this month. As members of the staff pled busy when he put the proposition before them, he essayed the task himself. All went well with the first three lines, but then he could think of no word to rhyme with "exam.," so he gave up the attempt, regretfully.

McMaster Debaters Victorious in the Finals.—The Hugh Kerr Trophy, emblematic of the championship of the Inter-College Debating Union, will find its first resting place in McMaster Hall. This was decided on Tuesday evening, March 12th, when Messrs. J. B. McLaurin, B.A., and F. S. Beddow, B.A., defeated the representatives of Trinity, Messrs. E. A. Baker and J. B. Fotheringham, in the final debate of the series. The contest took place in Wycliffe Convocation Hall, and Mr. J. B. Paulin, president of the Union, occupied the chair. The judges were Messrs. A. H. U. Colquhoun, J. T. Clark, and Professor Kilpatrick. The resolution read: "Resolved, That the Government of Canada should administer one telephone system for the whole Dominion as a public utility." McMaster had the affirmative, and Mr. Beddow, the first speaker, proceeded to show that the ownership of public utilities was right in principle, efficient in practice, and good business policy. Mr. Beddow pointed out that efficient service was the essential thing, profits were a secondary matter. Mr. Baker, for Trinity, followed in an able and well-delivered speech. He argued that public ownership would tend to corruption, and might entail heavy financial burdens. Continuing, he sought to demonstrate that the telephone was not a public utility, because not in general use by the public. Mr. McLaurin followed, and presented a close study of the pre-

sent system, showing its inefficiency and the baneful policy of the corporation in blocking improvement not likely to yield profits. As to corruption, he replied by pointing out that great corporations, like the Bell Telephone Company, were the chief source of political corruption in this country. He touched on the lack of protection enjoyed by the public in the way of secrecy, and in this respect referred to the safety of the post-office. Mr. McLaurin further showed clearly that it was impossible to secure a proper co-ordination between the post-office, telephone and telegraph systems under present conditions. Trinity had set much store on their second speaker, Mr. Fotheringham, but he was somewhat of a fizzle. While a master of dialectic, his attempt to show contradictions in the affirmative's position, fell flat, as did his quibble on the wording of the resolution, which was easily met on the rebuttal. He brought up the old and venerable arguments against government ownership: that it would interfere with the rights of the individual, that the cost was too great, that it would be injurious to private enterprises, and that it did not fall within the true function of government. He presented, as an alternative, government supervision and regulation.

In the interval, while the judges were preparing their decision, four sprightly young ladies, from the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, gave a most amusing comediette, entitled "Shakespeare Women Speak Again." Miss Luhtell acted "Juliet," Miss Sanders "Ophelia," Miss Johnston "Lady Macbeth," and Miss Smith "Portia."

After the comediette, Prof. Kilpatrick announced that McMaster had won. Chairman Paulin then called upon Mr. Hugh Kerr, the donor of the trophy, to present the winners with the shield. Mr. Kerr, in a brief speech, said that he felt honored in being allowed to donate the shield. It is indeed a handsome one, and it is just cause for jubilation that McMaster will hold it first. During the evening a vocal solo was contributed by Mr. E. C. Earp, and 'cello solo by Miss M. M. Evans. With this victory, McMaster swells her grand total of debates won to sixteen out of twenty-two.

Monthly Staff for 1907-08.—The composition of The Monthly staff for next year shows rather fewer changes than usual, as far as the literary end of the magazine is concerned. This is more than counterbalanced by the fact that the business end suffers a complete change. The new board is as follows: Editor-in-chief, J. B. McLaurin, B.A.; Consulting Editors, Professors McLay and Matthews; Around the Hall, D. A. MacGibbon, '08; Here and There, M. H. Long, '08; the Woman's Department, Miss Elsie McLaurin, '09; Athletics, H. R. Nobles,

B.A.; Our Graduates, D. A. McGregor, B.A.; Reporters, W. F. L. Edwards, '08, F. W. Weston, '08, A. F. Smith, '09, A. E. Kelly, '10, Miss Laura Craig, '10. Mr. A. L. Brown, '09, is business manager, Mr. W. A. Scott, '09, advertising manager, and J. P. Wearing, '10, will look after the subscriptions.

McMaster students, at the final debate with Trinity, were provided with song sheets by the Literary Society. Besides the yell, the slips contained a rather clever medley, "Alouette," and a couple of other songs. This is a move in the right direction. McMaster, as a University, for a long time has been deficient in songs of any kind, much less those distinctively her own. The precedent set should be followed until a regular song book is secured.

Nominations for the offices in the Literary Society on March 20th brought forward a plethora of candidates, judging merely from the number proposed for some offices. It remained, however, for a junior in Theology to bring down the house by nominating six ladies for the position of second vice-president.

Sophomore Elections.—The sophomores elected officers for their junior year on April 9th. The following members of the year will hold the reins for 1907-8:—President, E. P. Lewis; Vice-President, Miss Farmer; Secretary-Treasurer, J. L. Morgan; Association Captain, A. Bisset; Rugby, W. J. Hayden; Hockey, J. L. McLaurin; Track, C. A. Detlor; Bard, Miss McLaurin; Student Body, A. F. Smith; Fyfe, Sloat; Band Master, W. L. Robinson; Athletics, J. O. Robinson. Dr. W. R. Smith was elected honorary president. We understand a committee broke the news to him gently.

Freshmen Rally.—On Tuesday evening, March 19th, Mrs. A. L. McCrimmon entertained the members of the freshmen year. The evening was very pleasantly spent in games. A unique feature was the observance of silence on arrival. When Mr. Freshman and Miss Freshette arrived they found a notice requesting absolute silence until 8.45. Of course they complied, and the situation when all the members of the year arrived and the hand went round the dial was decidedly amusing.

Elections in the Theological Society took place on Wednesday, March 27th. The following officers, with the year representatives as yet unappointed, will pilot the Gideon Band through the stresses of Dorcas Society meetings, Moulton nights, the Jarvis street reception, etc., next season:—President, H. R. Nobles, B.A.; Vice-President, C. L. Timpany, B.A.; Secretary-

Treasurer, Arch. Ward. Prof. Farmer, Dean in Theology, was elected Honorary President.

It requires a nice perception to pick out a genius by his appearance. It is good that exams. happen once or twice a year, as it serves to correct misconceptions along this line which have grown up during the term. Sometimes it helps the genius a lot, too. There was once a man who expected a string of firsts, but when the results came out his read like this· II III, II III, II III.

Freshman (debating on woman's suffrage).—"The reason there are so many single women is that the men will not have them." Oh, the recklessness of youth! By the time he is a senior he will have learned that it works both ways.

Prof. W. S. McLay, M.A., Dean of the Faculty of Arts, left for Chicago at Easter, where he will take advanced work in the department of English. Prof. McLay said farewell to the students at chapel service on Thursday morning, March 28th. He carries with him during his absence from McMaster the best wishes of every member of the student body.

The New "Lit." Executive.—Elections in the Literary Society took place Wednesday evening, March 27th. Owing to Friday, the 29th, being a holiday, they took place two days earlier than usual. Following is the list of officers:—Honorary President, Chancellor McKay; President, W. B. Waters, '08; Vice-President, Thos. Wearing, '09; Second Vice-President, Miss B. M. Pugsley, '08; Recording Secretary, W. F. L. Edwards, '08; Corresponding Secretary, J. L. McLaurin, '09; Treasurer, O. E. Routledge, '09; Secretary of Committees, L. S. Haverstock, '10; Nought-eight Representative, R. B. Ritchie; Nought-nine Representative, Miss Lemon; the year ten, not yet appointed.

McMaster University wins the trophy in the inter-collegiate debates. Happy, happy youth, which recks not that rhetoric never changed a vote, and that the last thing a Parliamentary committee listens to is winged words.—*Toronto Star.*

And the last place it looks for wisdom is in the notes and comments of the editorial page of a Toronto daily.

By common consent the McMaster yell has been amended slightly. Instead of the "Mac-Mac-Mac" of the last line, the word Mac-Master, repeated twice, has been substituted. Beside giving a better volume of sound, the new yell is much easier on the vocal organs.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—Tuesday, March 26th, was devoted to the meetings of the Fyfe Missionary Society. Morning and afternoon sessions were held, and were well attended by the students. The programmes were bright and helpful, as has been the case with all the Society's meetings this year. The morning session was opened with a short devotional service, led by President C. W. New. After routine business had been disposed of, a somewhat spirited discussion took place on the question of so reorganizing the Fyfe Society that it would be possible to become affiliated with the International Y. M. C. A. movement among students. The matter was finally referred to the executive. Mr. McKay, of the Varsity class of '03, then spoke, on behalf of the Y. M. C. A., of the "Northfield" summer school, to be held next June at Niagara-on-the-Lake. This is the first such convention to be held in Ontario, and Mr. McKay urged McMaster to do her part, with other Canadian colleges, in making it a success by sending her share of delegates. The McMaster ladies are evidently more progressive than the men. They have already organized a Y. W. C. A. within the college. Miss Waters, '07, who is the president of the Society this year, reported on the year's work. The report showed that the Society was thoroughly alive and aggressive in its work. Following Miss Waters, an address was given by Rev. John Craig. He spoke of the caste system of India, and told how some few of the most intelligent and cultured natives are breaking away from the system that has so long held sway in India. Mr. Craig also spoke of the pitiful condition of the millions of child widows in India. Here, too there are some signs of better times coming. The intimate knowledge that Mr. Craig has of affairs in India gives interest and authority to his statements. A devotional service was again held at the opening of the afternoon meeting. Reports were then presented by Messrs. R. C. Benson, B.A., and F. W. Weston, '08, concerning the work of the Evangelistic Band and the Student Volunteer Band during the term. The work of the Evangelistic Band has been reported in these columns from time to time, so that further mention is not necessary. The Volunteer Band has been in a flourishing condition during the year, and has a large membership of about twenty-two, who intend to go to the foreign field. Rev. J. B. Kennedy, of Memorial Baptist Church, then gave a paper on "The Ministry of the Holy Spirit," which was listened to with interest by all. Mr. Kennedy emphasized the fact that the prime factor of success, whether in the life of a church or of a pastor, was not material prosperity nor intellectualism, but abundant spirituality. Mr. Kennedy's paper brought the day's programme to a close.

A Joke for the Theologues.—Prof. in Hebrew—"How is this verb weak?" Student—"It has a weakness for irregularity."

The Student Volunteer Band, like all the other societies of the University, has had to bow submissive to the dread approach of the exams., and, on Friday, April 5th, the final meeting of the term was held to elect officers for next year's work. Mr. Bensen, in retiring from the presidency, said that he felt that his year of office had been one of great blessing to him. A deepening and strengthening of his purpose to spend his life in the service of Christ as a foreign missionary he believed was largely due to the experiences he had had in connection with the meetings of the Student Volunteer Band. At the commencement of the fall term of 1906 the membership of the Band was about 10. Mr. Bensen told us that our present membership was 22, or more than one-fifth of the ministerial students in the University. Mr. C. L. Timpany, B.A., was chosen President, and Mr. Whitelaw Secretary for the year 1907-8. Both officers were elected by acclamation.

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Editor: M. Blanche Edy, '08.

"Woman must ever be woman's highest name,
And honors more than 'lady,' if I know right."

LADIES' LITERARY LEAGUE.—An important meeting was held on April 5th, the president, Miss Wilkins, occupying the chair. The main feature of interest was elections, and the results were:—President, Miss Kit Kennedy, '08; Vice-President, Miss F. Edy, '09; Secretary, Miss C. McColl, '10; Pianist, Miss R. Denovan, '10. The Treasurer and Honorary President will be elected next autumn. The past year has been one of the most profitable and interesting within the history of the society, and we feel sure that, with such an able executive at the head of affairs, next year will be quite as successful.

Y. W. C. A.—The last meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on April 3rd, with a good attendance of girls. The treasurer's report was read and adopted, and the secretary read a brief reports of the year's meetings. The exceptional success of the past year has been due in a great measure to the untiring efforts of our president, who has put much time and interest into the work,

and we hope the society will become even stronger during the coming year, with Miss McIntosh as our president. Miss Hope Grey and Miss Hope Simpson hold the offices of vice-president and secretary, respectively, as the result of the elections at this meeting. Each girl took part in some way in response to the reading of her name from the roll call.

The girls have succeeded in raising over sixty dollars towards the Y. W. C. A. work in Japan: which sum, if it did not quite reach their ideal, was greatly in advance of that contributed by the McMaster society last year.

"The Princess."—The open meeting of the Ladies Literary Society was held on Friday evening, March 22nd, in Castle Memorial Hall, when a reading was given from Tennyson's "Princess." The hall was filled very early, and the audience was entertained by the boys in the gallery until the programme commenced. Miss Wilkins, the president, opened the meeting with a very pleasing speech of welcome.

The characters were: "The Princess," Miss Wilkins; "Lady Psyche," Miss Blanche Edy; "Lady Blanche," Miss Anita Waters; "Melissa," Miss B. Van Sickle; "Violet," Miss Elsie McLaurin; "Daphne," Miss Helen Moore; "The Prince," Miss H. Rowntree; "Florian," Miss Louise Moule; "Cyril," Miss Kennedy; "Gama," Miss Bessie Pugsley; "Ipse," Miss Florence Edy; "Portress," Miss Carrie McLaurin. The pupils of Lady Psyche and Lady Blanche, lecturers in the University, were Misses E. McLaurin, M. McPhail, M. Lemon, B. Van Sickle, R. Denovan, C. Nobles, E. Pugsley, A. McPhail, L. Tapscott, H. Simpson, C. McColl, M. Farmer. All the girls were dressed in white, and wore their college gowns, while the two lecturers also wore caps. A very pleasing touch of color was introduced by the pupils all wearing flower wreaths, Lady Psyche's, violets, and Lady Blanche's "April Daffodily," and carrying wands trimmed with violet and yellow. An effective background was provided by massing the back of the platform with evergreens.

Between scenes III. and IV. the pupils gave a wand drill, which was quite unique, and seemed to be much appreciated by the audience, and during the play they sang "Sweet and Low" and "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead." The musical part of the programme was supplied by Miss Helen Moore, who sang very sweetly before the reading was given, and who also took the part of "Daphne," singing "Oh, Swallow, Swallow, Flying South" and "Tears, Idle Tears." Miss Murray provided the music between the scenes. The success of the presentation was largely due to the patient and untiring assistance of Mrs. Fenton-Arnton, who trained the girls in their parts.

"The Princess" was quite different from anything that the Literary Society had given before, being longer and more difficult to present, but the general opinion was that it was the best entertainment ever provided by the McMaster girls.

THERE are three centres of interest in the Ladies' Room—that is to say, of course, three centres of interest for the girls, for it would be difficult to speak with authority of the centres of interest in that room for the masculine members of the school. These three centres of interest are the heat register, the mirror, and the bulletin board, in order of importance, as might be judged by the attention bestowed on them by the girls as they come in "on a cold and frosty morning."

The first of these is waning in popularity with the coming of the warmer weather; it represents no longer a miniature Rugby scrimmage, or bargain-counter crowd, as it did on many cold winter mornings, when all distinctions of rank were done away with in the levelling influence of cold chills, and freshette hustled senior for a place, or stood back to back with a sophette to withstand the on-coming rush of fresh arrivals from the outer cold. Alas! the register is being slighted. We remember no more how highly we once esteemed it, and only notice it to speak harsh words when fountain pens or nickels drop into its unfathomable depths.

The second centre is one whose place in the esteem of the inmates of the Ladies' Room is secure; independent of times and seasons, its popularity never wavers, the admiring throngs which surround it never grow less. The earliest "eight-fifteener" does not rush away to her class without performing before it strange incantations of waving hands and bending head, and the latest departing special scientist does not hurry away without casting a glance in its direction—happy mirror!

But this is the day of the bulletin board. All through the year it has borne a modest crop of notices, announcing Y. W. meetings in most persuasive terms, or the disappearance of a pair of rubbers in language more emphatic: but, under the stress of term-end activities, it has fairly overflowed its bounds, and announcements appear on the neighboring walls and screens. The board is worth watching at all times, and the notices are worth reading through to the end. Indeed, they are very well worth reading through, for often the end is a very important part, as will be seen from the following samples, taken *verbatim* from the bulletin board:—

Y. W. C. A. at 4.05 this afternoon. Miss Little, Secretary of the City Y. W. will speak. Everyone is *urged* to be present.

Miss Little is ill, so meeting will be postponed.

Lost.—One 4½ Granby rubber—left foot.

A—— X——.

The other is gone too, now!

Once in a while the board blossoms with the gay bulletin of a Lit. meeting, setting forth most alluringly, with eloquence of word and picture, the attractions of the coming meeting. The custom of having these posters to announce the Lit. meetings has been introduced during this past year, and, as they are a real adornment to the board, it is to be hoped that the custom will be continued. The notices demanding fees are usually of a startling type; readable from any part of the raam, and calculated to fix the attention of the most indifferent. The numerous notices of practices for an open Lit. are also designed with this end in view, and much painstaking effort has been spent to devise a notice that should rouse the "most indifferent" to attend practice; but the bulletin that will inspire every girl to be in her place on time has yet to be written.

Indeed, the best-attended meetings are those of which no notice is ever seen on the board; at the last meeting of this character there was a full attendance of the girls, and several guests. The business discussed was of the deepest interest to every girl, and consisted chiefly of sandwiches, salad, cake, and candy. Of which the moral is—"A meeting of the right kind needs no notice—it advertises itself."

With this issue of The Monthly the editor of this column lays down her pen. Next year the happenings in the Ladies' Room, the work of our societies, and all else that interests the McMaster girls will be recorded by Miss Elsie McLaurin, '09, and we look forward with anticipation to a most interesting and readable department.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: R. C. Bensen, '06.

AFTER his first year of undergraduate work, the student naturally assumes an air of omniscience. He has attended college. There is no branch of learning with which he is not conversant, and among his friends this embryo collegian makes himself a general bureau of information. He returns to college, and in his second year it is evident to others (he cannot see himself as others see him), that he is what the sophomoric title really indicates. On becoming a junior, which name he bears very dignifiedly, he awakens to the consciousness that there really are heights of learning to which he has never climbed. But the final stage in this process of evolution is reached when, upon the day of graduation, he sits down, and, with "sheepskin" in hand, repeats with the philosopher, "Ignoramus, Ignorabimus."

But he has learned something. Perhaps he has not stored his brain with an accumulation of facts, but he has been taught coherent thinking and a consistent expression of his thoughts. He has a foundation upon which to build, as he continues in his quest for knowledge and truth. In this sense, may it be said, that his education has only begun.

Graduates, remember,

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing,
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring,
> There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> And drinking largely sobers us again."

Many McMasterites return every year to receive the sobering effect of the larger draught of learning. Among those registered this year for M.A. work are:—D. Buchanan, '06; R. V. Bellamy, '02; C. J. Cameron, '94; J. L. Cornwell, *ad eundem*, '94; A. S. Cross, '99; W. C. Gordon, '01; Miss L. I. Layng, '04; R. A. F. McDonald, '04; D. A. McGregor, '05; J. B. Pengelly, '06; H. B. Parker, '05; E. A. St. James, '06; E. E. Wood, '00.

Nor is post-graduate Theology without her devotees. C. W. New, B.Th., '06, has been unearthing old Latin documents for a thesis in Church History, completing B.D. work in that department. A. L. Huddlestone, '01, B.Th. '03, J. T. Morris, '04, and W. S. McAlpine, '95, B.Th. '97, are also working toward this degree.

Rev. L. Brown, '96, M.A. '98, of Cleveland, Ohio, has accepted the pastorate of the Fourth Baptist Church of Chicago, Illinois.

W. A. Cameron, '06, leader of the McMaster Band, was one of the speakers at the recent B. Y. P. U. convention, held in Hamilton.

Rev. C. R. Jones, Theol. '04, has resigned the pastorate of the Preston Baptist Church, because of ill-health.

J Russell Coutts, '04, recently visited various parts of Europe on business.

Rev. Henry Proctor, '99, has severed his connection with the Lakewood Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

Everton Miller, '06, is teaching Classics at the Listowel High School.

F. S. Beddow, '06, recently made his departure for the West, presumably to preach—and preach he did. But Frank did more. Returning East as far as Dryden, he was united in marriage, on the last day of March, to Miss Ethel Cooper, daughter of Rev. Mr. Cooper, the Episcopalian minister of that place. "Congratulations!" says The Monthly.

"Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown."

The Treasurer of the Alumni Association reports that during the past year (April 1st, 1906, to April 1st, 1907), the following members have paid to the Association the fee of one dollar, which every graduate is expected to contribute once, and once only, subsequent to graduation:—

Arts.—Class of '00, Ralph E. Smith, F. R. Crosby; '02, W. H. Walker; '04, A. H. Baker, J. A. Faulkner, W. W. Lailey, L. A. Vail; '05, J. H. Cranston; '06, C. D. Jones, W. L. McKinnon, Mrs. W. L. McKinnon, F. S. Beddow, C. L. Timpany, H. B. Moyle, E. J. Chave, J. B. Pengelly, G. R. M. Wells, Miss Lottie Burke; *ad eundem*, E. M. Kierstead, H. Francis Perry, John Craig. Total, 21.

Theology.—Class of '91, A. N. Frith; '94, J. P. McIntyre; '00, O. C. Elliott; *ad eundem*, J. S. Ross. Total, 4.

The contributions in Arts to date are divided into classes, as follows:—Class of '94, 9; '95, 10; '96, 10; '97, 12; '98, 10; '99, 8; '00, 16; '01, 8; '02, 17; '03, 12; '04, 10; '05, 12; '06, 9; *ad*

eundem, 25. Total, 168. Of these, twenty are also graduates in Theology.

The total number in Theology to date (not including the twenty above mentioned) is 95.

Grand total in Arts and Theology, 263.

Alumni Library Fund.

We print herewith the final report of the Treasurer of the Alumni Library Fund, concerning the contributions made in response to the first appeal for contributions. This appeal was made during the summer of 1904, and those responding to it agreed to contribute certain sums during the years 1904-5-6. Altogether, the sum of $302 has been received, all of which, less the amount devoted to printing, collection, etc., has been expended in purchasing books for the Alumni section of the University library. A complete catalogue of these books has been printed and will be sent to every contributor.

First Series.

Fifteen dollars—Elmore Harris.

Six dollars—G. Cross, O. C. S. Wallace.

Five dollars—F. N. Goble, L. S. Hughson, F. J. Scott.

Three dollars—H. S. Arkell, W. H. Augustine, A. H. Baker, P. E. Baker, R. V. Bellamy, E. G. Blackadar, W. E. Bowyer, G. H. Brock, D. Brown, J. C. Brown, E. A. Brownlee, W. T. Bunt, Miss M. E. Burnette, C. J. Cameron, J. H. Cameron, A. G. Campbell, P. S. Campbell, W. P. Cohoe, W. Daniel, J. H. Farmer, E. T. Fox, C. A. Grant, G. H. Grant, J. W. Gregory, S. E. Grigg, J. B. Grimshaw, D. B. Harkness, Miss A. G. Iler, C. W. King, Miss E. M. McDermid, Alexander McDonald, A. P. McDonald, J. McEwen, G. R. McFaul, A. C. McKay, J. D. McLachlan, W. S. W. McLay, J. N. McLean, F. C. Mabee, D. C. Macintosh, A. J. Madill, G. N. Masse, R. C. Matthews, A. Murdock, W. E. Norton, A. R. Park, W. V. Poapst, W. H. Porter, H. C. Priest, D. Reddick, A. B. Reekie, W. E. Robertson, F. Saunderson, C. H. Schutt, S. Sheldon, G. N. Simmons, Miss M. Smith, Mrs. H. L. Stark, J. W. A. Stewart, E. J. Stobo, W. T. Tapscott, E. J. Tarr, S. R. Tarr, W. B. H. Teakles, J. Ten Broeke, A. L. Therrien, L. A. Therrien, Mrs. A. G. Thompson, W. J. Thomson, A. Turnbull, J. F. Vichert, W. H. Wallace, J. M. Warner, A. C. Watson, G. R. Welch, E. P. Wells, A. B. Willmott, Mrs. E. J. Zavitz.

Two dollars—G. H. Clarke, W. H. Cline, J. M. Cornwall, G. W. Johnston, H. E. Jordan, B. W. Merrill, C. E. Scott, R. W. Smith, J. D. Freeman.

One dollar—T. J. Bennett, G. H. Campbell, J. L. Gilmour, A. E. Haydon, H. N. MacKechnie, C. E. MacLeod, Miss I. Munroe, J. H. Sowerby.

A second list of contributors was secured for the years 1906-7-8. The first instalment has been paid; the second is due during the present year. Some have preferred to pay all at one time. The list of contributors is here given:—

Second Series.

Fully paid:—

Five dollars—G. W. Langdon.

Three dollars—I. G. Matthews.

Two dollars—W. G. Carpenter, Mrs. J. T. Marshall.

One dollar—H. E. Allen, J. F. Calvert, F. R. Crosby, J. H. Cranston, B. Davies, P. K. Dayfoot, C. S. Eaton, O. C. Elliott, W. Findlay, E. R. Fitch, W. S Fox, R. Garside, D. A. McGregor, J. J. McNeill, J. E. Miles, A. C. Newcombe, H. L. Nicholls, H. A. Porter, E. S. Roy, C. Sanders, J. Stuart, J. C. Sycamore, J. E. Trotter, H. P. Whidden, A. White, H. W. Wright, E. J. Zavitz.

GRANDE LIGNE.

Editor: L. A. Therrien.

GEORGE R. MacFAUL, McMaster, '95, came to our school with the Gospel message, which he delivered faithfully in public and in private. On February 28th, when his work stopped, every soul in the building had confessed Christ. This assurance of God's favor and presence is the encouragement of Grande Ligne workers.

A Successful musicale, under the direction of Mrs. A. E. Masse, came off on the 15th of March. The social hour at the close of the programme was also much enjoyed by the pupils and visiting friends.

Hockey brought no victories to our team this season. The "Old Boys" beat us on our own ice for the first time in the history of the great annual match. They had to work to win, as the score attests, 5 to 4. The return match, in Montreal, stood 1 to 1 at the close. That was some consolation to our lads for the earlier defeat.

Our graduating class this 24th of May will consist of four boys and four girls. Of the boys, three go to McGill, and one to Harvard.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MARY STILLWELL.

ON February 26th, through the kind invitation of the Speaker of the Legislature, the school attended an afternoon session. The Speaker's gallery was placed entirely at our disposal, and it was filled to overflowing. After listening to the Provincial fathers discussing things *pro and con*, a delightful hour was spent at the reception held by Mr. and Mrs. St. John in the Speaker's Chambers. The beauty of the rooms, with their profusion of flowers, the attentive kindness of those who assisted, and the gracious reception accorded the school by Mr. and Mrs. St. John, will not soon be forgotten by the Moulton girls.

A VERY pleasant afternoon was spent when the girls, as guests of Mrs. T. M. Harris, visited the exhibition of pictures under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association. The many beautiful pictures were a source of real pleasure. Afternoon tea was served by a number of Moulton graduates.

THE programme at the Heliconian meeting this month consisted chiefly of several papers dealing with current events. Mrs. Arnton's interesting account of the merry and joyous festivities of an English Christmas was greatly enjoyed by all.

THIS is the season for parties at Moulton. On February 15th Miss Thrall and the Faculty entertained the Preparatory Class. On February 22nd the first and second years were the guests of the evening; while last Friday evening Class '08 gave a delightful party in honor of the graduating class.

AT our last missionary prayer meeting we had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. Holman, who gave a very interesting address on the work done by the Woman's Home Mission Board.

A LARGE number of the girls had the pleasure of attending Rev. Mr. McNeill's address on "Northwest Missions," given in Jarvis St. Baptist Church.

DR. GRENFELL'S lecture on his work in Labrador was very much enjoyed by the girls who had the privilege of attending it.

Here and There.

EDITOR: M. H. LONG, '08.

SPRING SONG IN MARCH.

A faint, sweet burst of liquid melody
  Stirs all the woods, and makes the grasses sway—
A slender, pulsing chord, blown o'er the plain,
  That rings and rises, falls and dies away—

The whisp'ring wind is telling to the trees
  A wondrous tale of seeing Spring, the fair,
Come tripping o'er the radiant hills at dawn,
  Wearing a wreath of roses in her hair.
—*James C. Bardin, in the University of Virginia Magazine.*

IT is an old and time-worn saying that "familiarity breeds contempt," but old saws cannot always substantiate their claim to infallibility. At any rate, as the passing months have brought their steady succession of exchanges to our table, it is not a feeling of weariness that has grown upon us, but rather one of anticipation and enjoyment. At first the various exchanges come as strangers whose acquaintances must be made and whose worth must be weighed. But as time goes by the relationship changes. There is a certain something, drawn either from mechanical make-up, literary tone, or humorous quality, which begins to give to each a sort of personality that marks it out from its fellows. Added to this is the fact that most of the college journals endeavor to record the academic life of their respective schools, and when these are scattered broadcast over a continent we may expect to find in each magazine a certain degree of local color, which adds further strength and point to its individuality. And so, when these often intangible and illusive differences have had time to make their impressions, the magazines come no longer as strangers, but as friends, with qualities and characteristics peculiarly their own.

AMONG the three or four exchanges which reach us from the Canadian West, the Manitoba College Journal makes an excellent showing. The cover is neat, and the paper and press-work of the best. The literary side of the magazine is somewhat weak but this is probably accounted for by the fact that at present all the energies of the Western schools are taxed to the utmost to keep abreast with the expansion of the times. Indeed, over one-half of the March Journal is devoted to a discussion of university extension, to meet the demands of the growing

time. More settled conditions will doubtless conduce to better literary production, and in the meanwhile we wish Manitoba and her sister colleges every success in their policy of expansion.

From the Maritime Provinces comes the Acadia Athenæum, and its chaste cover, artistically worked out in brown and black, is indeed a rest for tired eyes. The Athenæum strives successfully to combine the functions of mirroring college life and encouraging literary effort. In pursuit of the latter aim, it has conducted during the year two prize competitions, one for short stories and the other for verse, which have elicited excellent efforts from the students. We take the liberty of quoting the following prize poem:—

EVENTIDE.

The sun is sinking in the golden west,
The birds soft sing their evening lullabies,
In all the air a mystic stillness lies,
And e'en the troubled waters are at rest.
The holy peace of heaven seems spread abroad
As twilight shadows slowly gather round,
And Nature hushes ev'ry harsher sound
In rev'rence to the presence of her God.

All discords of the weary day soon blend
In perfect harmony and music sweet
When Evening's skilful fingers touch the keys;
Sad hearts are soothed, and troubled thoughts contend
No more with care and strife, but rise from these
To nobler things, ideals pure, complete.

—*Amy Kelley, Acadia Seminary.*

The McGill Outlook possesses a hearty, "hail-fellow-well-met" individuality, peculiarly its own. It "happens around" about once a week, brisk in its editorials and bubbling over with funny doggerel and boisterous student jollity. With its reminiscenses of theatre nights, detached sign-boards and tobacco, it forms a very marked contrast to the Presbyterian College Journal, our other visitor from the eastern metropolis. The latter fairly bristles with theology—indeed, it seems to find its main purpose in the publication of various lectures and papers by sundry learned divines. Intensely interesting as a review of these would doubtless prove, we resolutely refuse to venture, and have consigned the Journal to the tender mercies of our theologians.

But Ontario herself sends us most of our Canadian exchanges, and the quality of some of them is excellent. From the east comes the Queen's University Journal, characterized by all

the staid sobriety of its Scottish and Presbyterian associations. The Journal, we think, lacks somewhat in the matter of poetry and humor, yet we must be rather chary of pressing the criticism, as we have gained a faint impression somewhere that this is one of our own shortcomings. A number of scholarly contributions, from the pens of such men as Prof. Hutton, and some good stories have combined to give the paper throughout the year a good literary flavor. The cover of the Queen's magazine is plain, but attractive, its editorials are solid, and its student notes well written. Taken all in all, the Journal is a good example of a paper which takes a serious view of itself and its work.

The O. A. C. Review, from the "Royal City," is also somewhat unique. Its appearance and makeup are admirable, but we regret to note the absence of an exchange column. Besides chronicling college news, the Review deals largely with such topics as stock-raising, grain selection, forestry, horticulture, dairying, Macdonald Hall girls, and so forth, and from this rather peculiar admixture of subject matter it draws its own distinctive personality.

Among our Toronto contemporaries, the Acta Victoriana has, during the year, excelled in the number and beauty of its cuts. The Acta has also printed some fair stories and a number of good sketches and essays. Our only criticism would be against a rather marked addiction to jokes of a personal character and a certain tendency towards a somewhat too extensive use of outside material.

The Varsity, also, is a very fair sample of the college paper. It is a weekly, published by the University of Toronto Union. In the matter of verse it fares somewhat better than many of its confreres, but the numbers which have reached us have been rather defective along the line of good stories. The student and editorial departments are well managed, and a series of comments and sketches, under the heads of "Obiter Dicta" and "Tobler's Commonplace Book," do much to make the paper bright and readable.

Of our American visitors we have selected the Notre Dame Scholastic, the Bowdoin Quill and the University of Virginia Magazine as the most meritorious.

The Scholastic is the best representative of those papers which endeavor to combine a literary end with that of serving as a medium for the expression of the academic life of the university. It has always an abundance of stories, poetry and more

pretentious articles, in happy combination with editorial and news departments, giving full attention to the various phases of student activity. It is this admirable balance of the two interests which we believe a college journal should serve that strikes us as the most pronounced feature of the Scholastic. From the Easter number we have clipped:

THE RETURN.

He's here again, I heard his silver note
  Ring through the morning air across the lawn;
The harbinger that tells us Winter's dead,
  The first glad ray that welcomes in the dawn.

He's here again, I saw his crimson breast
  Swell with the joy that from his throbbing throat
Burst like an anthem, clear and sweet and strong,
  Old Winter's knell, Spring's resurrection note.

—*W. J. D.*

The Bowdoin Quill and the University of Virginia Magazine, however, are types which devote themselves almost exclusively to the ends of literature. The Quill, with its distinctive shape and cover, its charming stories and delightful verse, exhibits a pleasing harmony of literary purpose throughout which gives it a unique character of its own. In its March issue appears:

AD ASTRA.

Close by the throne sat the jesting Fool,
  Clad in his motley tinsel-gay,
Sat with a smile for the passing throng,
  Princes and courtiers who went their way.

Courtiers and princes with busy brains,
  With eager hands and hearts benumbed,
Who saw not the dreamer's vision fair,
  Heard not the words he softly hummed:

"Hope from her chalice doth comfort pour,
  "Water of life, from a cup of gold,
"Even a fool may dream of love,
  "And hope—till the world grow old."

—*Shipley W. Ricker, '08.*

The University of Virginia Magazine is also distinctive—in fact, it belongs to a class *sui generis*. The general construction of the magazine is the most sumptuous of any of our exchanges, and its high literary tone has been uniform and sustained throughout the year. Indeed, the contributions of such men as A. Frederick Wilson, Tallifer, James C. Bardin, and Leon Rutledge Whipple to its pages have been from month to month

among the very best efforts in college journalism. The easy and graceful editorial chat and the patronizing, big-brotherly method of handling the exchanges are also characteristic features. Taken altogether, it might be said of the University of Virginia Magazine that it occupies the same place with regard to other college papers as the Atlantic Monthly holds in the larger realm of public journalism. Of the latter, it has been recently said that it publishes more real literature than any other periodical on the continent.

SUN-ROAD AND MOONTRACK.

There's magic ahead in the morning mist—
  No matter to us if it never pass—
A hill, perhaps, with the blueberries kissed;
  Or a low, cool path, over sweet, fresh grass,
With blackberries bound;
  Or a brown, full stream;
  Or a slow ox-team;
Or a field full of grasshoppers droning their round:—
For whether the road is pure gold in the sun,
  Or the moontrack silver over the sea,
We care not a whit for the journey that's done—
  But, oh, for the wonders that are to be!

There's magic ahead in the mist, we know—
  And sorrow to us if it ever pass—
If we will, it shall not; the sun drops low
  And the purple shadows pile and mass
In the valleys far,
  We can dream our dream
  Of the broadening stream,
And list for the song of the evening star:—
For whether the road is pure gold in the sun,
  Or the moontrack silver over the sea,
We care not a whit for the journey that's done,
  But, oh for the wonders that are to be!

—*G. S. Soule, Jr.—The Yale Lit.*

In addition to the publications already mentioned, we would like to acknowledge the following exchanges, reviews of which the exigencies of space compel us to postpone until some future issue: William Jewell Student, Collegian, O. N. C. Monthly, College Review, Bessie Tift Journal, Alliosnia, Sibyl, Vox Colegii, Mitre, Dalhousie Gazette, University of Ottawa Review, St. Andrew's College Review, Acta Ridleiana, Oracle, Starkey Seminary Monthly, Philomathean Monthly, Trinity Archive, Mercerian, Solanian, Hiram College Advance, Athenaeum.

Trinity College has always had the name of accepting defeat on campus or forum in a true gentlemanly spirit; and, as far as our remembrance goes, she has hitherto kept this enviable

record untarnished. It was with considerable surprise, therefore, that we noticed an editorial in the March number of the Trinity University Review, where, in half a column of unreasoning prejudice, diluted with a quantity of rather weak milk-and-water sarcasm, blame is attached to everybody concerned with the final inter-collegiate debate except the Trinity representatives themselves. If the writer had stopped short of actually insulting the chairman, judges, and McMaster debaters, no notice would have been taken of his words, but we feel that for the sake of those concerned a few statements are necessary.

The chairman is charged with "failing in his duty," the reason being given that the leader of the affirmative did not close the debate. Our answer is that the leader of the affirmative *did* close the debate. There is nothing in the constitution to suggest that the leader of either affirmative or negative must necessarily deliver the first speech. In concluding this point, the remark is made that the writer "should not like to see Trinity hold a shield, or any other prize, won under such circumstances." We are not aware that Trinity has ever had the opportunity of either refusing or accepting an inter-collegiate championship of any kind under these or any other circumstances, so we are unable to judge of the value of this statement.

Further, the editor "fails utterly to understand" how the judges could possibly have missed the force of the arguments of Trinity's second speaker. Allow us to shed a ray of light on your problem, dear brother editor, by suggesting the bare possibility that the fault may have been with the speaker, and not with the judges. They are all citizens of Toronto, known and respected by a large constituency, and can, perhaps, not be blamed for never having heard of the infallibility of the Trinity debaters.

The last insult is to the McMaster speakers, in their use of arguments from ethical motives. The writer "can only conclude that high moral considerations were 'prostituted' in order to gain a decision." This statement is too palpably childish and unfair to need any comment, especially in view of the fact that the judges, in full cognizance of these arguments, awarded the debate to McMaster. We cannot see how anyone with a spark of manliness or fair play about him could bring himself to place such an evidence of his prejudice and ungentlemanliness on paper. We can only offer our condolence to the students of Trinity on the weakness of the man who represents them in the editorial chair, and regret that an expression of opinion so unworthy the best traditions of the University of Trinity College should have found its way into the pages of the Trinity University Review.

Garden of Eden.—After the first violent quarrel, the man was about to leave the garden when the woman called after him coquettishly, "Adam, take your rib with you."—*Ex.*

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "you may try your hand at writing a short story." In a few minutes, Johnny handed up his slate, on which was written: "Us boys all loves our teacher." —*Ex.*

CHARGE OF THE ORTHOGRAPHIC BRIGADE.

Half a word, half a word,
Half a word sundered,
All in a fight to death
Rode the three hundred.
"Forward the Simplified,
Charge it to me," he cried,
"I'm on B. Matthew's side—
Boom the three hundred!"

Forward the Simplified!
Was there a letter sighed?
Not though 'twas easy seen
Teddy had blundered.
Theirs not to make a kick,
Theirs not to quarrels pick,
Theirs but to skidoo quick—
Into the document print
Went the three hundred.

Departments to right of them,
Departments to left of them.
Congress in front of them,
Scolded and thundered;
Stormed at with words of scorn,
Lambasted and left forlorn,
Into the printing-press,
Into the Message, shorn,
Went the three hundred.

Departments to right of them,
Departments to left of them,
Congress hot after them,
Scolded and thundered;
Chased from the Capitol,
Bundled out one and all,
Back to the way to spell—
None was there left to tell
The fate of the three hundred.

Thus did their glory fade.
Oh, what a muss they made—
All the world wondered.
Hooray for the stunt they tried,
Hooray for the Simplified,
Noble three hundred.

—*Ex.*

THE

McMaster University Monthly

GRADUATION NUMBER, 1907.

CLASS '07—THEOLOGY.

"Stern men, with churches in their brains."

A GRADUATING class in Theology possesses an identity only in respect to graduation. Class '07 is composed of students who have completed two kindred but distinguished courses Seven are graduating in the B.A. B.Th. course and two in the "Three Years' English Course." The former have, with only slight exceptions, followed the same curriculum, and hence we shall, in the main, treat of their work.

The first chapel service of the year '05-'06 was a particularly interesting one to theological students. A new Chancellor stood before us, and one who, although he knew the Binomial Theorem better than the Federal Headship Theory, yet possessed the fullest confidence of the sudents. The curriculum had been reconstructed; new faces were met in the theological staff; new methods were in contemplation. The reconstruction of the curriculum proved to be primarily a matter of emphasis. The Bible became the central study, and was regarded from four standpoints, viz., historical, exegetical, introductory and doctrinal. With one exception the permanent theological staff was filled. It was a time of transition and, as is to be expected in such, many difficulties were to be met and much readjustment was made necessary. Class '07 doubtless has not reaped the full benefit of the changed conditions, but it is certain that it would be hard to arrange a theological course for undergraduates which would meet with greater appreciation. The Bible has become a new book. It is no longer a treasury of theological facts merely, but a book vitalized with some experiences. Problems have been

presented which may not always have been answered, but let it be said to the honor of the professors that not a single member of the class graduates with the slightest hesitancy of belief in respect to the great fundamentals of our religious faith. Some ideas have been discarded, others altered, many restated, but the eternal verities have remained. With the vitalization of truth, faith has become deepened and sweetened, and humanity's claims made more real.

I have insisted upon what to me is the real history of the class, the progress of the inner life germ, but let it not be thought they have been merely

"Stern men, with churches in their brains."

During the last two years they have supplied two intercollegiate debaters, a president to the Athletic Association, a president, two vice-presidents and a secretary to the Theological Society, a High Kakiak and three Vice-Kakiaks, a champion in field sports three men to the First Rugby Team, not to mention hockey and other achievements. And yet Class '07 has been composed of busy men. Six have held regular pasterates during the final year, and five during both years.

The time has now come to separate. Most have already been engaged by churches. Lowell, Mass., has claimed G. E. Tompkinson. Forward goes to Preston, Freeman to Myrtle Avenue, Toronto Junction Holman to Bracebridge, Matthews to Chatham, Parnall to Langham, Sask., Whiten to Zorra. Gray has consented to complete the work of church building at his old student field, Pretty River Valley, while Fitch is taking a few months' change of occupation before entering either the ministry or post-graduate study.

The class wishes to express their heart gratitude to the Chancellor and professors for their sympathetic and wise leading. They go forth strong in the hope that they may prove worthy sons of their Alma Mater. They take with them the inspiration derived from men with

"Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and willing hands."

To them as men entered on life's most sacred calling there is a fullness and richness of meaning which others may not feel in the true words, "All things consist in Christ."

E. R. Fitch.

THE SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF '07.

Boomerah! Boomerah! we, wah, wah!
Vevila! Vevila! Bizz, boom, bah!!
Macrima! Macra! wah, wooh, wah!!!
'07, '07, Rah, Rah, Rah!

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Know ye that on the sixth day of October, in the year of our Lord 1903, and of the reign of our most Gracious Majesty King Edward the Seventh, that the Freshman year of the Arts Faculty in McMaster University in general meeting assembled, did duly elect by popular vote the following officers, and did endow them with all the dignity pertaining thereto:

Honorary President, Mr. G. H. Campbell; President and Chief of the Council, Mr. Wm. Raithby; Assistant to the President and Vice-Chief, Miss Agnes Parker; Foreign, Domestic and Corresponding Secretary, Mr. A. E. White; Lord of the Treasury, Miss Blanche Shields.

All of which was duly signed and sealed and deposited in the archives of the kingdom.

ATTORNEY.

After the excitement of organizing had subsided, we had time to look about us. We compared ourselves, as a class, with the reverend sophs., the amiable juniors and the lordly seniors. The survey proved most satisfactory. We were the largest year in the college, and not only that, but we had *seven* ladies on our membership. This was more than any other class in the college could boast, and, moreover, it was an item which seemed to make us a class of peculiar interest from the first.

No verdant freshmen, we! Like Brer' Rabbit, we "lay low and said nuffin" till we saw who was who, and what was what, secretly observing that, should a fitting opportunity occur, we would show them what we could do Accordingly, on Sports Day we first intimated to the Faculty of Arts our desire to be reckoned as a factor in the University life. This intimation was

thoroughly appreciated, by the second year especially. How we did hustle the sophs!! But what need to enlarge on the mauling we gave them? Let them forget it if they can. Nor was this all that we did on that memorable day; some of our men distinguished themselves and '07 forever by winning the magnificent number of eight points. These men, McNaughton, White and Werden, have continued throughout our whole career to be our leading sportsmen.

Field Day so laudably passed, we could afford to tip back our chairs, fold our arms and let our heads expand a bit. This delightful experience was doomed to be short lived, however. We were awakened from our dreams by the announcement that in McMaster exams come *after* the Christmas holidays, instead of before. We hadn't thought that our dear, fatherly professor could be so unkind, especially at such a season of peace and good-will. But, with our natural adaptability, we made the best of things and soon passed the rapids, without serious mishap.

As autumn passed into winter, Rugby and Association gave way to hockey and debating. Of course we went in for everything; we played Rugby and Association, though, I must say, without distinguishing ourselves in a particularly noteworthy manner. But with the coming of the hockey season, '07 began a meteoric descent towards the championship. To a more worthy pen than mine let me resign the description of this mighty feat, and quote from THE MONTHLY: "Here's to '07 winners of the inter-year hockey championship. Captain 'Rolly' Young's bunch of Stanley Cup performers won their way to glory by defeating the much-tooted juniors and the stalwart sophomores, who have in their ranks many brilliant stars. The first game took place on Monday afternoon, February 22nd. The freshmen and juniors were the competitors. Captain Young played the best game for the freshmen, and 'Scotty' McEwen was a good second. For '05 J. B. and Stan. McArthur and Munro were the only ones who lived up to their reputations, the others playing like a lot of cigar store Indians. 'Bowie' McIntosh was a 'big' factor in the game. He seemingly had a predilection for a closer acquaintance with the ice. As this was the first defeat for the juniors in athletics this year, the seniors and sophomores

were correspondingly jubilant. The second game in this great series was played on the 24th, when the mighty seniors were forced to bow their heads to the modest sophomores. The final, on the 26th, drew a big crowd. It was a fight to the finish, and, when the tally was added up, it was found that the freshmen were in the lead by 6 goals to 2."

Not only did we show signs of remarkable ability collectively, during our embryonic stage, but, also as individuals, we were winners, along musical, literary and athletic lines. Who shall say me nay, when I point to such men as Mr. Williamson, Mr. Craig and Rollie Young? And as for work, of course we all worked—that's what we were sent to college for, work and nothing else. "College life is a serious thing." "Yes, yes," we nervously hasten to admit it—to outsiders. But we ourselves all know that there are other things in college life besides study. Perhaps, with the approach of spring, we wished that "other things" hadn't played so large a part. Perhaps we felt:

> "Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone.
> But grief returns with the revolving year."

Still, I think I may safely say, that after that first year, not one of us left our Alma Maw but realized—as one of our professors put it—that it was better to have gone to college and loafed than never to have gone at all.

On meeting again in the autumn of '04, we were dismayed to find so many of the familiar faces missing, among the number were those of Miss Matthews, Miss Parker, Miss Gonder, Messrs. McIntosh, Wilson, Mason, Dixon, Simpson, Gonder, Brown, Pirie, Constable and others. But the advent of Miss Waters, Miss Johnson, Mr. G. C. McEwen, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Challen went a long way towards making good our loss.

Professor McKay was elected honorary president this year, Mr. George Irons was our leading man, and Miss Eva Wilkins his understudy. They were supported by a good company of lesser lights. The captains of the various year teams, Association, Rugby and hockey, were Mr. McNaughton, Mr. White and Mr. Young, respectively.

"College days are the happiest days," they say, and we almost believed it when we came back that glorious autumn as sophomores. There were our old friendships to renew, the familiar faces on every side, and the *freshmen*. These were an unending source of fun—it takes a sophomore to really appreciate the blundering verdure of a freshie. A long vista of happy days lay open before us. Exams were far distant. Rubgy and Association were soon in full swing, not to mention strolling parties and other delightful pastimes which it is in the heart of man to conceive.

And so the days flew by; it was Field Day before we knew it. This was our chance to teach the freshmen a few. We had been waiting for the opportunity and had made our plans. Being at the energetic, sophomoric age, we decided to add a dash of originality to the occasion. Surely everybody remembers that scrap? It was the special feature of the day. The vaulting, the high jump, putting the shot, the broad jump, throwing the hammer, the races etc., were merely a background, things of secondary importance. What people really came to see was the scrap. Well, just as the events were beginning, we presented '08 with their effigy in the form of a goose. They were a trifle shocked to see one of their number dangling from a pole in such a ludicrous manner, yet they welcomed him most rapturously to their ranks. The president, however, perceiving from the general attitude of the spectators that insult had been intended, took council with his flock, till, egged on by the hoots and jeers of all, they came down and faced the music. And short work we made of them! Too short, to judge by the way the onlookers turned from this excitement back to the boredom of watching the remaining events. A rumor from the tall grass states that this was a '08 victory, but we members of '07 will vouch for the truth of it.

Later on in the season, by way of showing our diversity of talent athletically, we carried off the palm in the inter-year Association football matches, while the return of the annual reception on Founder's Night gave us an opportunity to display our artistic taste and originality. An innovation in the way of each year decorating its own rendezvous had been instituted

this year for the first time. Room number one was our choice. In a short time we transformed it into a tower of pale yellow beauty, with tempting retreats that none could resist. Its popularity during the evening spoke volumes in favor of our guests' appreciation of the beautiful.

One other event of importance took place before spring, namely, the famous class meeting, whose sittings continued on and off for several days. It was a case of "Much ado about nothing," as we remember it. When the president and vice-president are both absent, and it is necessary that a meeting be held, *Quo quire* seemed to be the point at issue. Different members of the year had different opinions on the subject and some "though vanquished yet could argue still."

Christmas came and went, but small thoughts had we of cheer. A heavy fog semed to have settled down about us, cutting us off from all intercourse with *les hommes vivants*. We were as creatures set apart till towards the end of January, when the fog began to lift. Then one happy day we found ourselves again on Victoria Rink. Holidays had begun, as one of our professors dryly remarked.

Again time flew by with eagle wings, but, with the approach of May, how the sentiment of the following lines struck home:

> "Into each life some rain must fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary."

They say the longest lane has a turning, and even in the case of exams the saying proves true. Examinations were not the only sorrow that May had in store for us this year. The announcement of the resignation of Chancellor Wallace was a shock that all the diversion of the following vacation failed to eradicate.

September the 29th, 1905, found '07 no longer verdant nor wise, but jolly, as befits all juniors, holding its first class meeting in Room I. When the roll was called it was found that eight were missing, while Mr. Jno. Cohoe alone had come to us to take their place. This reduced our membership to twenty-four. In three years we had dwindled from the largest to the smallest class in the college. Dr. Farmer was the unanimous

choice for the position of Honorary President. Mr. C. E. Burke was elected President, and Miss Eva Wilkins was re-elected Vice-President. The remaining offices were filled as follows: Secretary, N. McNaughton; Treasurer, J. M. Telford; Historian, Miss B. Shields; Musician, D. Williamson; Bard, J. D. Craig; Orator, J. G. Ferguson; Rugby Captain, S. R. McEwen; Hockey Captain, R. W. Young; Association Captain, G. C. McEwen.

The first event of importance on the calendar was the autumn convocation, which possessed a feature of peculiar interest this year, namely, the installation of the new Chancellor and the new professors. In the Chancellor we were glad to welcome an old friend, though in new dress. Chancellor McKay is a man whose abilities are well known and whose place in the hearts of all had long since been made. The new professors we had been fortunate enough to secure were Dr. Keirstead, Rev. I. G. Matthews, Dr. Findlay and Dr. Oliver.

A survey of our class athletically plainly showed that championships were hereafter out of the question for us by reason of our mutilated ranks. Nevertheless the interest in sport for sport's sake was bravely maintained throughout the year. Field Day saw us well to the fore, with a record of thirty-six points, second only to the Theologs, who certainly were doing some stunts that year. Then again, we were always ready and willing to supply good men to the First Team of the college, both in hockey and Rugby. Among those who brought honor home to '07 were our representatives on THE MONTHLY Board and on the "Lit." Executive, while in our second and third years, respectively, Miss Waters and Miss Wilkins both did excellent service in helping to bring to the college the championship of the Ladies' Inter-College Debating Union. Then, too, the Literary Society was often in our debt for many pleasing numbers rendered by Miss Shields, Miss Eva Wilkins, Miss Waters, Mr. White, and others.

There yet remain two items which most certainly are worthy of a place in the calendar of our junior year. The first was the class rally. This was held at the home of Dr. Farmer, our honorary president, who so kindly opened his home to us. Some

time having elapsed since an old-time class rally had been held, there was a little difficulty in getting the machinery to work smoothly. Happily, however, by a clever piece of strategy on the part of our president, things were ultimately arranged to the satisfaction of all, and an exceedingly jolly time was the result. The second was the "Junior Dinner." Before separating for our last vacation, we tested the truth of the statement, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," it being our privilege to give the graduating class a collation as a final expression of our good-will. The pleasure we received in thus adding a touch of jollity to the otherwise serious ordeal through which '06 was passing at the time amply repaid us for our efforts. After witnessing their final struggles, we disbanded for the summer's work, or play, as the case might be.

September, 1906, and our final year had come! A body of grave old seniors we met, to elect our officers for the last time. All were in their places; none had had the heart to drop out at this late date, and none ventured to join us. To Mr. McNaughton, a veteran tried and true, the responsible position of Fourth Year President was unanimously decreed, and the Vice-Presidency to Miss Hitchon. The usual list of supporters was then elected to stand by them in all matters of class interest. But now the time had come when various members of the year were called to fill important offices outside the class organization: Mr. McPhail was President of the Literary Society; Miss Moule, Second Vice-President; Miss Wilkins, President of the Ladies' Literary League; Miss Waters, President of the College Y. W. C. A.; Mr. G. C. McEwen, Captain of the McMaster Hockey Team, and so I might continue the list of those worthy of honorary mention, but time, space and modesty forbid.

One more year of college life, with its varied round of literary, athletic and social interests!

> "What I aspired to be
> And was not, comforts me."

The above words are most applicable to our accomplishments this year in an athletic as well as literary way. Small numbers prevented us, as before, from forming teams sufficiently

strong to land the championships. And as for debating, well, debating never has been our forte. But when it came to social events, '07 might always be found ready to entertain or be entertained as the case might require.

On Hallow'een a most delightfully weird and bewitching evening was enjoyed by the class at the home of Miss Eva Wilkins.

Later, the two annual "functions" claimed much of our time; preparations for the Founder's Night reception, before Christmas, and preparations for the Lit. Dinner after Christmas, not to mention preparations of another kind sandwiched in between.

How unconcernedly the days flew by, each one bringing us nearer the end, whether we were more sad than glad we had not time to consider. There was much business to be done, many class meetings were held, and many were the results. First, we decided that we would follow the worthy example of our predecessors and appropriate the May number of THE MONTHLY for our private needs. Next, that we would give Park Bros. the privilege of taking our graduating photos; again, that we would have a graduation class pin, and finally that a '07 picnic would be a fitting relaxation after the nightmare of fourth year exams.

These events bring us to the very threshold of our graduation; the tale is almost told. Of course, we anticipate a happy ending—but who can tell, the end is not yet.

Here's to the good luck of each and every member of old Nought Seven.

LOUISE CATHERINE MOULE, '07.

Alexander C. McKay, B.A., LL.D.

Chancellor of McMaster University
Professor of Physics

JONES H. FARMER, B.A., LL.D.
Dean in Theology
Professor in New Testament and Patristic Greek

WALTER S. W. MCLAY, M.A.
Dean in Arts
Professor of English Language and Literature

O. C. S. WALLACE, M.A., D.D., LL.D.
Chancellor, and Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, 1895-1905

D. M. WELTON, M.A., PH.D., D.D.
(Ob. 1904)
Professor of Hebrew and Cognate Languages, 1883-1904

CALVIN GOODSPEED, M.A., D.D., LL.D.
Professor of Systematic Theology, Christian Evidences and Church Polity, 1890-1905

PETER S. CAMPBELL, M.A.
Professor of Latin and Greek Languages

MALCOLM S. CLARK, B.A.
Professor of Modern Languages and Literatures

JAMES TENBROEKE, M.A.
Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics

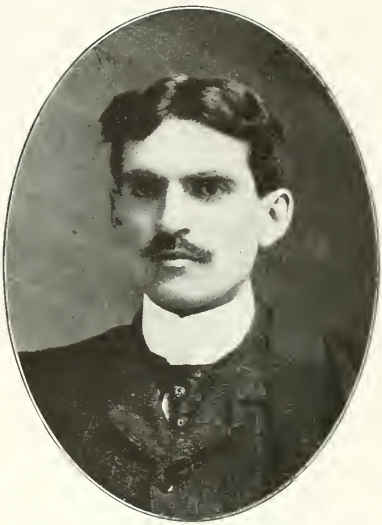
R. Wilson Smith, B.A., Ph.D.
Professor of Biology and Geology

Wallace P. Cohoe, M.A.
Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy

George Cross, M.A., Ph.D.
Professor of History

Elias M. Keirstead, M.A., D.D.
Professor in Systematic Theology
and Apologetics

WILLIAM FINDLAY, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of Mathematics



GLENN H. CAMPBELL, M.A.
Lecturer in Languages

A. LINCOLN MCCRIMMON, M.A., LL.D.
Lecturer in Political Economy

I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.TH.
Lecturer in Hebrew and Aramaic, and Old Testament Exegesis

EDMUND H. OLIVER, B.A., PH.D.
Lecturer in History

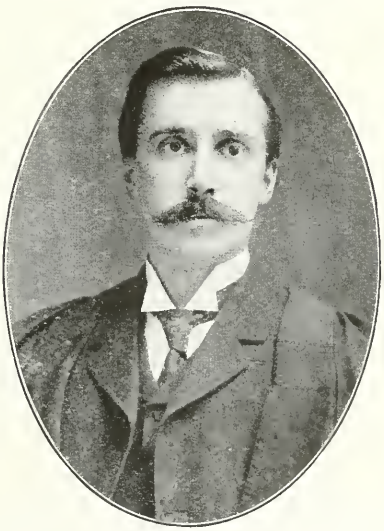
WILLIAM DALE, M.A.
Special Lecturer in History and Classical Literature, 1899-1904

R. H. MODE, M.A., B.TH.
Lecturer in Hebrew and Old Testament, 1904-5

H. FRANCIS PERRY, B.A., D.D.
Special Lecturer in Pastoral Theology, 1905-6

JOHN N. DALES, M.A.
Professor of French

JOHN L. HOGG, M.A., PH.D.
Lecturer in Physics



A. C. NEWCOMBE, B.A.
Registrar

CLASS '07 (THEOLOGY).

E. R. F. Fitch, B.A.

"Mind's perfect modes, and fair proportions, too."

Ernie's success as a student in arts, in which course he won the Crawford scholarship, is chronicled in the '05 graduating number of *The Monthly*. Having forded so easily the stream of arts, Ernie waded fearlessly into the deep waters of theology, and then struck out manfully. The deeps have not gone over him. "Firsts" have come in plenty, and Mr. Fitch graduates with the B.Th. degree and a splendid record. He is versatile. The Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde transformation from the ferocious-looking side-scrimmager on Saturday to the mild-eyed parson on Sunday is a marvel to beholders. As a junior theolog Ernie was president of the Athletic Association. This year he was chosen to represent McMaster in an intercollegiate debate, but illness forced him to withdraw. As a preacher Ernie has had much experience and success. All who know him believe in him and expect great things.

James D. Forward.

"One of God's gentlemen."

J. D. hails from Newfoundland. He is the first of her sons to graduate from McMaster. On her wave-swept eastern shores lies the picturesque town of Carbonnear, where in 1881 Jim was born. He lived there for nineteen years, receiving a good education and much experience in commercial life. In 1900 he came to Toronto, where in 1903 he responded to the call of service. He entered McMaster that fall. In the spring of 1904 he left for work in Minesing. His success as a soul-winner was phenomenal. In 1905 he returned to McMaster and now completes the "Three Years' English Course." He has been instrumental in the rise and progress of Dufferin Street Church, and now leaves to take up the work at Preston. He is a graceful, easy speaker, and can not fail to be a son of whom McMaster is proud.

Wm. P. Freeman, B.A.

William Parker Freeman claims as his birthplace the home of "Acadia," Wolfville, N.S. He comes of a family of preachers, his father being the Rev. Augustus Freeman.

His early education was received in the "Little Red School House" and in Horton Academy. While still a callow youth, he moved westward with the "Tide of Empire" to try his fortune in West Kootenay, B.C., where he remained five years. He became a "hard rock" miner and foreman of a large mine, when but twenty-two years of age. In the winter of 1900 he came to Brandon College, where he matriculated the following spring, and, completing the special course in philosophy, received the degree of B.A. from Manitoba University in 1905. In Brandon he carried off the general proficiency scholarship for three years. Immediately after "graduation" came "amalgamation" and he and Mrs. Freeman turned towards Toronto. He entered McMaster for theology the same fall, in which course he graduates this year.

Owen Gray.

"He of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness."

Rumor has it that Dolly Gray originated in the enchanted land of Lobo, in the Golden West. After successfully withstanding the enervating influence of four years spent in London-in-the-Woods, where he attended high school, Dolly came to McMaster, with the ministry in view. His path through college life has been that of a comet, one blaze of illustrious glory. His feats at rugby and hockey are too well known to need more than mention. On '05's first field day, Dolly was prominent in the "scrap" with the Theologs. In their second year, he was prime instigator and founder of the freshmen sophomore rush, now an annual feature. He has been the despair of all enemies in his ministerial work, and the professor's delight in the class-room. Dolly has shown himself a whole-souled, hard-working student, with a mania for "system." We therefore predict for him success in his chosen sphere of labor.

Charles Thomas Holman.

"A jolly handsome presence, and shining sanguine face."

On February 6th, 1882, Charlie was born in Cheltenham, England. But, Ulysses-like, impatient to meet a wider world, at the early age of nine our hero was watching England's receding shore, on his way to Canada. Soon his philosophic mind was being cradled in a public school in Hamilton. Charlie's gift for drawing led him to become a lithographic artist, and later came the broadening experience of commercial traveler. In London he joined the Talbot Street Baptist Church. Charlie determined to prepare himself for the Baptist ministry, and took a course at the Bible Training School, which was followed by a course at McMaster. He is a very successful student—"Firsts" came quite naturally. Special studies in philosophy have enriched his mind. In athletics Charlie has always been prominent. He has played in every senior Rugby game since his arrival, and this year finished out the season with the Argonauts. Charlie has had considerable experience and success as a preacher, and will be a strong man.

Wilbert E. Matthews, B.A.

"Unto his ordre, he was a noble post."

W. E. Matthews, B.A., is a leal-hearted son of London, Ont. Graduating from Woodstock in 1900, he entered the arts course in McMaster and obtained his degree with the class of noughty-five. This year he completes the course leading to B.Th. "Bert" has had an enviable record at McMaster and he is an enthusiastic believer in her scheme of education. Although he entered with the Hiram Calvin scholarship and the gold medal in oratory from Woodstock, he has managed to live these things down and has quite a respectable reputation now. He was president of '05 in his first year and also an interyear debater. In his junior year he was vice-president of the Literary Society and the following year honored with the presidency. This year he was honored with the High Kakfakship, and has scored a decided success. "Bert" has accepted a call to the Chatham Baptist Church and will enter upon his pastorate immediately.

ALEXANDER SIDNEY PARNALL.

"Shall never die!!"

"Parny" hails from the Garden City of Canada. At St. Catharines he received his primary and high school education. After gracing the teaching profession for a year and a half, he left for the West. A thirst for knowledge led him to Brandon College, where he specialized in philosophy, graduating in arts with the class '05. The following autumn saw him enter the McMaster junior class in theology. Here he excelled in Hebrew and Greek. All who have come in contact with him have been impressed with his simple, pure and true life. His Christian manhood has been an example to those about him. While on the prairies he caught the Western fever, and expects from this time on to spend his life for the interests of Christ's Kingdom in the Golden West. Although next year he will be missed at McMaster, the students wish him every happiness and prosperity.

GEORGE E. TOMKINSON, B.A.

"He taught them how to live and how to die."

George Tomkinson first saw the light in the township of Markham, the home of so many other illustrious sons and daughters of McMaster. His proclivity for championships early displayed itself, it being recorded that our hero won the prize for beauty at the local baby show in the first year of his life. Leaving such childish honors behind, he came up to McMaster to prepare for the Baptist ministry. His activities have been strenuous and varied. He has left his tracks on the rugby field, decorated the president's chair of the Theological Society, twice carried off the McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal, and had charge of the Weston Road Mission. At the close of a very successful college career, George leaves to take up the assistant pastorate of the First Church, at Lowell, Mass., where he will be associated with ex-Chancellor Wallace. Here's success to George.

J. G. WHITEN, B.A.

"His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
A living sermon of the truths he taught."

Mr. J. G. Whiten, B.A., belongs to the class of nought-four. He entered McMaster from the Collegiate Institute of Collingwood, coming as a candidate for the ministry from the Baptist Church of that town. During his college work Mr. Whiten has taken considerable interest in the welfare of McMaster, but the greater part of his time and sympathy has been given to mission work in the East End. He had charge of the Taylor Street Mission for two years under the Fyfe Society, and during the previous year has been in charge of the Branch of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, where he has won a large place in the hearts of the people. At the close of the college year, Mr. Whiten expects to settle with the East Zorra churches, near Woodstock.

Who's Who

S. J. Bates.....The Gossip
C. E. Burke.....The Wise Man from our Town
N. E. Challen.....The Sleeping Beauty
J. H. Cohoe.....Goliath of Gath
J. D. Craig.....Always To-morrow
J. G. Ferguson.....The Orator
R. E. Harkness.....The Sweet Singer in Israel
Claire Hitchon.....A Light in the Darkness
Barbara Johnstone.....The Eternal Question
N. McNaughton.....The Man from Glengarry
G. C. McEwen.....Your Uncle Dudley
S. R. McEwen.....''Scotty''
D. J. McPhail.....Exhorter Primus
Lou Moule.....Madame Butterfly
R. H. Roberts.....Lord Chief High Knocker
A. W. Ross.....Samson Caged
Blanche Shields.....La Petite
A. N. Tapscott.....The Merry Frenchman
J. Telford.....The Patriarch
Anita Waters.....Chief Prophetic Dreamer
L. H. Werden.....Class Doll
A. E. White.....The Lost Chord
Eva Wilkins.....A Diamond in the Ring
R. W. Young.....The Rover

STUART JEFFREY BATES.

"Just at the age [illegible]
When thought is speech, and speech is truth."

The *Globe* of May 9, 1887, announced the arrival of Stuart in Toronto, by stork express. The wisdom of the sage bird in placing him in this city has been amply proven, for Stuart has attained the goodly height of six feet, and the muscular brawn of a centaur upon the dry dust and sea-breezes of Toronto. After tripping through the public schools and paying a visit to Harbord Collegiate *en passant*, Stuart arrived at McMaster, since when he has found rest upon an "hyperboloid of two sheets," amid the vapors of H. S. But he has been active, for not only has he won the mathematical scholarship and ranked high in all his studies, but he has also achieved fame in the inter-year rugby and association contests.

Ambition—To be an electrical engineer. Spends his idle moments—Coaxing a moustache. Pet phrase—"By my immortal heel."

CHARLES ELDRID BURKE.

"He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."

In the county of Haldimand, in the township of Walpole, in the little village of Hartford, one-quarter of a mile from the Six-Nation reservation, in the north-east corner of the south-east bedroom in the little white house on the hill, Charles E. was born. These details are here set down for the convenience of future generations, for now there can be no dispute as to this birthplace of a great man. After attending school in Hartford and Brantford, and teaching for a number of years, Charlie joined '07 in the Sophomore year. He has been loaded with honors during his course here. In his junior year he was president of '07, vice-president of the Lit., custodian of the tennis club, and also played on the year rugby and association teams. In his fourth year Charlie was '07's representative to the Student Body, secretary to the Evangelistic Band, and ping pong captain of the class.

Intends to be Principal of Woodstock College. Spends his idle moments—Following in the trail of "Snap Shots." Pet phrase—"I'm going down to swipe some pie!"

NEWTON EUGENE CHALLEN.

"What a strange drowsiness possesses him."

Newton (we call him Newton here, because we have never heard him called that before, and it seems a crime to have a name that is never used), during the early stages of the game of his life, was known throughout the town of Simcoe as a *good baby*. This was because he slept all the time. Newton's life has been divided into three great periods by the three great events of his life. These are known respectively as the First, Second and Third Awakenings. The first was on November 21, 1884. The second was in the fall of '04, when he awoke to the fact that '07 was already in their second year, so he forthwith resolved to lose no more time, and on October the first of that year 'Gene—as we know him—became a noughty-sevener. The third shock came when he heard the result of the mathematical exams. in the spring of '07. 'Gene has not been able to sleep since.

Intends to be—A second Dr. Findlay. Spends his idle moments—Waking up. Pet phrase—"Sno-r-r-re."

JOHN HERBERT COHOE.

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man."

John was born on his father's farm, in Oxford County. The early years of his life were spent walking to and from school, and doing the chores. Then he took a whirl at Woodstock College, and after he had learned all that the masters there could teach him, he came to McMaster and joined nought-six. It took him two years to see the error of his ways, and it was not until '07 was entering upon its junior year that John came into our midst. He has the distinction of being the only man in the year brave enough to tackle the course in special classics. The chilling effect of these dead languages is easily seen in John, for he is one of those quiet, calm fellows, as cool as a cucumber, that doesn't lose his head in a crisis, not even in the middle of exams.

Intends to be—*Pub. Secundus*. Spends his idle moments—compounding Greek and Latin roots. Pet phrase—"Hang this Greek, anyhow!"

JOHN DIXON CRAIG.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Dick was born. This was the great event of his life. With his usual artistic fastidiousness he chose India as a suitable setting for his dawn. The exact spot of his birth is not definitely settled as yet, as is so often the case in birthplaces of the great. It is, however, somewhere about "Lassitude 49 degrees" and "Longitude 23 degrees." The star which appeared at the time of his birth had a Latin name, and its baneful influence was not overcome even amid the classic shades of Room 5. Several other stars have been in their ascendant during his brief career, but

"the best is still to be;
The last for which the first were made."

Again displaying his sense of the artistic, Dick came to McMaster and joined '07. He has been a distinctive member of the class and a most energetic worker in all class projects.

Intends to be—A second Rudyard Kipling. Spends his idle moments—Up on "the hill." Pet phrase—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

JOHN GORDON FERGUSON.

"Do but pierce his reserve
And a goodly fellow thou findest."

"Fergie" first began to "leave his footsteps on the sands of time" in and around the flourishing city of Dalhousie, Ont. He dangled his bare legs from the high benches in the little school-house of his native town until they reached the ground, when he found they led him to the Morrisburg Collegiate, the second mile-stone for him upon the *via sapientiae*. He matriculated from Woodstock and came to McMaster in pursuit of the golden fleece, where he joined nought-seven. Of a retiring disposition, and ever maintaining an unruffled composure, he has now come to be regarded as the class oracle, and *when* he speaks all else are still. Appreciative of his gifts along this line, the class elected him orator in their third year.

Ambition—Medical Missionary. Spends his idle moments—Reading the "Adventures of Nervy Nat." Pet phrase—"Twelve pies made an anna."

REUBEN ELMORE ERNEST HARKNESS.

"O hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings."

This young man, with the seven-league name and five-league hair, is a proof that more than oil and tobacco can come from Sarnia. He was born on the old farm on the stone road and developed his philosophic turn of mind among the well-ordered life and peaceful scenes of the barnyard and hay-field. It was here he also acquired his remarkable physique, milking forty-six, more or less, of the lowing kine morning and evening. With all these accomplishments, it is small wonder that his university career has been little short of sublime. Witness the following list: First year—Conducted himself most ambignously. Second year—Secretary of '07, representative to Athletic and Debating Club. Third year—At Brandon College. Fourth year—President of Debating Club (membership fee two cents), curator member of '07 rugby and hockey teams.

Intends to be—A theologue. Spends his idle moments—On the rink. Pet phrase—"Aw, come off!"

CLAIRE HITCHON.

"My book and heart
Must never part."

For years and years a solitary spirit wandered aimlessly through space, until one bright day in September it drifted upon this terrestrial orb, floated up the St. Lawrence, put in at Brockville for refreshments, decided to stay, and was henceforth known as Claire Hitchon. As the educational system at this time was in a most deplorable state, she went to Belleville for her early training, and so acquitted herself that the Governor-General gave her one of his medals. Soon after this she started for McMaster, and "got round" in time to begin her course with nought-seven. Her chief occupation has been to head the list in her classes. She has represented her year on the Executive of the Lit., and in her final year was elected vice-president of '07.

Intends to be—She finds a Hitch-in deciding. Spends her idle moments—"gettin' round." Pet phrase—"I don't know!"

BARBARA JOHNSTONE.

"Enflamed with the study of learning."

Barbara Johnstone just missed being born a Yankee by half a mile, Sarnia being her birthplace. While she was yet a child a trip across the St. Clair River into Uncle Sam's domain was one of her Saturday afternoon delights. On these little journeys her never-failing companion was a separate leaf note-book, in which she jotted down voluminous data on everything imaginable. This habit of taking notes became chronic and afflicted her during her early education in Sarnia, and has caused many a "brain-storm" among the professors at McMaster, who have occasionally come into collision with the facts as set down in her black book.

Intends to be—A teacher. Spends her idle moments—Writing essays. Pet phrase—? ? ? ? ? ?

NORMAN MCNAUGHTON

"His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive and marble to retain."

This bonnie laddie comes to us from down Glengarry way. And then, ye ken he is Scotch, whatever; which is half the story told already. He spent his early days as a child, but later he became a man. When he had arrived at this felicitous stage of the game, he put away all childish things and came to McMaster. As Norm. has rather a taking way with him, and usually gets whatever he's after, it is small wonder then that he won the Crawford scholarship in his last year, not to mention certain medals, badges, *et al.*, which he carried off from the various track meets of the school. During his first year here, Norm. states that he entered not all into public life. But since then he has usually been in the "glow of the calcium." He has been secretary of the year, and even aspired to and attained presidential honors. Then, during his senior year, Norm. was very much a platform man, for he was recording secretary of the Lit.

Intends to be—A Theologue. Spends his idle moments—Discussing the advisability of Co-Ed. as an assistance to the ministry. Pet phrase—"Hoot, mon!"

GORDON CAMERON MCEWEN.

"Had sighed to many, though he loved but one."

Wiarton boasts the proud privilege of claiming Gordon as one of its citizens, although the honor of being his birthplace belongs to Brantford. After favoring the schools of his native town for a few short years, Gordon decided to place McMaster, and particularly class '07, under a great and lasting obligation. But it was not until the second year of our course that "Ungill" carried his decision into effect. Since his advent into academic life, the career of the hero of our sketch has been little short of meteoric. During his first year with us he was captain of the year hockey team. He has also captained the school hockey team, and was business manager of the Athletic Association in his final year.

Intends to be—A chemist. Spends his idle moments—Interviewing the ladies. Pet phrase—"By the Suffering Sweet Sassafras!"

STUART ROY MCEWEN.

"The ae best fellow e'er was born."

Stuart Roy, alias Scottie, alias The Gravy, alias Squirrel, alias the Landlady, was born on February the eighteenth, 18—, at ——. His early life is shrouded in mystery, and only such events as his advent into public school life at Windsor, N.S., and the time he ran way with the circus, stand out with any degree of clearness. It is also rumored that he spent a part of his life at Berlin, Ont., making the life of the High School principal a wearisome burden. It was not, however, until Scottie came to McMaster that he entered into the full blaze of the limelight of fame. He is noted for his work, literary, mathematical, and athletic—but the greatest of these is athletics. Scottie has been a reporter on the *Monthly*, secretary of the Debating Club, and almost everything along athletic lines that the school can give him.

Intends to be—An Industrial Chemist of note. Spends his idle moments—Enquire Cor. St. Mary and North streets. Pet phrase—"O wad some power the giftie gie us to see some people before they see us!"

DANIEL JAMES MCPHAIL.

"He wades a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with
solemn air."

Daniel James McPhail, or as he is more generally known, Mike—but don't ever call him that, for he says he doesn't like it; "it isn't ministerial, you know!"—was born on the old homestead at Maple Villa. Amid these romantic surroundings he developed that curly hair, serious look and persuasive voice of his, that are so well known in the school. Dan. has had a wide experience in educational matters, for he has attended O.A.C., Woodstock, and McMaster. During his stay here he has had his share of the honors of the school. In his first year he was bard of the class. In his second year, corresponding secretary of the Lit., and in his senior year was elected president of that body. Mike has not yet made up his mind as to what he will be. He says either a lawyer, a business man, a minister or a peanut vendor.

Intends to be—? Spends his idle moments—Evangelizing the West. Pet phrase—"Come on! Come on, now!"

CATHERINE LOUISE MOULE.

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

Catherine Louise Moule says she was born at some big place in Michigan, called M-u-n-n-e or "something like that." She isn't quite sure why she left the above unmentioned place, at an age when she was unable to raise any protest. Her education has been very broad and liberal, as she has studied in the public schools of Montreal, Winnipeg and Toronto; pursued the higher paths of knowledge at Harding Hall, London, and Grande Ligne, Quebec, and as a fitting climax came to McMaster in the fall of 1903. Her versatility, acquired, no doubt, from her wanderings here, there and everywhere, enabled her successfully to fill the numerous and varied positions in this year of musician, historian, treasurer and representative to the Lit. She has also graced the Literary Society as second vice-president.

Intends to be—Married. Spends her idle moments—Keeping in touch with present day FICTION. Pet phrase—"Would the fellow would come!"

ROBERT HERBERT ROBERTS.

"Above the vulgar flight of common souls."

This dignified young man with the name like a poet's was born in the romantic town of Stratford-on-Avon (Ont.), in the month of November, 1883. The first words he spoke were, "I won't." But evolution has been his motto, for now he says, "I find it impossible to do so." "Bobs," which is a contraction for Robert Herbert Roberts, has always been a prominent member of the class. Perhaps his six feet of brawn partly accounts for this. Or perhaps it is because he has always been a *violent* supporter of all class movements. In his first year Bobs covered himself with glory by winning the scholarship for general proficiency and also the prize in Latin. In his fourth year an admiring class elected him orator, and have listened again and again with rapturous delight to his Demosthenic outbursts on mathematics and Rosaline.

Intends to be—Minister of Finance. Spends his idle moments—Having a bath. Pet phrase—"Where's Dr. Findlay?"

ALFRED WINSER ROSS.

"A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules."

Winser was born at Maxwell, in the County of Grey. Nothing more need be said, for all those who have ever heard of Maxwell know the sterling men that it turns out. Winser is no exception to the general rule. He entered McMaster in '07's second year, and since then he has helped to boost the year along on every occasion, especially in scrimmages on the rugby field, or a rush in association football, where his brawn is rather an advantage. During his third year he captained both the year and school association teams. In his fourth year Winser was vice-president of the Debating Club, and also carried the bag for nought-seven. He has also acted in the capacity of a St. Peter at the door, during the past year, and has used the "keys" with no regard to persons. He expects to be back for M.A. work in political science.

Intends to be—A Pedagogue. Spends his idle moments—Reading Theology. Pet phrase—"Dog-gone my picture!"

BLANCHE ETHEL SHIELDS.

"And she's twa sparkling, roguish een."

On the night of October 31, 18—, a band of goblins gathered at a certain house in Brockville, and as a Halloween prank left a mysterious bundle. For its size it was remarkably animated and vigorously proclaimed its presence by a strenuous elocutionary outburst. All who heard it prophesied distinction, which forecast Blanche Shields fulfilled by winning a medal in elocution in her home town. At McMaster it was soon learned that she could recite, which fact was welcomed by the Lit. and her readings enjoyed by all. She has also taken an active part in the Ladies' Literary League as treasurer in her first year and vice-president in her third. She kept the chronicles of '07 during the junior year and so revised and brought the history up to date that the juniors wondered at the glorious record of the past.

Intends to be—Teacher. Spends her idle moments—At the rink. Pet phrase—"Say! Did you hear the latest?"

ARLEY NELSON TAPSCOTT.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!"

Arley Nelson Tapscott was born and spent the early part of his life in Cobourg. After safely passing through the shoals of learning there, he sailed to Toronto, thereby saving the railway fare, and came to anchor in McMaster's department of modern languages, where he has spent all the rest of his life—so far. His application and concentration in his work have made him a bright example to the wondering freshman. He studied in his first year; he studied in his second year; in his third year he studied extra-murally, while out West; in his fourth year he broke his own record in study. In this year he also helped to uphold '07's honor in association football. We are sure Nelson will find a large place in the hearts of the children whom he intends to teach in the West.

Intends to be—Herr Professor. Spends his idle moments—Studying. Pet phrase—"*Ich habe gehabt haben.*"

JOHN TELFORD.

"Divinely bent to meditation."

The place and time of John's advent are subjects of speculation rather than certainty. When he joined '07, in its first year, he came laden with all the wisdom of the wild and woolly West. His wide experience and hard common sense have made his a most valuable member of the *Monthly* Board, he having filled the office of business manager in his senior year. In the year's activities he has adorned the class executive. He has also served his term with the rest of the year on the football teams. At the same time, his eloquence has been earning him fame throughout Ontario. His final year has been somewhat broken into by a tour of England, France, Italy and the Fiji Islands, where he has occupied many prominent pulpits.

Intends to be—Newsboy ("Globe"-trotter). Spends his idle moments—Rocked in the cradle of the deep. Pet phrase—"Patronize our advertisers."

ANITA MAYTIN WATERS.

"Her face is like the meeting of gentle thoughts
Without a name."

One quiet day in January, in that quiet little village of Hamilton, there arrived a quiet little baby girl who, for some time at least, was to be known as Anita Maytin Waters. She pursued the even tenor of her way through several schools of that slumbering hamlet. It was her habit every Sunday to attend the little white-washed Methodist chapel upon the hill, but one day she went to hear the McMaster band, and then it was that all the trouble began. She forthwith became a Baptist, and straightway hied her to McMaster to confirm her new-found faith. As the best means to this end, she cast her lot with '07, in the Sophomore year. She started her career by helping to win the Ladies' Intercollegiate Debating Championship. She has served on the *Monthly* and been president of the Y.W.C.A.

Intends to be—Assistant Missionary. Spends her idle moments—"Ponderin'." Pet phrase—"*Vive le Roi.*"

LLOYD HUNTLY WERDEN.

"Here's a sweet little cherub—
A prodigy of learning."

Lloyd was originally a Toronto boy, but at an early age was deported to Mimico, where the authorities have kept him ever since. His education, however, has been received entirely in Toronto, as he attended the Parkdale Collegiate before he came to McMaster. He is a well-traveled man, as he has made the trip between Toronto and Mimico about 2,586 times, according to the railway statistics for 1907. Unfortunately, Lloyd got killed in a railway wreck in May, 1997. The name Werden has become a synonym for "plugging," so faithfully has Lloyd spent his time down in the library. We suppose the books were always the chief attraction. Eh? The ladies' table? Oh, no! no! However, whatever the inspiration was, Lloyd carried off the prize in Bible in the third year.

Intends to be—A Lawyer. Spends his idle moments—Holding a strap in the street cars. Pet phrase—"Well, I've got to get down to work!"

ARTHUR EBENEZER WHITE.

"The Little Minister."

Arthur was born on a certain July the eighth, in a town with the seven-league name of Manitowaning, the aforesaid spot being on an Indian reserve. He spent his boyhood days teaching the Indians how to run the hundred yards and be good. He is handsome, has black hair and nice eyes. These qualities have made him famous, and Art. has carried off the First Association Medal and badges innumerable, which all show that he can "go some." Arthur, like a good many noughty-seveners, came to McMaster after attending Woodstock. His life here has been a busy one, especially on Friday nights after Lits. But he has also been busy during the days, as the following list of offices proves: In his first year he was secretary of the year. During his Sophomore year he represented '07 on the Lit. executive, and captained the year rugby team.

Intends to be—A Missionary. Spends his idle moments—Philosophizing on the unreliability of things in general and one thing in particular. Pet phrase—"Untranslatable"—Sounds like a *Smack!*

EVA WILKINS.

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow,
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth."

Eva Wilkins is a Toronto girl, through and through, for she was born in that city some summers ago, has always lived on the same street, and has always patronized Toronto schools. From the time when a shy little maiden of five, with two long pig-tails hanging down her back, when she made her first appearance in the educational arena, until now, when she has become the stately graduate that you see above, her career has been a victorious one. While at Moulton College she carried off all the prizes worth having, and after graduating in a burst of glory, she came over to McMaster, in the fall of '03. Eva has been one of the distinctive members of '07, "always abounding in good works." She was vice-president of the class for two successive years, during our sophomore and junior years, and in her last year here she has been the well-liked president of the Ladies' Lit.

Ambition—Stellar. Spends her idle moments—Reading the "Star." Pet phrase—"Her(e) by!"

ROLAND WILBUR YOUNG

"Here's to the pilot that 's weathered the storm!"

Less than a quarter of a century ago, the little town of Waterloo was in sore straits, for Berlin was winning a hockey match from them. It was at this time that Rollie came on the scene, and his side lost no more. It might be said that Rollie met and won his Waterloo on the first day of his existence. At any rate there stands not his superior on ice. It is rumored that he could play hockey before he could talk, and it is known that he cut his teeth on a hockey puck. After Rollie had graduated from Woodstock, he came to McMaster and did his full share in landing the athletic honors of the school. He has captained the University hockey team, and has always played on all the '07 teams. In his last year he was in great demand in the professional hockey circles, and has played all over the country.

Intends to be—Specialist in all hockey troubles. Spends his idle moments—Scoring goals. Pet phrase—"How do you translate 'white' into French?"

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Editorial Notes.

INTO the joy and light-heartedness of the Junior Collation was introduced one feature which brought a touch of the sorrow that comes when we say farewell to one of ourselves. Professor Cohoe has decided to enter another section of the field of chemical science, to which his life is devoted, and his connection with the professoriate of McMaster ends with the completion of this term's duties. Needless to say, each student felt the loss his own, as Prof. Cohoe, by his genial good nature and ability to take the students' view-point, had won in a large degree their affection and esteem. His services to the University have been inestimable. He has built up the department of chemistry to such an extent that he may be said to have practically made it. It is now in first-class condition, housed in the new Science Building. The professor made it quite clear at his acceptance of the students' gift at the Collation, that he has by no means lost the McMaster spirit, and, as his work is in the city, the students will hope to see him frequently.

The *Monthly* voices the wish of every student in wishing Prof. Cohoe God speed and every success in his chosen work.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Junior Collation.

THE commencement exercises of the University have come to be opened each year by the dinner given to the graduates by the junior years, and this, attended by students and Alumni, has come to be looked upon as the annual gathering of the sons and daughters of McMaster. The spirit of the occasion is always one of informal cheer and enthusiastic devotion to the ideals and efforts of Alma Mater. The juniors acquitted themselves nobly as hosts, and the whole function—menu, decorations, and after-dinner speaking—was carried through at a high level of excellence.

After Mr. Morden H. Long, '08, the toastmaster and president of the junior year in arts, had allowed the alumni five minutes overtime at the dinner, chairs were pushed back and everybody settled themselves to hear what transpired to be one of the best list of toasts ever given in the Hall.

After the toast to the King, the health of the graduates in arts was proposed by Mr. N. S. McKechnie, '08. His speech contained congratulations to the graduates and best hopes as to their future, mingled with humorous references to the history of the graduating class. Mr. Norman McNaughton replied in an earnest and appropriate speech, telling of the influence McMaster had had in the lives of the graduates, and their purpose to live true to her motto. After this speech, which created a most favorable impression, Mr. McKechnie was again "under the limelight," as the president-elect of the student body, whose installation is part of this occasion. Mr. W. E. Matthews, in a discourse which proved that brevity was the soul of wit, presented the gavel, which Mr. McKechnie received with a few appropriate words. The theological graduates were toasted by Mr. R. C. Benson, who referred to their broad scholarship, true manliness and the large part they were taking in the denominational life. Mr. G. E. Tomkinson replied in a humorous vein,

referring to the early days of the history of the class, and making his effort palatable with some Irish jokes. Another diversion was here introduced in the presentation of the Matthews' Cup, which was won this year by the Sophomores. It was presented by Prof. Ten. Brooke, and Mr. T. Wearing, president of '09, received it in behalf of the class with a speech wherein he tried to tell all the glories of '09 in a too brief five minutes. N. G. Ware, '08, proposed the toast to the Alumni in a speech that proved him a master of thought and expression, and would have done justice to a man of many years' experience in public speaking. He spoke of the pride Alma Mater took in her sons and daughters, whether their stations be conspicuous or no. Mr. W. E. Robertson replied on behalf of the Alumni, speaking of their loyalty to the old school.

"Alma Mater" is each year the toast of the evening, and the speeches of the sponsor, Rev. John MacNeill, and Prof. Farmer, who replied, were well worthy of the subject. Mr. MacNeill's central thought was that a university must, when it rouses a student's mind to questioning and doubting, direct its awakened energies into safe and Christian channels. Prof. Farmer, after remarking that the Alma Mater represented an ideal broader than any other subject of the toast list, and inclusive of many of them, went on to give an interesting series of reminiscences covering the history of the school, and some remarkable instances of her rapid growth as compared with other Canadian universities in their early days. McMaster's boast was not in her achievements in debate or campus, but that she sent forth men stamped with her ideal. He believed in her past, present and future, and as he sat down it would be strange if there were one in that place whose faith and love for Alma Mater were not firmer and deeper.

The students of the University at this juncture were given an opportunity of showing their appreciation of the retiring professor in chemistry, W. P. Cohoe. Mr. J. D. Craig, '07, was the one chosen to present him with Thorpe's Dictionary of Chemistry. The dictionary was presented *in absentia*, but the audience was assured that it was a gift very well worth having.

Mr. W. F. L. Edwards, '08, fully upheld the exceptionally high standard of speaking set earlier in the evening in his toast

to the ladies. It was replete with compliment and humor, and it is little to be wondered at that Miss A. C. Hitchon was inspired to rise nobly to the occasion and reply in a delightful and fitting speech.

This most successful event was brought to a close by the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster."

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

All things combined to make the occasion of the sermon to the graduating classes a most successful one. Walmer Road Church opened her doors to a very large assembly. There was a great preacher with a great heart filled with a great message. Chancellor McKay presided. The power of the spiritual presence was intense from the invocation prayer of Dr Kierstead to the benediction by Mr. Eaton. An atmosphere was created for the preacher's message in the hymns: "Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts," and "Crown Him With Many Crowns." Following the sympathetic reading of the first chapter of Colossians by Dr. Farmer, was the heart-lifting prayer of the Rev. L. S. Hughson. In simple but impressive language he led the hearts of the people in the prayer for a reliance upon the spirit's power, and for a full consecration of the self to God's will in the paths of His

Dr. Eaton needed no introduction to a Toronto Baptist audience. No account can do him justice. In few speakers does the power of the man behind the words count for more. To catch the full power of his message one needs to feel the heart-throb of the noble soul giving forth of itself to uplift humanity.

Dr. Eaton's theme was "Jesus as the Supreme Issue of the Twentieth Century," taken from the words of Pilate, Matt. 27:22, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus, which is called the Christ?" In his introduction he showed that Pilate was like us in lacking the moral fibre necessary to make good the conclusions of his reason, only our guilt was the greater because of greater knowledge. With broad vision the speaker proceeded to prove the proposition that the minds of men in the century before us will be supremely occupied with the question of the Christ. The nineteenth century had been one of scientific activity.

Science, in its examination of the world facts, had met man. It had subjected the Bible to most searching criticism, and at last the crux of the whole question had been encountered in *the* Man, the Christ. His claim to be the resurrection and the life compelled acceptance or contradiction. The world of commerce was beginning to realize that the only safe moral code was that of Jesus. The great political forces of the nations were working to a unity in the Christ. Art and philosophy were adding their weight. But, above all, religion was becoming Christo-centric. Christianity had showed itself possessed: (1) of an unparalleled power to redeem individuals; (2) of making these individuals agents in redemption of others; (3) of combining these into states higher than others, and (4) of diffusing itself through life that does not acknowledge itself to be religious. It had rid the world of the slave trade, raised the status of woman, and made holy the child-life. To fulfill the mission of the Gospel, men must, having personally experienced the Christ, realize Him in the larger relations of life. Dr. Eaton's peroration gave the warm glow of life to the cold facts of logic, as, amidst the tense silence, he exalted the person of the Christ.

Convocation.

When the Chancellor entered Castle Memorial Hall on Wednesday evening and took his seat on the platform with the Faculty and many invited guests, the room was crowded with an expectant audience. The attendance of students was small, owing to the exigencies of summer pastoral duties, but the few who occupied a corner of the gallery made their presence felt when occasion required. The whole function was a success in every way, and fully up to the high standard set in other years.

Those who received honorary degrees were Rev. J. G. Brown, Secretary of Foreign Missions, and Rev. W. E. Norton, Superintendent of Home Missions, on whom was bestowed the degree of D.D.; and Principal W. A. McIntyre, of the Normal College, Winnipeg, and Rev. W. J. McKay, editor of the *Canadian Baptist*, who received the degree of LL.D. The degree of B.A. was conferred on twenty-one graduates in arts. The names of the graduates are: Stuart Jeffrey Bates, Charles E. Burke, John Herbert Cohoe, Newton Eugene Challen, J. Gordon Ferguson,

Reuben E. E. Harkness, Miss Claire Hitchon, Miss Barbara Johnstone, Gordon C. McEwen, Norman McNaughton, Daniel J. McPhail, Miss C. Louise Moule, Robert H. Roberts, A. Winser Ross, Miss E. Blanche Shields, Arley N. Tapscott, Miss Anita Maytin Waters, Lloyd H. Werden, Arthur E. White, Miss Eva Wilkins, Roland W. Young. The degree of B.Th. was conferred on Ernest F. Fitch, Owen C. Gray, W. Egbert Matthews, A. Sidney Parnall, George E. Tomkinson, John G. Whiten; and the diploma of graduation from the three-years' course on James D. Forward and Charles T. Holman.

The *ad eundem* degree in arts was conferred on Edwin A. Hardy.

A goodly number of graduates have finished their M.A. course, the following receiving the degree: Rev. A. S. Cross, Rev. A. E. Haydon, Miss L. I. Layng, Principal F. E. Lumley, of St. Thomas, Mr. D. A. McGregor, Mr. H. B. Parker, and Mr. E. E. Wood. Rev. A. L. Huddlestone and Mr. C. W. New took the degree of B.D.

Dr. Kierstead was the professor chosen to give the address to the graduating classes. After the usual congratulations he went on to speak of the fact that both learning and work must find a place in their lives. Life is not for either knowledge or working alone, but for both combined. This lesson the university strives to inculcate in all her various departments. In the study of our own and other literatures, of philosophy, science and history, the attempt has been made to show not the mere forms and words and facts, but the inner life, the realities and unities they represent. The object of learning is life. The whole meaning of the university is that the students may have primarily not learning, but life more abundant.

But work also means increasing life. This must be our ideal. Working must not be for reward or show, but for life. The lessons learned in school must be worked out in the large in the world to which the graduates are going.

This ideal will be of great service. It will give the higher point of view, save from conceit. It will ensure the retaining and right use of our learning, and preserve unity with the ideals of McMaster. "Children of the University," concluded the speaker,

"go forth into the great world of learning and life, with the benediction of your Alma Mater and the blessing of your God."

The Convocation Address.

This was delivered this year by Rev. George Sale, D.D., of Atlanta, Georgia. He chose as his subject the timely and significant theme, "The Larger Mission of the University":

Canada has a mission that is world-wide; so also has this University though its work is carried on within the borders of your own country. Its life and thought is to go with its students into all the world. We need visions and ideals, but they must always be kept in connection with concrete facts. McMaster is and must be a Canadian University as to soil and ideas, but not in any narrow sense. Even this magnificent stretch of the borders of Canada would cramp her energies. What makes a man great? Some note of universality in his message. It is the same with a country. That country is great which makes a worthy contribution to the life and thought of the world.

There are two ways in which McMaster may fulfill its larger mission. The first is, through the men and women who have gone forth to expend their lives in another land. In the past many of Canada's sons and daughters have heard the call to help solve the greatest problems which have been confronting the people of the United States. Already many of McMaster's children are there. Is this just so much loss to Canada? Or does it become a gain through the extension of her power? In Canadian men there is something attractive to our neighbors south of the line. This was exhibited in the recent visit of Mr. Vogt's choir to New York. What is it? It is perhaps their enthusiasm, their zest of life. As our American cousins say, they "get there." It is no small thing that we send out our men and women to help mould that great country's character. McMaster University will soon be everywhere on this continent, for her spirit goes with her graduates.

In the second place, there is for Canada a world mission in the work to be wrought out within her own boundaries. Her problems are like those of the United States. Europeans and

Asiatics are coming in like a flood. She has "foreign missions" at home. What question will loom largest in the mind of the student of American history two hundred years hence? It will be this: "What did America—using the term in the continental sense—do with her race problem? Did her type of civilization prevail or did it sink down?" It falls to the Christian universities, particularly, to settle this question. A university is to be judged, after all, not by scholarship or by the books its professors write, but by the type of man it sends out. The world wants, above all, men of blood and heart and principle, strong men of firm tread, who have in their souls the kingdom of Christ, and who can say with Tennyson's knight, "Follow Christ the King, live pure, speak true, right wrong; else wherefore live."

The tragedy of history is where warring nations have invoked the same God to bless their armies. There is a higher patriotism which places the Kingdom and the King above all else. The highest of all prayers is, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

After congratulatory speeches by Principal Gordon, of Queen's, who was greeted with the Queen's yell by the students; Prof. Bain, of Victoria; Prof. Ballantyne, of Knox, and Dr. Eaton, the singing of "God Save the King" brought the term of 1906-7 to a close.

College News.

Athletic Associations.

The following gentlemen were elected officers for the year 1907-08: Hon. President, Dr. A. L. McCrimmon; President, R. C. Benson, B.A.; Vice-President, E. F. Cohoe, '08; Secretary-Treasurer, D. A. MacGibbon, '08; Business Manager, N. Schaffer, '10; Emblem Committee, F. W. Weston. The Executive have appointed the following captains: Rugby, E. F. Cohoe; Soccer, F. A. Weston; track, A. E. White, B.A.; Hockey, R. Jordan, '08; Baseball, R. E. Benson. The year representatives on the Executive are: Theology, H. R. Nobles, B.A.; Noughty-eight, the vice-president; Noughty-nine, J. O. Robinson; Year Ten, H. Firstbrook.

Student Body Elections.

The offices of the student body were filled by election on Wednesday, April 24. The following is the Executive: High Kakiak, N. S. McKeeknie, '08; 1st Vice-Kakiak, L. C. Harkness, '08; 2nd Vice-Kakiak, S. Bates, B.A.; Secretary, A. J. McLaren, '08.

Class '07 Elections.

President, R. Harkness.
Secretary-Treasurer, C. S. Moule.
Re-union, 1910.

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